

Quincy Monitor.

VOL. IV. NO. 10.

QUINCY, JANUARY, 1891.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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Extra Quality TEA, Oolong, Japan or English Breakfast, 50c. lb.

We believe the above brands of FLOUR are the best that are sold in this
market.

We also believe that our 50 cent TEA is the best sold for the money in New
England.

In order to extend our sales in these specialties, we make the following
offer for a limited time only: To every customer buying a barrel of either Flour, we
will present a pound of Tea, and deliver free in any part of Quincy or adjoining
towns. Positively no discount will be made on either the Flour or the Tea
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ONLY WAIT

When the spirit, worn and weary
With life's daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear—
Tired of hoping, faint with fearing,
Sighs to rest at heaven's gate—
Then in tones sweet, soft, yet cheering,
Patience whispers: "Only wait!"

For a brighter day is dawning!
Sunlight beams with the morning—
Gladness cometh with the morning—
Only wait!

Oh, sad hearts, whose soundless sorrow
Dares not let a murmur fall,
Only wait, and trust the morrow,
God's great heart beats over all.
Only wait, oh, wounded spirit,
By life's heavy cross weighed down;
Thou shalt surely heaven inherit—
Bear the cross, and win the crown.

Win and wear it at the dawning,
In the beauty of the morning—
In the glory of the morning—
Only wait!

Wait and hope! If life distress us,
Joys will be more sweet above,
Where the light of love shall bless us,
Love is heaven, and heaven is love!
Courage, then! His hand will guide us
Gently to that "golden gate"
Where no ill can ever betide us,
Best forever—only wait!

Even now the day is dawning:
With the sunlight breaks the morning—
Lovely light of heaven's morning!
Only wait! Only wait!

—Mattie Dyer Briggs, in Ledger.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

"Oh, I've nothing against the lad!"
said Mr. Henfield. "I dare say he's
good enough in his way. But I don't
like the stock he comes from. In a
place like this, you know, it won't do
to risk anything."

Roderick Kelfer, standing in the little
telegraph office on the mountain
plateau could hear plainly the words his
principal spoke. The rocky side of the
cliff acted as a complete sounding-board,
and the color vanished out of his cheeks
as the unwelcome utterances reached his
ear.

He was a tall, pale young fellow, of
two or three-and-twenty, not handsome,
but nevertheless pleasant to look upon,
and at the sound of Mr. Henfield's
voice, he braced himself, as in a court
of justice the prisoner sometimes braces
himself to receive the sentence.

"I suppose it isn't exactly an honor-
able thing for me to be cavedropping
here," he said to himself, "but I don't
know that I have any particular con-
nection with the race of Kelfer. At any
rate, it means life or death to me, so
here goes!"

Roderick Kelfer was the telegraph
operator at Hornet Station, on Hornet
Mountain. Matthew Henfield was the
local superintendent, and John Jaycox,
the round-shouldered little man now
walking at his side, was the general fac-
torem at that solitary spot.

From his vantage point above, Rode-
rick could see them slowly ascending the
steep and sinuous path.
A brief silence succeeded the superin-
tendent's remark.

"Humph!" commented Jaycox. "The
question is, is it a risk? So far as I
know, the young man has always done
his duty."

"I thought Jaycox would stand my
friend," muttered Kelfer.

"In our affairs," epigrammatically
spoke Henfield, "everything that is not
a certainty is a risk. That booby old
flagman whom I have just discharged—"

"It comes to that, has it?" thought
Kelfer, with a red spot burning into his
cheek bone.

"Oh, yes, I know!" acknowledged
Jaycox. "But the father and son are
quite different."

"I hope so, I'm sure," said Henfield.
"But you know the old saying about
what is bred in the bone?"

"I don't think there's anything in
that," said Jaycox. "But of course it's
for you to decide. Who would you like
to put in his place?"

"(So I'm shelved!" muttered Kelfer,
savagely gnawing his black moustache.
"Two years of hard work and steady
behavior are to go for nothing; and all
because I am my father's son!")

Another brief silence ensued.
"Matty Minton is a good hand, isn't
she, observed the elder man. "Put her
here, I let Mrs. Dikeman take Miss Min-
ton's place."

"And what am I to tell Kelfer?"
"Nothing. We are not bound to argue
the question with our employees," said
the company's representative. "He's to
go—that's sufficient, isn't it?"

Roderick Kelfer went back into the
station. He could no longer hear their
voices, but he could see Henfield turn in
the direction of the nearest station, while
Jaycox continued his slow way up the
ascent.

He sat and stared at the shining keys,
at the maps and time-tables hanging on
the walls, at the uneven board floor.
Of all rank injustice, this seemed to
him the rankest. What had he done to
deserve this? In the days of the Old
Testament it was a common thing for
the sins of the fathers to be visited on
the children; but he had imagined him-
self to be living under a new dispensa-
tion, in which right and justice were
supposed to play some part. He was to
be dismissed. What was to become of
his mother? And Mattie Minton—the
girl he loved and had hoped one day to
marry—she was to be put in his place?

"I'm sorry, Kelfer—I am, indeed!"
said Jaycox, as he spoke the young oper-
ator's doom.

"Thank you!" said Roderick, slowly.
"I suppose it can't be helped."
"I've no fault to find with you," went
on the superior.
"That won't help me to another
place," said Kelfer, still looking blankly
out toward this distant peak of the
Rockies.

"Any reference that you may de-
sire—" "Thank you!" again spoke Roderick.
"But I don't know that references will

be especially useful to—my father's son!

When does the new operator come?"
"To-morrow, I suppose. I shall com-
municate with her to-night. It's that
Miss Minton from Valley Forge. It's a
lonesome place for a woman, but I sup-
pose she'll bring up her old aunt with
her, and she's used to that sort of thing.
They tell me she's a first-class operator;
but, all the same, Kelfer, I'm right-down
sorry to part with you!"

"Is it true?" said old Andrew Kelfer.
"My boy turned out of his place! And
all along of me!"

"Yes, all along of you," said Mrs.
Kelfer, rocking herself back and forth
in the extremity of her distress. "I knew
it would come some time. And now I
hope you are satisfied."

"Rody's a good boy," said the old
man, vaguely. "He never jaws me,
Rody don't. I ain't allays on the
straight, but Rody's out one to me."

"Cause he knows it won't do no
good," said the old woman, still vehem-
ently rocking herself. "All the same,
you hadn't ought to go scot-free. You're
a sot—a regular toper! You're a disgrace
to the Mountain."

"You shut up!" inarticulately mut-
tered Kelfer. "Lemme understand it.
Rody turned out, and a new hand put in
his place?"

"Yes, just that!" shrilled the old
woman. "And all your fault, Andy.
My Rody—and the best boy as ever was!
And we may all starve in a heap now,
since they've took the flag away from
you!"

"It's a conspiracy," growled the old
man. "That's what it is—a conspiracy!
I was drunk! I was it. The Kelfers
don't lie. But that ain't nothin' against
Rody. He's a good boy. He ain't ever-
lastingly pickin' on me. And look ye,
Mirandy, there shan't no operator work
the machine on Hornet Mountain but
Rody Kelfer—not as long as I'm livin',
company or no company! Where's my
supper?" he added, suddenly and sharp-
ly.

"There ain't no supper, and there
won't be till you go out and dig the
potatoes."

"I won't dig no potatoes!" snarled
old Andy, as he rose and shuffled out of
the cabin.

His wife, bound relentlessly down by
the iron clamps of rheumatism, looked
piteously after him.

"It's a bad lookout," said she, aloud,
"and I don't blame Roderick for getting
discouraged."

It was nine o'clock at night. The
great blazing stars show like lamps in
the dry, clear western heavens.

The bark of the coyote sounded across
the hills, and Mrs. Kelfer sat helpless in
her splint-bottomed rocker, when the
door opened a tall, slight figure came
in with swift, light steps.

"Matty!" she cried out. "Is it you,
Matty? The Lord be thanked! He has
sent you to my help this night!"

"What for?" said Mattie Minton, rosy
and breathless with the climb up Hornet
steeps. "Oh, Mrs. Kelfer, I've come to
tell you that I won't take Roderick's
place—not if the salary was a million
dollars a year and me and Aunt Putney
starving! Do you think I'm as base as
that? No. I'd go back and beg my
bread in the East before I'd do that.
But—"

"Matty, listen!" cried Mrs. Kelfer,
pale and panting. "Don't I tell you that
the Lord has sent you here? Andrew's
worse'n common to-night—oh, a deal
worse!" with a quick catching of her
breath, "and he's got it in his head that
Rody's turned out, and a new hand has
took his place, and he's slunk up the hill
with a can of kerosene oil and a box of
Lucifer matches to set the place on fire
and it's just the time my poor boy turns
in for his four hours' sleep. Oh, my
God! and me a settin' helpless here like
an old decayed log! Run, Matty—run!
you're young and quick, and—and—"

The girl sprang to her feet.
"How long is it since he left here?"
she asked.

"I don't know!" wailed the old wo-
man. "It may be ten minutes—it may
be half an hour. I can't measure time
when I'm all of a mortal fright like
this. Run, Matty—run!"

The last adjuration was quite unneces-
sary. Mattie Minton had already rushed
out into the purple, star-spangled night,
her breath coming quick, her cheeks
pale as ivory.

"Mr. Roderick! Mr. Roderick! Wake
up! The station is on fire! Wake up,
I say! Oh, wake, or you will be burned
to death!"

Across the drowsy current of his
dreams came her sweet, high-pitched
voice as he lay on the heap of buffalo
robes, with the big official books under
his head for a pillow!

A dream! Of course it was a dream.
How could Mattie Minton be here, on
Hornet Mountain, at this time of night?
After this, how could she ever be any-
thing to him but a dream?

And then something hot, like the
breath of a fiery dragon, rolled across
his cheek, a lurid brightness blazed
around him, and he started into con-
sciousness that the inflammable, pine-
resined walls of the little station were
on fire, and that Mattie Minton was close
to him, shaking his shoulder and crying,
"Mr. Roderick! Mr. Roderick!" in his
ear.

Fortunately the simple fire-extinguish-
ing apparatus in the corner was in good
working order and the row of water-
pails were full. Roderick Kelfer him-
self had seen to that, as he saw to it every
night.

No great harm was done beyond a few
charred boards and a general smoke-
blackening. The night train was sig-
naled as usual, the brief telegrams sent
either way, before Roderick found time
to say, in deep, tremulous accents:
"Matty, you have saved my life!"

"Thanks to your mother—yes!" cried
the girl, standing pale and trembling be-
side him.
"But I'm sorry to turn the place over
to you in such a condition as this," said
he, with a sickly smile. "For I sup-
pose you'll be transferred here to-mor-
row—to-day, rather."

"But I won't!" exclaimed Mattie.

"I'll never take your place, Roderick!"
"But the superintendent—" "I don't
care if he was forty superin-
tendents!" illogically cried Miss Minton.
"He can't make me come here. And I
won't!"

"It is bad policy to offend Mr. Hen-
field, Matty!" he reasoned. "Stop and
reflect. I am a man. I can shift for
myself anywhere."

Matty glanced sharply up at him through
her long eyelashes.
"There's only one man I'm afraid of
offending," said she. "And—and that
is you, Roderick Kelfer."

"Matty! Afraid of me?"
"You have burned your hair!" she
said, with a sudden little cry, "Oh,
look! And you told me you were un-
hurt!"

"Never mind my hair, Matty. An-
swer me this question—are you afraid—
of me?"
"Not—just—afraid!" she whispered.

"But—oh, Roderick, don't look at me
so steadily!"
"Matty, is it possible? Oh, Matty,
my darling, do you love me?" he ex-
claimed.

Even then she turned her face away
from him, with a girl's true instinct of
coquetry.

"The poor burned hair!" she mut-
tered, laying her cheek softly against it.
"Let me wrap my handkerchief around
it. Yes, Roderick, I do love you. Oh,
so much, dear, dearest Roderick!"

No one ever knew how the Hornet
Mountain Station caught fire. It was
supposed to be from the explosion of a
lamp, and Mr. Kelfer's presence of mind
and promptness were especially praised by
the company.

The superintendent himself came up
and surveyed the premises.
"I like a man to have his wits about
him in an emergency," said he. "I
think, Jaycox, we won't disturb the ex-
isting arrangements. Miss Minton can
have the new position on Cable Cliffs,
and—"

"I don't think," said Jaycox, "that
she'll accept any position, sir. She's
going to be married."

"Oh!" said Mr. Henfield, rubbing his
nose. "That's the worst of employing
girls in this business. The moment they
become of real use they get married.
Well, let her suit herself. Did you tell
me that old Kelfer was dead?"

"Yes, sir," said Jaycox. "Quite sud-
denly. Walking on the track. Close by
Benbow's Crook. Flung off by the cow-
catcher. Picked up quite dead. Had a
package of matches clutched tight in his
hand. Likely he thought he was going
to his flag-house as usual, poor old
soul!"

"Humph!" said the superintendent.
"Small loss, I suspect!"

And the popular opinion of Hornet
Mountain was with him in this verdict.
—Saturday Night.

A Curious Caterpillar.

"While in Japan a messmate brought
aboard, in an ordinary pot, a beautiful
trained shrub with a leaf much resem-
bling that of orange. It was placed on
the wardrobe table where we all sat.
The steward removed it from the table
to the top of a harmonium at least three
times a day, and I watched it when re-
quired. I often examined and admired
it. In eight or ten days it began to
show signs of falling, and thinking it
might be infected with spider or green
fly, I examined it carefully, and in do-
ing so I disturbed a large green smooth-
skinned caterpillar. Like all animals
on board of ship, he soon became a great
favorite, and we often asked strangers to
point him out, and in no case did they
succeed. He always lay along the edge
of the leaf, with his head to the point,
and ate at each bite exactly the breadth
necessary to preserve the contour of the
leaf as far as possible. When he reached
the point, by a few sharp convulsions, he
returned to the stem and began another
row. When he had finished one-half of
the leaf he began the other, and when
nothing but the center rib of the leaf
was left he ate backward along the stem.
He was the most economical feeder I
ever saw; only a very little bit of the
center rib of the leaf was bitten off and
fell to the ground, and the hard stem of
the leaf was left. I soon observed that
he could assume the exact shape of the
leaf he was feeding on, and I frequently
shifted him and watched the process. In
due time he assumed the chrysalis form,
he partly suspended partly glued himself
to the stem of the plant and it was very
difficult to detect him; but not nearly so
difficult as in the caterpillar state."—
San Francisco Chronicle.

The Shepherd Dog and Flock.

Some may doubt this story, but it
comes from the truthful West: A flock
of sheep blocked the entrance to a bridge
near Central Park, Ohio. A large
shepherd dog had been trying to induce
the sheep to cross the bridge, but they
were suspicious and held back. Pres-
ently the dog, discouraged at his unsuc-
cessful effort to drive them, leaped upon
the backs of the sheep, which, in their
crowded condition, looked like one
woolly cloud, ran along to the bridge en-
trance, jumped upon the floor, and seizing
with his mouth one of the ewes, dragged
her along onto the bridge. Once on
the bridge the old ewe's suspicions were
allayed and she trotted on across, fol-
lowed by the whole flock, while the dog
stepped back to one side, let them all
pass, and then trotted behind.—New
York Witness.

Snow is Not White.

Snow is not white, neither is it opaque.
It is composed of small, six-rayed crys-
tals, which, when examined separately,
are seen to be as transparent as water.
Snow is white only in the sense that
water, when falling over a precipice, is
white. In each case the whiteness is due
to inclosed air.

There is no such thing as perfect white-
ness. Even newly fallen snow (along
with its inclosed air) reflects only four-
fifths of the light producing rays. If it
were absolutely white it would reflect
them all.—Courtesy.

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association,

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - - - W. H. WARNER.

Subscription Agent, - - - ROBERT FOT.

SOUTH QUINCY, JANUARY, 1891.

Council of 1890.

The city council has adjourned sine die, and finished its session for 1890. It will be famous in the history of Quincy as a body that wasted much precious time in talking about rules, drawing plans, hearing reports, furnishing specifications, making contracts and spending money. The first months of the session were spent in debating silly resolutions for the government of the body, discussing the appropriations, and giving the talking machines an opportunity of demonstrating how easy it is for a councilman to waste half an hour in saying what a business man could explain in two minutes.

The secretary of the town of Quincy would get a sound rating if the auditor's report was not distributed before March meeting in time to be examined by the citizens. The city report was not ready until some time in the summer. The appropriations were not acted on by the council until late in the spring, having had to go through a course of reports in committee of the whole, referred to the several committees, reported back and be again debated in every stage of three readings. It is to be hoped that the council of 1891 will profit by the experience of its predecessor and do something.

What the new council needs is common sense. There is no necessity for going to Paris to get information about a sewer, to Rome to learn how to build a road, to New York to get information about water pipes laid in San Francisco 40 years ago, which are not in existence more than a dozen years. Making speeches on these matters lead to the inference that the man who has seen these wonders must have been a great traveler. Hann Munchausen was a famous tramp in his time, according to history.

Widening of Water Street.

Among the sins of omission which the council of 1890 will have to render an account of is its neglect to widen Water street. This is one of the most important public works of the city. It is a public necessity, and every day's neglect will add to the expense of its construction. The heavy teaming which is done on this street is steadily increasing. The roadway is so narrow that it is hard work for two teams going in opposite directions to pass each other. It has been neglected during the greater part of last year, and the repairs that were done on it being barely enough to prevent the city from being indicted, but were of very little practical use. No pedestrian can at present travel over it dry shod on a wet day, even on the nominal sidewalks. Last year a petition was presented to the council for a small appropriation for its repair, but the petitioners were politely allowed to withdraw, under the tender mercy of the Commissioner of Public Works. We hope that the new council will see the importance of widening Water street immediately. Other things can wait without creating additional expense by the delay. Every day the work is left undone will increase its cost.

This section of the city is rapidly growing, houses are going up all round, and it needs no prophet to tell that the cost of moving several houses is far more than the land damages alone would be. Do the work now and do it thoroughly.

The Auditor's Report.

In no feature of the business of the city can there be seen so marked a distinction between the city and town government as in the auditor's report.

Under the town form, this document was valuable for reference, and to those who preserved them they are a history of the town. It contained a record of the births, deaths and marriages; the names of delinquent taxpayers; the proceedings of town meetings; and the votes for the several officers who were up for election. None of these items were in the city auditor's report for 1890.

Why they were omitted we cannot understand. It may be on the ground of economy, but there are many pages of the report in the last part of the report that could be left out to make room for the items mentioned above. We venture to say that the old-fashioned report would give more satisfaction to a large majority of the citizens of Quincy than the elaborate report of 1890.

We make this suggestion to the Auditor, and if he adopts it, he will receive the thanks of the citizens at large, without distinction of party.

Inaugural of Mayor Fairbanks.

We have read the inaugural address of Mayor Fairbanks with great satisfaction. It is a document that displays sound judgment and points out the needs of the city for the coming year. The indebtedness of the city up to January 1st, 1891, amounts to \$191,476.89, of which \$33,055.39 has to be paid this year. The mayor, in speaking of the street department, deprecates unfair criticism. This is only just; but we submit that the manner in which the city's streets were taken care of, particularly in ward 3, during the past year, deserved far more severe censure than the official in charge of them received. It is a common ground of complaint, that the money appropriated for general repairs was not judiciously expended.

His Honor, in speaking of the widening of Water street, says that the street should be widened to 40 feet, from Granite to Franklin street. This would be a serious mistake. Water street is 33 feet wide, adding 7 feet to its width would be money thrown away. The street should be widened to 30 feet to make it what it should be, and it will be cheaper to do the work now than in the future when land damages must be much heavier, and why must the proposed improvement stop at Franklin

street? As many teams travel over the road from Franklin street to Quincy avenue, as run over the other part.

The Willard school house, now in process of erection, needs the immediate attention of the new government, and we earnestly hope that his Honor will see to it that no more delays will occur to prevent the completion of the building this year.

His Honor alluded to the police department. This is one of the pressing needs of the city. It is wonderful that in a community of 17,000 inhabitants of so many different nationalities, and having the police force, there have been so few criminal offenses. While this fact is gratifying to the citizens, we must not expect this state of things to last, and we hope the Mayor's suggestion on this point will be attended to.

His Honor called the attention of the council to the street lighting. We expect that the council will act wisely in making provision for street lighting.

The address touched lightly on the water supply, merely stating that the plan adopted by the council had been transmitted to the board of health. It recommends a board of commissioners for the sewer department, if the Legislature grant the charter; he also stated that he would recommend the widening of the brooks, which ought to have been done last year.

We are pleased with the inaugural address of his Honor, and his suggestions are in the main good ones, and if carried out will in our opinion conduce to the benefit of the city.

We hope the newly elected members of the council will give the Mayor their hearty support in his efforts to govern wisely and for the benefit of the city during the year 1891.

The Water Question.

The debate in the city council on Mr. Blake's report was a surprise to many of the citizens who attended the meeting. It was to be expected that the present water company would oppose the scheme, but we thought that a "lobby" would turn up in Quincy municipal affairs at any date. At the first presentation of the report a prominent member of the water company could be seen at the elbow of a member of the council, in all appearance coaching the speaker through the debate.

At the meeting of Dec. 29th, the same gentleman acted as councilman, "ex officio," propounding questions and raising points of order. This kind of attempting to bulldoze is not likely to succeed in Quincy, at least for some time to come. The endeavor to put the question, by long, unmeaning speeches against time, did not work worth a cent, and the well written essay of Mr. Sherman fell upon headless ears.

The council accepted the report of Mr. Blake, and voted to petition the Legislature for permission to build a new system. If this is granted and the city has its own works, the people of Quincy will have a chance to get water at a reasonable price, but it will be a serious diminution to the dividends of the stockholders of the present company. It would be far more profitable and pleasant to both parties to compromise the matter, and sell the present works at a price on their plant? They seem to insist on the matter being left to the decision of commissioners appointed by the superior court. These gentlemen may be fair and just, but there is not the least necessity for an intermediary in this case. If both parties cannot agree on the price there may be need of an arbitrator, but it is preposterous for the company to require the city to bid for the right of buying a "pig in a poke." If the corporation does not want to sell its plant at any price, well and good; the city can go ahead and get up its own system. One thing is certain, the people of Quincy are determined to own its water supply, and it is equally certain that when that object is accomplished the demand for water from the present source will be very materially lessened. Gentlemen, be wise in time. Remember the fatal words "too late."

Proposed Water Supply.

In discussing the water question now so prominently brought before the citizens of Quincy, we purpose to confine ourselves solely to the business aspects of the subject, as it has been presented to the public in the city council. That the matter is purely a public one and entirely outside any personal feeling or consideration, no one will gainsay, but if we mistake not, the question has been discussed by its supporters as if it were a purely personal matter and a matter, too, that was to be definitely settled by the vote of a few councilmen, rather than by that voice of public opinion which always declares what is the thing to be done.

We were sorry to see a question of the magnitude brought into the council in its last days, when there was no time for its examination and still less for a debate upon it.

The proposition to impose an outlay of half a million dollars on the city, with only two weeks to consider it in, is not prudent and business-like, even if the necessity for a water-works was pressing, the source assured and the money in hand.

When it comes to committing the city to the preparatory steps of such an undertaking as was outlined by the committee on sewers and drains, it is time for the people to ask their councilmen if they have well debated it in the committee; if they have carefully inspected the land; compared it with the report; if they have taken those precautions to avoid error and mistake, that they would do were it a question to decide for the investment of their own money.

It did not appear from anything said by the engineer or by any member of the committee that they had been carefully over all this water-shed; that they could from his physical features, judge something of the practicality of the recommendation of Mr. Blake. It did not appear from the report of this gentleman, nor from his answers to questions asked, that the project had much foundation, except in his own mind.

There was a vagueness, to say the least, about his report, sufficient to make further and more definite information worth getting. If the statements made by Councilman Sherman are correct—and they were very clear ones—the plan has no merit at all. Whether

true or not, they can easily be verified or disproved, as the case may be. We should be loath to take the opinion of any engineer who could recommend to any community an outlay for preliminary works alone of half a million, unless he could openly locate and describe the area from which this plant would procure its material for working. A few holes in a fine sand meadow, reaching ledge at 12 to 14 feet, with no continued draft by pumping, would be rather against than in favor of such a plan.

The engineer positively refused to give any information as to the amount of water he obtained, the character of the formation, and the extent of his researches. This does not tend to create confidence in any portion of his report. In matters of this kind the fullest information that can be had is cheerfully given to the public to secure confidence, nor can public confidence be had in Quincy on less. We have expended much money unwisely, but we trust no other public work will be begun unless full details of all its various parts are ready for public inspection and approval.

It seems to us as if the committee took hold of the subject at the wrong end. We have a water company now in operation, and possibly that company has certain rights which are conferred upon it by statute. The committee would have to apply to the court for a powerful support to any corporation organized under them, and it would have been well if the committee had ascertained whether or not the city could obtain a privilege, the exercise of which would destroy thousands of dollars worth of property of exactly the same kind as the one used for the same purpose to the benefit of the same public.

With so hasty and ill-advised a plan, we should suppose the mayor would have nothing to do, for he owes something in the way of official dignity to the whole community, and before the present council has any business with it, we trust it will, through the law department of the city, obtain some information as to the extent of the rights of the water company.

To apply to the Legislature and be refused with even the best of plans would be had under the nose of a plan that in itself would cause a rejection would be worse still. In the present case the engineer says, either we must obtain our water from Town Brook water shed from the two hundred acre meadow by soaking it down from the top of 250 feet, or we must take the water from the same source to the condition of affairs for which it is claimed a remedy is needed.

LOCALS.

The city needs two more councilmen. The resignation of Supt. John A. Duggan caused much regret in the city. The Monitor wishes all its readers a happy New Year, with God's blessing for all.

The first meeting this year of the school committee was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 6.

Rev. A. F. Roche was one of the guests invited by Gov. Russell to attend his inauguration at the State House.

Fr. Francis gave the teachers and scholars of the Braintree Sunday-school a jolly time at their Christmas tree.

Mr. John R. Graham recently offered in vain three thousand dollars for a building, daughter, of his famous stallion "Don Carlos."

Take good care that your children's feet are kept warm and dry. This is the season for diphtheria and other throat and lung diseases.

Mayor Fairbanks believes in one of the Monitor's suggestions made nearly two years ago—that our schoolhouses should be insured against loss by fire.

The residents of ward 4 hope that Mayor Fairbanks will show more energy and interest in the completion of the Willard school than his predecessor did.

Be sure to attend the Foresters' ball soon to be held in the Coliseum. A grand time will certainly be enjoyed, and you will know that you are in the best of Quincy society. Make it a huge success financially and socially.

Our new mayor has an excellent suggestion when he recommends that tenants should keep their sidewalks free from snow and ice, so that they may be safe for public travel. The council will do good work if it passes such an ordinance at once.

Mrs. Ann McAdams, who for a number of years has made her home with Mrs. Donnelly, received a serious fall on Christmas day. She died from the effects on New Year's day. She was 86 years old and very active for that age. May she rest in peace.

The school committee organized for 1891 by choosing Mr. R. Cladin chairman and Mr. Geo. Aldrich as secretary of the board and superintendent of schools for one year. The meeting was very harmonious and some of the resolutions will be hailed with delight by the citizens.

At the annual election of officers of the St. John's C. L. & A. A., following were chosen: President, Martin F. Garrity; vice president, Henry Brown; treasurer, Patrick Driscoll; recording secretary, George Cahill; corresponding secretary, John J. Keenan; superintendent of hall, Daniel Driscoll; financial secretary, Peter J. Cahill.

It is seldom that we see such a sad sight as two members of the one family being buried on the same day. Such was the case in the family of Mr. Patrick Duggan of Atlantic, Norm and John, both young, died within a few hours of each other. They were both buried from the Sacred Heart Church on Monday, Dec. 15. May their souls rest in peace.

West Quincy lost one of its oldest residents on January 1, 1891, in the person of Mr. Thomas O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien was one of those men who are a ways ready to help in any religious or patriotic cause. His sickness was heart failure, though of short duration. In his death West Quincy loses a good and faithful citizen and the church a fervent

member, he being the true type of a Catholic. His death was as peaceful as his life. He was buried from St. Mary's Church on Saturday, January 3. May his soul rest in peace.

Our parishioners were delighted as usual with the fine exhibition of members and of devotion to duty when on Sunday, Jan. 4, the members of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. received Holy Communion together at the parish church. Their grand work in the city is a perpetual blessing and is so appreciated by all classes of people. Do your best to aid the progress and improvement of your young men. Your labor will be repaid a hundred fold.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 30, the Sacred Heart Sunday school of Atlantic held its festival. The children presented the operetta "Santa Claus at Home." Miss Mary R. Sullivan took the part of Queen and Santa Claus was personated by Mr. George Hardy. It was given under the direction of Rev. Fr. Roche and was finely rendered. The children received boxes of candy. The teachers were presented with books entitled "Dore Bible Gallery" and boxes of candy.

Christmas passed off very pleasantly. There were three masses in St. Mary's Church on that day. The late mass was celebrated by an Augustinian friar, our old friend, Mr. Catherine Lyons, assisted the choir, and sang well. The children were presented with books entitled "Dore Bible Gallery" and boxes of candy. The teachers were presented with books entitled "Dore Bible Gallery" and boxes of candy.

The Christmas festival of the St. John's Sunday school was held in Hancock Hall Monday evening. The following programme was carried out:

Christmas Carol, Miss Mary Doreen Santa Claus, Harry McCabe "Owens are in the Clover," Miss Mand Walsh "Teachings Learned at Mother's Knee," Henry Collins "Grandma's Christmas," Miss Mary Miesler "Darkest Jubilee," White Walsh

The cantata of "Gruff Judge and Happy Santa Claus," was given with the following cast:

Santa Claus, Andrew Miesler Judge Stern, James Ogle Zeke, his servant, Harry McCabe James, the widow's son, Victor McNaught Mrs. Fry, Miss Lizzie Sullivan Mrs. Manning, Miss Elmer Roche Oranges, Miss Margaret Garrity

Fr. Francis distributed the gifts from the tree and 500 boxes of candy were given to the children.

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A Voyage in a Small Craft.

A good deal of excitement was exhibited along the Thames by the arrival at Millwall of Capt. Sundvall, a Norwegian sailor, who had succeeded in crossing the North Sea in a small boat. The little craft, which is called the Viglen, is only fifteen feet from stem to stern, with four feet breadth of beam. It is covered in with a kind of decking to prevent swamping by heavy seas, and it carries but one small sail.

Capt. Sundvall commenced his adventurous voyage nearly three weeks before, starting from Christiania with the intention of proceeding to Edinburgh. All went well for a time, but by contrary winds he decided to attempt the journey to London, although such a voyage in so small a craft was attended by considerable danger, particularly as the Captain had no one to assist him in the management of the boat. He made fair progress, however, until he was for some days again disturbed by unfavorable weather, and was driven very much out of his course. Capt. Sundvall also began to run short of provisions, and began to suffer from fatigue, having to keep a sharp lookout at night, and getting only occasional snatches of sleep during the day. He fell in with the steamship Assen, bound for Rotterdam, the crew of which endeavored to dissuade him from his hazardous enterprise, and invited him to come on board. The adventurous seaman, however, expressed his intention to continue the journey, and having obtained a supply of provisions, proceeded to London, safely reaching the Thames.

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VOL. IV. NO. 11.

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THE WAYSIDE WELL.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cold and deep;
There were feathery ferns 'twixt the mossy
stones,
And gay was the old well sweep.
He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.
He swayed with his gloved hands
The well sweep, creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's
side
The water plashed back below.
He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrow of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.
He saw but a farmer's boy
As he stooped over the brink to drink,
And rudely and tanned was the laughing
face
That met his own over the brink.
The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw
hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.
He turned away with a sigh;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that
day
To drink at the wayside well.
—Walter Learned.

BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an
apple that lay withered during a long
winter, such was the good man, Farmer
Landry. Indeed, he was one of those
close-fisted old peasants of whom it is
graphically said that they can shave
something from an egg shell.
Since the death of his wife he had re-
tired from agriculture and lived alone in
a little house at the end of the village.
And yet, not entirely alone, for he had
with him his old servant Brigitte. But
the poor woman counted for so little in
the household, a little above the dog, but
not so much as the donkey, that cost a
hundred and twenty francs. She entered
his family at the age of twelve to guard
the cows, and had been there ever since.
She knew no other family life than this
one, and the exceeding parsimony of the
master seemed to her entirely natural.
She was now a tall, hale woman of fifty,
red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet
and hands that might have been the
pride of a pugilistic trainer. While ex-
ercising very little in the way of com-
pensation, she struggled like a pack horse;
for indeed, she could not do otherwise in
Farmer Landry's house. Besides, in her
simple mind existed a canine attachment
and real admiration for her master, who
was not ashamed to take advantage of
her good nature.

Of course, in the service of this miser
Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But
the honest creature was amply satisfied
when the old peasant, in a patronizing
tone, praised her zeal: "What a good,
simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you
not?"
Then the good woman's mouth would
open into a loud laugh.
"He! he! he! master! You have al-
ways your little manner of joking; he!
he! he!"
One day while Farmer Landry was him-
self replastering his garden wall, so as
not to pay the mason, he made a false
step and fell into the pool just over the
point where the deepest hole was. He
plashed wildly about for a few moments,
calling vainly for help with all the power
of his lungs. At last, worn out by his
efforts, he was about to sink from sight,
when Brigitte at last heard him. The
devoted creature courageously jumped
into the water, at the risk of drowning
herself. She succeeded in pulling him
to the bank; he was entirely unconscious,
but she raised him in her strong arms, as
she would a child, put him to bed, and
with rubbing and remedies recalled him
to life. On seeing him open his eyes,
the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.
"Ah, good master, how glad I am that
you are not drowned and buried in that
hole!"
The old peasant was glad of it, too,
although he had one lively regret—the
loss of his trowel, which fell into the
water at the same time with himself.
However, he had the decency not to ex-
press the wish that Brigitte should return
him and jump in after that also. Indeed,
the first impulse of gratitude, he said to
his servant with a touch of emotion:
"It is you who pulled me out of the
hole; I shall never forget it, my good
girl, you may be assured of that. I am
going to make you a present."
"Oh, master, indeed there is no need
of that!"
"But I tell you I will give you some-
thing; don't doubt it!"
And really, the same evening, after a
thousand hesitations, he drew forth his
long leather purse and called Brigitte to
him. While making a grimace like one
having a tooth drawn, he selected a sil-
ver piece of twenty cents.
Here, Brigitte, is your present. It
shall not be counted in your wages, you
know. Do not be extravagant with it;
that would be to ruin me.

For the service rendered it was not
unbridled generosity on the part of the
giver, and the former had some dim in-
timation of the fact, for he added (as if
to enhance its value):
"It is just the price of a lottery ticket.
Buy one, my girl, and you may win
twenty thousand dollars."
It was the first time in his life that the
poor man allowed himself to be liberal,
so the thought of it haunted him for a
long time; he constantly wondered about
the fate of his bright silver piece. He
often asked the servant if she had yet
bought her lottery ticket.
"Not yet, master," was her unvarying
answer.
But at length she decided to end this
constant questioning by pacifying him.
So one day she replied:
"Yes, master, I have bought one."
"Indeed! What number?"
"Oh, the number is 34."

"Very good!" said her master, repeat-
ing the number to impress it on his
mind. Be careful not to lose it!"
"Never fear, master."
"Because if you do fear sometimes to
lose it—"
"Eh, master?"
"Well, you need only give it to me
and I will hold it in my bureau."
"Oh, I shall certainly not lose it!"
The habits of daily life in the little
household, disturbed by these events,
soon settled into their regular course;
eating sparingly, very temperate drinking,
few hours for sleeping and many for
work.
Farmer Landry was almost consoled
for his forced prodigality, when one
morning, in the barber's shop, where he
went from time to time to read gratis the
Gazette, a terrible emotion struck him.
He read the result of the lottery drawing
at the head these words, like lines of
fire, flashed before the dazzled spectacles
of the good man:
"The number thirty-four has won the
great prize of 100,000 francs. The old
gentleman gave such a sudden cry that
the startled barber, in turning towards
him, almost clipped a corner from the
ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was
shaving.
"What's the matter, Father Landry?"
he asked.
"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered the
farmer, who quickly recovered his calm-
ness.
Rearranging his spectacles, he read
again slowly, spelling each syllable to
"make assurance doubly sure."
There was a mistake; the number 34,
Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped
the journal and started off in great agi-
tation towards his house. Brigitte had
prepared her master's frugal breakfast of
nuts and cheese. He placed himself at
the table, but he could not eat, for his
emotion seemed to clench his throat and
prevent him from swallowing.
"What is the matter, master?" anx-
iously asked Brigitte.
"Nothing at all."
"You are not ill?"
"No, I tell you," he answered angrily.
During several days he secretly ob-
served the poor woman. Did she know
that she had won 100,000 francs? No
indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was
the object of such close scrutiny, she per-
formed her daily tasks with her usual
good humor, while her master was in a
fever of unrest.

One day he dared to asked her, trem-
bling while doing so:
"Is there any news, my good girl?"
"Nothing, master, except that one of
the hens has the pip."
Very good! She knew nothing about
her good fortune. As for announcing it
to her—that was entirely too much for
his nature and long life habit. It seemed
to him monstrous that another should
profit by this marvelous windfall of a
hundred thousand francs, produced by
his piece of twenty-cent—his own bright
silver bit! Time was lengthened from
days to weeks. A notice in the journal
(he really bought a copy of the one con-
taining the announcement) formally
stated that after a delay of three months
the unclaimed prizes would be employed
for a new canal.

The poor man had no more appetite
for eating or drinking, or power to sleep;
he was dying of uneasiness. Twenty
times he was on the point of speaking of
the ticket to Brigitte; and twenty times
he bit the tip of his tongue. One word
only might put his servant in the way to
learn her good fortune.
One morning, after an unusually sleep-
less night passed in turning and return-
ing in his bed, he arose with a smile on
his thin lips. He had found the key to
the problem. He commenced by order-
ing Brigitte to kill the plumpiest chicken
and to cook it in the oven with a good
piece of pork. And finally, he gave his
servant money to buy coffee and sugar.

Brigitte asked herself if her master had
gone mad?
"Surely some demon has taken pos-
session of his mind!" she thought with
a thrill of fear.
It seemed a fearful increase of the
malady when the old gentleman, after
having ordered her to lay the table for
two, asked her to take her place as his
vis-a-vis.
"Oh, master, I should never, never
dare to do that!"
"Sit down there, I tell you, foolish
woman!"
Brigitte had heard that one must not
oppose the wishes of maniacs.
So, without answering, she seated her-
self in great embarrassment on the edge
of the chair.
"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my
girl," he said, filling her plate gener-
ously.
However, this was not the last surprise
Brigitte. When the coffee was
served the old gentleman suddenly said:
"You see, my good Brigitte, this
means that I am going to get mar-
ried!"
"Indeed, master, it is not yet too late;
if you are old, you are still hale and
well," answered the simple servant, ap-
provingly.
"Since that is your view, if you like,
we will marry each other."
After the roast chicken and pork, and
the coffee and sugar, Brigitte expected to
hear almost any strange thing on the
part of her master. But that! Oh, not
that!

"You are joking me, master!"
"Not at all," answered the old peasant.
He explained that he was growing
old, was without children or family, and
did not wish to die like a dog. Be-
side he was grateful! He could not for-
get that Brigitte had saved his life—his
faithful Brigitte. One must not be for-
getful of such a service.
Finally, the worthy woman, whose
head was turned by this stroke of good
fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a
humble servant, marry her master!
Think of it! It was, indeed, something
to turn one's brain.
The bans were published, and the
marriage followed. The couple were
greeted at the church by the good na-
tured smiles of the whole village.
After the ceremony the new husband
hurriedly conducted his wife home.

Having crossed the threshold, he
hastily demanded in a joyful voice,
while energetically rubbing his hands:
"Brigitte, my girl, where have you
put your ticket?"
"Your lottery ticket, No. 34!"
"What lottery?"
"You know very well," he cried, im-
patiently. "The one you bought with
my twenty-cent piece, that I gave you!"
The bride began to laugh stupidly.
"Ah! the twenty-cent! Listen, Mas-
ter. One seldom wins in those lotteries.
It was very cold last winter, very cold."
"Well, well!" interrogated Landry,
who began to grow very yellow.
"Oh, indeed," she concluded, "I did
not buy the ticket. With the money I
bought me some good fur-lined slippers,
which I was sure would do me good.
Yes, indeed."—From the French, in
American Cultivator.

The Indian Witch Dance.

The Indian witch, or medicine dance,
is very different from the performances
before described. It is really a weird
affair, and almost as difficult to witness
as the ceremonies that New England
witches were said to indulge in in the
olden time. It must have some religious
meaning, although the writer was never
able to get exactly at what the meaning
was. The medicine men of the Sioux do
not seek publicity in their incantations,
and it was entirely by chance that I
came across three Indians going through
some peculiar operations, at a point re-
mote from their camp. A stick about
three feet in height was stuck in the
ground, and from it hung out in the
breeze a long-haired scalp. The hair
was dark, and looking on from a short
distance I could not tell whether the
scalp was that of a white woman or an
Indian. It might have been either. The
three Indians were leaping and gesturing
at intervals mumbling something,
not a song apparently, but disconnected
words. Occasionally they would point
toward the scalp. Then they would
mumble again and jump about. They
were not painted, and their attire was
different from that of the ordinary
braves. They noticed me, and, while
they made no demonstration of hostility,
their expression meant plainly that they
would rather be left alone. The shades
of evening were falling on prairie and
hill and river. The Missouri stretched
like a mighty serpent below, its yellow
waters tintured with a ruddy glow from
the final gleam of the setting sun, and
here on this hill, away from the painted
tents and the silent e-otowadog, these
children of nature were enacting their
strange enchantment to move in some
way that supernatural power which
seemed to have deserted the Indian race.
With eerie feelings I withdrew, leaving
them to their superstition, and con-
scious that perhaps this parallel might
be found among more enlightened
nations.—Chicago Herald.

How to Visit the Queen.

Should you be invited by Queen Vic-
toria to dinner, the following, according
to Edmund Yates in the New York Tri-
bune, is some of the etiquette that you
will have to observe:
Guests are expected to arrive in time
to dress for dinner, and they leave after
breakfast the next morning. The rule
is for guests to repair to the company
in full dress at 8:30 o'clock, the dinner be-
ing served at 8:45, and the Queen comes in
from her own apartments just as the clocks
chime the quarter, bows to the company
and proceeds into the oak room, where
the meal is served. The dinner is al-
ways excellent and the wines are superb,
but the conversation at the table is of
course most rapid and conventional. After
dinner the company usually stand about
the corridor, or go into one of the
three drawing rooms which adjoin it.
The Queen speaks a few moments to
each person in succession, then retires,
and the guests see her no more, as she
never appears in the morning; so that a
visit to the Castle does not involve much
personal intercourse with her Majesty.
After the Queen is gone to her rooms,
the company remain in the State of
drawing rooms for music or whist, and when
the ladies retire the men adjourn to the
smoking room, in which is a billiard
table, a very comfortable saunagery.

A Mexican Farm.

"On a farm in Mexico I saw enough
of the luxuries of life to make me
any man happy," remarks C. F. Wood,
of El Paso, Texas. "The farm was not
large as some farms go in Mexico; it was,
to use a slang phrase, a 'stunner.' I don't
think the mind of man could imagine a
vegetable product that could not be pro-
duced on that farm. As any one who has
grown there coffee, sugar, rice, potatoes,
rye, wheat, oats, corn, berries, cabbage,
tomatoes, apples, bananas, cocoa, figs,
coconuts, and a dozen other products.
On the upper end of this farm you could
find gold, silver, sapphires, onyx, and
other precious stones. Some of these
articles were not produced in quantities
large enough to pay to market them, but
they were all found there, and all at the
service of the owner of the land. Oh, I
suppose the farm contained 10,000, or
20,000 acres of land, not it extended
through all temperatures and all eleva-
tions."—Kansas City Journal.

Where Coral Comes From.

The largest quantity and the hand-
somest corals come from the Algerian
coast. These coral grounds have been
worked since the middle of the sixteenth
century. Other coral grounds are found
on the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia,
Spain, the Balearics and Provence. More
than 500 Italian barks and over 4200 per-
sons are engaged in the coral fishery.
Beside these, French and Spanish barks
are engaged in the same occupation. The
Italian fishermen pay a high royalty to
the French Government for their right
of fishing for corals on the Algerian
coast. There are more than sixty work-
shops in Italy, forty of which are in the
little town, Torre del Greco, at the foot
of Vesuvius. These shops give employ-
ment to about 9000 persons, mostly
women and children.

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association.

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - W. H. WARNER.

Subscription Agent, - FRANK GILLESPIE.

SOUTH QUINCY, FEBRUARY, 1891.

Regulations for the Holy Season of Lent, A. D. 1891.

1. All the days of Lent, except Sundays, are fast days of obligation.

2. By an act of the Holy See, granted Aug. 3, 1887, for ten years, the use of flesh meat is allowed, once a day only, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—the second and last Saturdays excepted. The use of meat on Sundays is not limited as to the number of times.

3. Besides lard, the fat rendered from any kind of meat may be used in preparing food on any day of Lent. This dispensation is also extended to the days of abstinence and fast days throughout the year.

4. At the evening collation, on account of long existing custom, the Church tolerates the use of eggs, butter, cheese and milk.

5. The use of fresh meat and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

6. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: All under twenty-one years of age, and those of advanced age; the sick; those who cannot fast without grave injury to their health; women during pregnancy, or while nursing infants; and all those whose duties are of a very laborious or exhausting nature. Persons thus exempt from fasting may use flesh meat more than once on the days when it is allowed only to those who are bound to fast; but they must abstain on Wednesdays, Fridays, and the second and last Saturdays, except in cases of sickness or the like.

Working on Willard School.

At last, thanks to the energy of Mayor Fairbanks, work has been resumed on the Willard school building, and that rushing, noisy, shabby, has been placed in charge. Our new mayor means to give this his special attention, and no better choice than Mr. Shackleby as foreman could have been made. Our citizens may rest satisfied that no effort will be omitted to have the building all ready for occupation next September. When it is finished the city will have a grand edifice. A recent visit was the occasion of much surprise. The interior is much more advanced toward completion than we believed. The material, especially the timber, is of splendid quality and the arrangement of the rooms is very fine. The basement is a marvel of construction and well worth inspection. The preparations for the second story are wonderful and full of mystery to the beholder. We are glad to hear that the patience tried beyond endurance, but they may rest assured that the building will be completed next summer and that when it is finished they will be highly pleased with it.

Folly of Cheap Contracts.

It is a general principle that cheap contractors are the greatest nuisances in the market, and always cost the most in the end. If a man takes a large contract for less than the value of the materials, somebody must suffer from his action—the men whom he employs or the people who furnish the material.

Another matter to be cautious about in the making of future large contracts is not to place too much reliance on architects or engineers' estimates.

It is seldom that any large work is completed at less than fifty per cent. more than the original estimate, and when any public work is commenced, it must be finished, no matter what the extra cost may be.

The provision in the city charter which places the reconstruction, alteration, repair and care of public buildings under the control of the commissioners of public works, is one of the amendments which are needed in that instrument. A man may be competent to build a road, yet have little experience in dealing with sewers or water works. He may be a good officer in other respects, yet have no knowledge of building schools. Works of such magnitude that cost the taxpayers so much money ought to be placed in the charge of committees of responsible citizens, who have had experience in the work to be done, and who possess the confidence of their fellow citizens. This is how they manage their business matters in other cities, why cannot Quincy profit by the experience of older and richer communities?

Teachers' Salaries.

Valuable teachers annually leave the Quincy schools because they can obtain larger salaries elsewhere. Other excellent ones continually prepare themselves for examination for positions in other schools and so the drain goes on. Teachers as well as others have a perfect right to go where their work is best appreciated and best paid. But how much have the schools suffered by the loss of such valued and highly qualified instructors? There is just one thing that our citizens should bear in mind, viz., that the school business is just like any other business. If they want first-class work and first-class results, they must pay first-class teachers first-class prices. Cheap schools must necessarily be poor schools. When our children leave school to engage in the bitter contest for a living, they must compete, not only with the graduates of Quincy schools, but with the best talent of other systems and other schools where people are anxious to pay for first-class results, and feel that they have a right to demand them because they pay for them. The Quincy system is rigidly scrutinized on every side, but how can it adequately do its work if it be hampered by the inability or unwillingness to pay its best teaching talent the amount of salary so easily obtainable elsewhere? If we want a good thing we must pay for it.

Is the Republic in Danger.

It may seem absurd, after the bitter experience of our unfortunate civil war, to entertain any doubt of the stability of Republican institutions in the United States, but there are some men who are possessed of such insatiable ambition, that to satisfy their unbridled desires they would ruin their country.

An example of this was seen in the election of 1876, when the memorable tribunal of 8 to 7, stole the presidency from the duly elected chief magistrate, Samuel J. Tilden, and inaugurated a fraud. It would seem impossible that such a crime could be perpetrated by a nation of intelligent freemen; but the act was done.

The action of Congress in the present session proves conclusively that there are men in prominent positions, who care more for their party than for their country.

Henry Cabot Lodge, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, has used the power conferred upon him by the constitution to outrage decency, and his colleagues have violated the law and set at naught their oaths of office by such maneuvers as were never dreamed of by the framers of the constitution, and the entire constituencies of the men who voted for their expulsion.

Senator Hoar, who now occupies the position once held by Webster, Sumner and Wilson, but who does not fill their place, is doing his utmost to pass into law a proposition which is so outrageous that even English Tories, stolid aristocrats as they are, dare not entertain for a moment. Such a law would lead to a revolution in England. By this bill, if it should become a law, there would be a United States officer at every polling place in the country, who would have complete control of the whole machinery of the election, of the election officers and of the voters, who could make or unmake majorities, and be supreme arbiter of the people's voice. It is proposed that these officers must be appointed by Mr. Harrison, and cannot be removed. Their office is of the same tenure as that of judges of the supreme court.

When there can be found a majority of the representatives of the American people, and almost a majority of the United States Senate, to favor such legislation, it is not too soon to sound the alarm that the country is in danger. We trust that it is not too late.

Be Careful!

Some of our citizens are in considerable of a hurry to rush upon the city, either the purchase of the present water supply or to build an independent system. Others are not for an extensive and costly sewer. Now, gentlemen, have your fevered heads and keep cool! Don't you see that either of these haste will cause great damage to the city? Is it not evident to you, that, once Quincy enters on the expenditure of such immense sums of money for these things, it will be almost impossible to get proper appropriations for vital necessities, such as roads, books, schools, lights, sidewalks, etc. Everybody knows that we need pure water in all parts of the city, also that a sewer system would be highly beneficial; but keep cool and all these things will come in their proper time and order. Let us first take the main arteries of travel in proper condition, and so maintain them. Let us have a system of sidewalks fit to travel upon, put the brooks in good condition, drain into them the surface water, and make them large enough to meet all the requirements, and half the question is thus solved. Give the city more light and let it shine until later in the night or morning; establish a regular night police patrol, buy or get land in every ward for public parks or squares, or gardens, then, after all these necessities are obtained, build a sewer for the entire city, and not for some of the smallest wards only. Ten years after the sewer is built, buy out the water company or build an independent supply. It can be constructed there for just about the same cost as now.

Move slowly and do not deprive us of things we need so much; do not put us back thirty years for things which are, indeed, required, but which we can go without for a few years more without any greater hardship than we have suffered in the near past.

Workingmen's Trains.

Some time ago the Monitor pointed out that a train on the Old Colony road, each way, daily, between Boston and South Braintree, having a five-cent fare, would vastly increase the population of Quincy and Braintree. We are pleased to learn that steps are being taken by some of our prominent citizens to have a petition for this service presented to the O. C. & N. R. management. There exists not a shadow of doubt that this arrangement would be highly profitable to the railroad as well as to all the villages on the line. Larger population means larger revenue for the city in taxes, larger trade at the stores, larger profits in real estate and very little comparative increase in public expense. By all means boom the matter. Look at Somerville, Everett, Chelsea and Lynn for a living proof that a liberal policy is highly profitable. Quincy has territory enough to easily accommodate a population of 150,000.

Attack on Dr. Faxon.

The accusations against Dr. Faxon, published in a Boston paper and too hastily inserted in a Quincy local, caused much indignation among those who are personally acquainted with the gentleman and with the workings of the institution which he has so worthily conducted for many years past. Insults of this kind cannot be considered reputable journalism, and the sting of the wound is not removed by a plaster of investigation (?) and refutation. Dr. Faxon is too well known and too highly respected by fair minded men to suffer any loss of character or of friendship on account of such scurrilous personalities.

Free Delivery.

It is hoped that the agitation in favor of free delivery of mail matter throughout the whole city will be successful. Uncle Sam is rich enough to pay the bill and we are large enough to be put on an equality with other cities. The best of treatment is none too good for us.

QUINCY APPOINTMENTS.

Names Presented to the City Council by Mayor Fairbanks.

At a meeting of the Quincy city council, Monday evening, the mayor sent in the following appointments: City treasurer, Bryant N. Adams, city clerk, Christopher A. Spear; city auditor, Francis L. Hayes; deputy manager of police, George O. Langley; chief engineer of fire department, Walter H. Bixby; overseer of poor, George C. Pope; assistant assessors, ward 1, John H. Dinegan; ward 2, John Fetherston; ward 3, William H. Mitchell; ward 4, Francis E. Kimball; ward 5, Israel Waterhouse; ward 6, Benjamin R. Redman; park commissioners, John F. Merrill, George C. Phillips, William B. Glover; board of health, Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan, Dr. George B. Rice, Benjamin F. Thomas; trustees Thomas Crane Library, Charles F. Adams, Harrison A. Keith, Fred A. Clafin, William H. Price, Emory L. Crane, George I. Aldrich; managers of Adams Academy, Rev. Edward Norton, Charles A. Howland, Luther S. Anderson, George F. Pinkham, Josiah Quincy, Charles H. Porter; managers public burial places, John Hall, Joseph H. Vogel, Edward A. Spear, James E. S. Maxam, George L. Gill, Tobias H. Burke; city physician, Dr. Samuel M. Donovan; inspector of milk, Dr. Charles W. Garey; constables to serve civil processes, Francis A. Spear, Napoleon B. Farnall, Joseph W. Hayden, George O. Langley; constables without pay, Henry H. Faxon, Joseph T. French, Horace F. Spear; keeper of lockup, George O. Langley; undertakers, John Hall, W. E. Brown; weighers of coal, C. H. Hersey, G. W. Rhines, T. A. Donlin, J. M. Glover, H. D. Adams, E. W. Sheppard, F. W. Fuller, F. S. Patch, Edward Russell; measurers of grain, Edward Russell, C. Husey; poundkeeper, Franklin Jacobs.

The committee on sewers and drains was instructed to appear at the hearing to be held before the state board of health Feb. 3, and advocate the new water supply, with the exception of Councilman Sherman, who begged to be excused.

An order was adopted to give a public hearing March 2, on revoking the location granted to the Quincy & Boston electric street railway on Beale street.

LOCALS.

The people of Atlantic will be glad to learn that their honored friend, Mr. James Martin, has been elected president of the Quincy Catholic Charitable Association.

The gutter and curbing on the east side of Common street and Adams street, is another brilliant specimen of the work done under the last administration. It is the laughing stock of all the passers. It has sunk in most places more than a foot, even though it is built on a hill and not in a swamp.

Dr. Padula is receiving great praise for his skillful treatment of Mr. John McCloskey of Atlantic who has had a hard siege of sickness but is now on the road to recovery. His life was several times despaired of.

We congratulate Mr. John H. Dinegan on his appointment as City Assessor for Ward One. Mr. Dinegan is a highly successful young business man, who is amassing wealth by his shrewdness and application. It is always pleasant to appreciate the rise of our people to prominence, and all we regret is that more of them do not get better advantage of their opportunities. No position is too good or too lofty for them if they will only prepare themselves to worthily fill such responsibilities.

Mr. Michael O'Brien is quite ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John McNeil.

Work has again been started on the Willard school, thanks to our new mayor. The work is in charge of Mr. Shackleby, and now we can expect rapid progress.

The barge for the transportation of the children to the John Hancock school looks very comfortable. Thanks are due our energetic ward school committee—the Rev. A. F. Roche.

Mr. John Duggan, on retiring from the superintendent of the street cleaning way, was presented by the employees, with a set of architect's tools. Mr. Benjamin J. Weeks is the new superintendent. They say he is a hustler. He and his wife are staying at the Robertson House.

Lent begins Feb. 11.

Mr. James White, Jr., has started on the cellar of his new house on Miller street.

Mr. William Cashman, recently married in Situate, after a tour will occupy his beautiful new home on Cross street.

Miss Annie M. Cahill, for some time past assistant teacher in the D primary at the Willard school, has assumed the duties of regular teacher in the B primary at Willardston.

We understand that Mr. George O. Langley has been appointed deputy manager of the police force, with a salary of \$1200 a year.

Representative Burke has presented a paper to the House to see what can be done for Quincy's water supply.

Please notice that Mr. Frank Gillespie has been appointed subscription agent of the Monitor, to whom you will kindly send money due for the paper.

Mr. Edward F. Ring of Quincy Point and Miss Josephine B. Meany were united in marriage at St. Mary's Church, West Quincy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John P. Cuffe. The bride was attired in white china silk with trimmings of broad silk. The bridesmaid, Miss Margaret Meany, wore a dress of striped heliotrope with trimmings of plain heliotrope.

On the last Sunday of January the annual collection for the charitable fund was taken up in the churches of the parish. Though the weather was very unfavorable we hope the collection was not so.

On Tuesday, Feb. 3, thousands availed themselves of the great privilege of having their throats blessed to guard against any trouble from that organ. May the ceremony prove efficacious to all.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

"Auntie, will you tell a story?" said my little niece of three, As the early winter twilight fell around us silently.

So I answered to her pleading: "Once, when I was very small, With my papa and my mamma I went out to make a call.

And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a large bouquet, Which I carried homeward proudly, smiling all along the way.

"Soon I met two other children, clad in rags and sad of face, Who grew strangely, wildly joyous as I neared their standing place.

"Twas so good to see the flowers! 'Give us one—oh, one!' they cried. But I passed them without speaking; left them with their wish denied.

Yet the memory of their asking haunted me by night and day. 'Give us one!' I heard them saying, even in my nightful play.

"Still I mourn, because in childhood I refused to give a flower. Did not make those others happy when I had it in my power."

Suddenly I ceased my story. Tears were in my niece's eyes— Tears of tenderness and pity—while she placed a sweet surprise.

"I will send a flower to-morrow to those little children dear." Could I tell her that their childhood had been gone this many a year?

—Mary J. Porter, Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A peck of trouble—The stage ham. Can't be trued—The stage ham. Briefly is often a sign of the poverty of wit.

The gilded youth is simply fashion-plated. Losing caste—An operation for strabismus.

Sunshine is molasses on the bread of nature.—Washington Star.

We hate to see girls throw kisses. The average girl is such a bad shot.—Mercury.

Take love and taxes out of life, and not much is left.—Indianapolis Journal.

The man who can't sing and has a baby if usually made to sing.—Elmira Gazette.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wields the whip a few years later.—Life.

People who live in glass houses should raise early vegetables for the New York markets.—Life.

The New Theory: "Do you believe in a single tax?" "Not a single tax!"—Lancet Citizen.

You cannot tell from the number of its feet how long a run a poem will have.—Norristown Herald.

Funny, when a man starts out on a business career he never expects to receive the sooner he gets there.—Kingston Leader.

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—Texas Sittings.

"It seems that I am not in it," said the boy to the shark. "No," replied the shark, picking its teeth, "you're out of sight."—Chicago News.

What is more pathetic than to see the simple faith with which a bald-headed man will buy an infallible hair restorative from a bald-headed barber?

Canine Person—"I am extremely sorry my dog has bitten your wife, sir." Affable Old Gent—"Don't mention it, I pray, sir; I like a dog to be a dog."—Judge.

The sales lady from Berlin. With my choicest pom-poms, Because, to tell you truly, It was, "Returned with thanks."—Judge.

Barker—"She didn't return your bow, did she?" Parker—"No. The next time I meet her I will explain to her the reason I was with you."—Munsey's Weekly.

"That Sallie Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand." "Oh, yes! I understand she's going to marry a widower."—New York Sun.

A lady who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air and asked where the lighthouse was situated.

Mrs. Homekeeper—"These apartments are charming for the price is certainly reasonable. Are you sure there are no nuisances connected with the building?" Honest Agent—"Well, mum, it has a janitor."

Race Changes.

Professor George Barbour, in his work on the resources of Florida, describes a strange race of bipeds which isolation and abnormal climatic influences have developed on the border of the tropics, in the next neighborhood of enterprising Yankee-like communities. But it is not possible that those communities, too, will by and by experience the influence of a warmer climate. Thus far their energy has been sustained by a constant influx of Northern immigrants, but that influx will cease after the population of the North and South has reached the equilibrium of its distribution, and the "cracker" of the hummocks will then come to form the type of a new race. Strange metamorphoses have happened in Southern Europe, and only the incontrovertible testimony of historical records can persuade an ethnologist to recognize the present inhabitants of Sicily as the direct descendants of athletic Grecian colonists and of the heroic Normans who followed Robert Guiscard across the Strait of Messina.—New York Voice.

Something About Coal.

It is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the House of Commons petitioned the King to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offense, and by the demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city, and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found according to which a man was hung in the time of Edward I. for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. It took three centuries to entirely efface the prejudice.

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Content.

My days have been so filled with happiness. That should be the balance of my life to be spent in thought and in sweet and pleasant content.

The pleasures I have tasted cannot die—The memory of my joys must ever last. Nor can I ever come from me one better cry. Who find pure bliss in living life's best—John Ranges in Harper's Weekly.

Victim of a Valentine.

"It's beautiful!" said Felix, "beautiful!"

On his way to the mill where he was the director of a half a hundred hands, he had suddenly paused. The drug store was the only place in town where valentines were sold, and it was at the window of the drug store he stood. Within the cardboard box lay the article which had won his admiration. It was of blue plush. It was veiled with narrow, pink satin ribbon about its corners, and the face in gold script upon it said all the most difficult lover could desire to say, or have said for him.

"It would tell her everything," said young Denslow, "everything."

By the promise it will perhaps be perceived that there was only one woman in the world for the handsome young foreman of the Meadowlark Mills.

Through the dingy glass he re-read the lines which seemed so admirably to voice his sentiments:

"I dare not speak the love I feel,
But may this valentine reveal
The truth to you,
Whose eyes of blue
Have pierced my poor heart
Through and through."

Perhaps a critic might have protested that the verse lacked poetic excellence, that it did not possess the lifting meter of Lockyer, or the silvery ripple of Dobson. But Felix Denslow was not a critic. He went into the drug store.

"How do, Tom?" he said, with a friendly nod to the clerk, with whom he was acquainted. "Let me see some valentines."

Though his mind was quite made up, he glanced through the contents of the tray set before him. And then, with all the indifference he could muster, said he guessed he would take the one in the window. Suddenly he was struck with a sinister doubt. What if Edie should think it was sent by that idiot of a Dick Griffith, who was ridiculously devoted to her, and would be sure to send her a valentine? But he would not let the presumption to send one which so openly expressed adoration. That he might be considered presumptuous for so doing, never occurred to Felix, which proved how unreasonably in love that young fellow was.

He threw the clerk five dollars to take the change out of, and stood leaning against the counter, knitting his straight black brows, and putting perplexity at his mustache. "She is so sweet," he said to himself; "and out of innumerable claps will be sending her valentines. And I want her to know this is from me. I haven't. I'll write my name on the valentine. It isn't customary to do so on a valentine, I know. But it is the only sure way."

He took out his pencil, turned the big card over and wrote his name boldly on the back. Then he replaced it in the box, put on the lid and handed it to the clerk to wrap up. Just then a boy, breathless and scared, came tearing in.

"Oh Mr. Denslow!" he cried, "I've been admitted to you. There's been an accident up to the mill. Jerry Gregg—he's been caught in the machinery; and the boss he wants you and a doctor right away."

Felix started up.

"All right. Here, Tom, address that and send it for me, will you? I can't wait."

Tom nodded.

Denslow fumbled through his pocket, jerked out a square of cardboard, and tossed it on the counter. "That's the name and address," he said.

He dashed out, and off toward the mill as fast as his legs could take him. And Tom Dixon, with pen in hand, stood staring at the card he held. At first his look was one of blank amazement, that gradually changed to a grin. He chuckled as he copied on the box the name and number on the card.

"Going in for her, is he? I didn't think Denslow was the kind of fellow to sell himself, but one can't always exactly tell."

At the mill Felix found the accident less serious than he had anticipated. On his way home that evening he looked in at the drug store.

"Send that, Tom?"

Very peculiarly Tom asked. He winked. He sidled toward his questioner. He gave him a sly dig in the ribs.

"Yes, I sent it. Oh, you rascal! I'd never have thought it!"

"You're deucedly stupid, then," retorted Felix, in exasperation. "It has been plain as the nose on your face—and that's plain enough—this many a day. Oh, stop your gawking!"

And he flung out, off, leaving Tom laughing at his touchiness.

The following day was gloomy,

murky, and threatened rain. But Denslow's dreams were all rose-colored. It was St. Valentine's Day. Edie Terrisford would receive his valentine. He would meet her at the dance that evening, and endeavor to discover, from her reception of him, what his chance were. The valentine would have said so much for him that, if he fancied she was not displeased, he would pluck up courage and "speak right out."

It would be hard to find a handsome specimen of manhood that Felix Denslow, when, that evening, he got his stalwart self into his snowy linen and black diagonal.

He was a little late arriving at the hall, where the annual dance, in honor of the saint of lovers, was to be held. Instantly his glance sought and found pretty Edie Terrisford.

She was a plump girl of eighteen or twenty. She had rosy cheeks, brown hair and velvety blue eyes. And she wore a dainty new gown of creamy lace and pale gold ribbons.

How very charming she did look, Denslow thought. But she was talking with that amiable Dick Griffith. Well, he would soon take her from him. He crossed the hall to them. He bestowed a slight nod of recognition on Griffith, and then turned smilingly to Edie, and asked her for a dance.

But Edie, who ordinarily blushed and dimpled at his coming, acknowledged his greeting with a most frigid bow.

"I haven't a dance left," she said coolly.

She did not offer to show him her programme.

"What?" stammered Denslow agitated, "already?"

"I only dance the square dances, you know," she said, "and I've promised two of those to Mr. Griffith, and the others to Will Davis, and my cousin."

Denslow became conscious he was staring at her in a fashion she might resent. Indeed he was dazed. She must be angry with him for presuming to send her a valentine. She probably considered it an impertinence. He did not look at Dick Griffith, but he could fancy the exultation in his little twinkling eyes. He crimsoned, bowed, moved away.

He felt that he had made a mistake, that the evening he had looked forward to was to be a failure, and was, moreover, convinced that life—his life—was not worth living.

He passed unheeding many bright faces which would have willingly smiled upon the prosperous young foreman of the Meadowlark Mills. He found himself a secluded seat and took possession of it. He resigned himself to a melancholy reverie.

"Oh, Mr. Denslow! have I found you? What has made you so very late?" gushed a sharply blond voice that made him think of sweetened vinegar.

He looked up; rose. Before him stood a lady of forty or thereabouts, and unappropriated years. She was very angular, very yellow. She was in black-colored satin and tulle, and jewelry and ornaments innumerable.

"I've wanted so much to see you," she said, dropping her voice to a confidential purr, "so thank you for the charming valentine you sent me."

And she beamed upon him with an affectionate gratitude that was embarrassingly sincere.

"The—oh—what?" he stammered.

"The valentine,"—still more sweetly—and the sentiment upon it was so beautiful."

Denslow groaned. The truth had flashed across his brain. Some weeks previous Miss Skelton had given him the card of her restaurant, requesting that he send there any of the mill hands who wished board. For though a rich woman, as wealth was estimated in Delphos, Miss Skelton was an exceedingly avaricious one, and worked hard to add to her store; perhaps to have ample means to buy a husband if she were unable to win one. And Felix now knew that in his haste he must have flung that card to Tom Dixon, instead of the one Edie Terrisford had left at his house when she called on his sister, and which he had taken because the name upon it had been written by his sweetheart.

"I hope," cooed on Celestia Skelton, timidly lifting her eyes, "you will not think me lacking in maiden modesty if I confess that I have long hoped for, indeed expected, a revelation of the 'secret.'"

"Great Scott! You have!"

"He could feel himself growing chilly, damp. What was she about to say next?"

"Yes—Felix. And—trying her best to blush, 'I need not say that—the affinity expressed in the exquisite verse is reciprocated.'"

"But," cried Denslow, making a bold break for liberty, and feeling that he must escape emmeshment at any price, "I didn't send you any valentine."

"Sir!"

"I'm awfully sorry," blurted on Felix, "but I was in a rush, and I asked Tom Dixon to address the box for me, and I gave him the wrong card in mistake. I meant to send it to Edie Terrisford."

"What?" quavered Celestia, "that little snip! Why I showed her the— the valentine, and—"

"Oh, you did!"

Now the reason of Edie's coolness was apparent.

"Yes, sir. And if you consider your conduct a joke, sir, I don't, sir. It is unbecoming a gentleman, sir. Never presume to address me again, sir. Good-evening, sir!"

Off she flounced. Denslow sought out Edie. He insisted on a hearing. He explained the mistake of the valentine. He offered himself then and there. And he was accepted.

"But if you only knew how I felt," declared Edie, half tearfully, half smilingly, "when that horrid old thing was showing off her valentine—oh dear!"

"And if you could appreciate my feelings when I saw you with that detestable Griffith—darling!"

But neither wasted any sympathy on the unfortunate victim of their valentine—Miss Celestia Skelton. —[The Ledger.]

Books of the Day.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since large mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian Empire stood. The spade and scraper, first of the French and then of the English, have cleared all that earth away and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the proud princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of the city was contained in the palace of Kanyunikh. The clay books which contained its contents were sets of tablets covered with very small letters. The tablets are all oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing was done when the clay of the tablet was soft; it was then baked to harden it. Each tablet was numbered just as librarians of today number the books of which they have charge. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns, descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as of history and travel. The Assyrians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun and of marking it by the sun-dial was either invented by them or their neighbors, the Babylonians. None of our modern clocks or watches can be compared with the sun-dial for accuracy. Indeed, we regulate our modern inventions by the ancient Assyrian and Babylonian systems. —[St. Louis Republic.]

To Promote Deep Breathing.

A device recently invented for the promotion of deep breathing is likely to be of value to flat-chested, round-shouldered and weak-lunged people. If the means utilized in this invention shall induce the full, deep respiration of which so many people are absolutely ignorant it will prove a welcome addition to our hygienic appliances. The device is a small belt or cord which encircles the chest at the point of its greatest expansion, and a take-up mechanism to which the ends of the belt or cord are attached. The take-up mechanism consists of a coiled spring adapted to tighten the belt at intervals and a train of wheels by which the speed of the spring in taking up the belt may be regulated. Upon the extension of the breath, after the full expansion of the lungs, the chest returns to the size natural to it in ordinary breathing, thus leaving the belt loose. Immediately the take-up mechanism begins to gather in the slack of the belt, which it continues to gather, and finally it tightens the belt about the chest until the pressure is uncomfortable to the wearer and compels him to take another full respiration, thus lengthening the belt. This lengthening is accomplished by the withdrawal of the strap from the case, which again coils the spring. The spring in turn, when the breath is extended and the chest resumes its natural size, again begins to gather up the slack of the belt. These processes are continued as long as the device is worn. It is claimed that the use of the device induces full breaths at intervals, and thus naturally strengthens and enlarges the lungs and chest. —[Chicago News.]

Crawfish Tails.

Crawfish tails, crawfish hash and crawfish stewed or broiled in the shell are much sought after by epicurean New York.

Crawfish are like a very young lobster, only they are found in fresh water. They are found in the southern end of Louisiana, and are a great dish with the creoles, who use them in making gumbo when crabs are not extra good. —[New York Journal.]

After ten years of construction, an elaborate telephone system, connecting all the forts and military establishments of Belgium with the city of Antwerp, has just been completed. The system was specially devised to prevent the tapping of the lines by an enemy in time of war.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A RATTLESNAKE GIRDLE.

A lady of Bangor, Me., received a package recently from the West. On opening it she was startled to find a rattlesnake, having every appearance of being ready to spring out. Further examination, however, revealed the fact that the reptile was not alive, but instead the snakeskin was skillfully preserved and made into a very handsome girdle fastened with a silver buckle. —[Chicago News.]

A MOCK MILK BATH.

A milk bath means a beautiful complexion and a luxury. If purses would permit the extravagance the city milkman would not. Water clear is just as beneficial as water combined with a little milk.

Here is a mock milk that is almost as beneficial to the skin as pure milk. Make up a dozen or more bags of cheese cloth about a foot square. Fill them with oatmeal and pure white castle soap, shaved fine; two-thirds oatmeal and one-third soap. Add a little borax and some powdered orris root, and tie up the bags securely. One bag in twelve gallons of water makes a delightfully refreshing bath, and the skin like velvet. —[Chicago Herald.]

TIME FOR FAT WOMEN TO REJOICE.

Fat women should rejoice over the return of the corset-basque, which fits smoothly over the hips and is simply stilted or bound with narrow silk braid. Sleeves for ladies above the average weight should not be of exaggerated height as they are inclined to look awkward upon a too redundant form. The leg of mutton seems to be the regulation sleeve for both gowns for full dress and morning. The fancy sleeves with puffings and ruffles are confined to house toilets and tea-gowns, and often have an oversleeve hanging in medieval fashion almost to the bottom of the dress. —[New York World.]

WEALTHY LADIES OF NEW YORK.

Ever since the Duke of Marlborough espoused the wealthy American widow, Mrs. Lillian Hamersley, titled foreigners have been looking toward the United States with longing eyes. Some of these gentlemen might be dazzled if they were informed that there are ten New York ladies who are reported to own two hundred millions in their own right, and some of these women are still eligible for the bonds of matrimony. Some of the figures given by a well-known club man are as follows: Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Frederic Nelson, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Hicks Lore, \$5,000,000; Mrs. William Astor, \$5,000,000; Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Mary G. Pinckney, \$10,000,000; Mrs. William Lynch, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Parson Stevens, \$10,000,000; Mrs. August Belmont, \$15,000,000; and Mrs. Hetty Green, \$10,000,000.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN PREACHERS.

Some of the most successful women preachers in this country are the Rev. Florence Kallod of Chicago; Mrs. C. L. Johnson of Greenport, Long Island; Elizabeth Crampton of Union Springs, N.Y.; Mary L. Morehead of Wyandott, Ill.; Ella Nixson of Elliott, Ill.; Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the Rev. Anna Oliver and the Rev. Phoebe Hanford. These, and many others who could be named, have made a creditable record as preachers and pastors. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be any general desire for female clergy in the Christian denominations. Practically women themselves are responsible for this state of affairs. They are the working arm of most churches, and virtually control their policy. If, therefore, women wanted female pastors it would not be long before they would have them. The fact that the leading churches of the country in which women have so potent a voice have men as pastors is pretty good evidence that women prefer men for that office. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

"CLEOPATRA'S" JEWELS AND BESSIES.

Every dress worn by Sara Bernhardt in "Cleopatra" consists of a diaphanous piece of material seven yards long, embellished with metallic or silk embroidery. This long strip of gauze is wound and draped about her form and held in place at the waist, belt and shoulders with magnificent fasteners, brooches and girdles, incrustated with stones of every conceivable shade. Through the garment other jewels, buckles and embroideries, used to ornament and secure an undergarment, shine.

In her hair and about her fingers, arms and feet bandeaux, bangles and bracelets gleam, and the sandals in which her feet are slipped are also finished with rainbow effect. Row after row and chain upon chain of jewels encircle her body, and the unparalleled display of opals, turquoise, topaz, scarabees, corals, sapphires, amethysts, rubies, malachites and pearls produce the most overpowering sense of luxury.

One dress, an Egyptian robe, is certainly a most wonderful creation. The material in itself is of gold colored gauze, appliqued with a design of laurel leaves. The belt of pearls and turquoise that holds the delicate

fabric in at the waist also secures a barbaric drapery made of a tiger's skin at the waist. Fancy the contrast of embroidered gauze and tiger's fur! For a head dress she wears a skull cap of pearls, fringed with coral and turquoise. —[New York Mercury.]

FASHION NOTES.

Sashes are numbered among the things of the past.

Jabot frills made up on ribbon back are sold in long lengths.

The favorite shades for evening cloaks are fawn white and gray.

A novelty in buttons is the button horn with steel insertion points.

The newest pattern in table cloths is an elaborate design in orchids.

Some of the newest party dresses have Watteau draperies, but they are much in the way.

There has been an attempt in Europe to make the "cross saddle" riding habit fashionable.

Dark shades of greenish gray velvet are choice and rare, appearing only in high-priced grades.

Some women make a practice of testing everything connected for the preservation of beauty.

Girls whose allowance permits the extravagance wear gold and silver kid shoes with their party toilets.

"Angels' food" and walnut cake have recently been brought into prominence at a clock tea in London.

Although satin ribbon is not as stylish as satin-edged faille ribbon, it can be matched to more shades than any other make.

Cairo gold embroideries are used in ornamenting the Oriental tea-gowns and other artistic and luxurious house dresses of the season.

Transparencies your checked traveling dress into an afternoon house dress by new sleeves of faille Francaise and a trimming of one of the new galleons.

The girl just arrived from England wears short veils; if her ship sailed from France her veil reaches several inches below the chin.

Dainty aprons are of wash silk in any delicate shade, hemmed with brier stitching in the same color and with pockets and a lower full of lace.

Finger nails are not worn as long nor so pointed as they were a little time ago. Manipulation is said to be the best thing for improving the hands.

White glazed kid gloves, or very light colored ones, chiefly in pale mauve of rose tints, are once more fashionable, and not so long as last winter.

Tea-gowns are made quite loose, the side-pieces falling from the shoulders over a draped front. They are fitted to the waist at the back and form a loose train.

A new mode of carrying the watch has been invented. It is put inside the dress collar, and the short chain and its pendant hang loose, taking the place of the brooch.

A new development in "rational" dress has been brought before the London public. It is five inches shorter than the ordinary walking dress, and if every woman had pretty feet it would certainly be a "go."

There is nothing half way about the sleeves of the present day. They must either consist of a paltry ribbon bow just across the shoulder, or else be of such proportions as to skillfully conceal every inch of the arm from tip to knuckles.

Some of the newest shoes are ornamented with jeweled passementerie. Velvet is being used with the hairroom toilets, but it is not likely to be popular, as it increases the size of the foot. The fashionable height for slipper heels is two inches.

The revival of the head dress is a matter of the near future. All sorts of bandeaus, plain and jeweled, are the passion of the youthful, and the feathers and bows of the dowagers will soon evolve into the head dress as a natural consequence.

Puffs of wide ribbon, with ribbon or velvet bows laid on that, a pleated frill, points of passementerie, or an arched, full-skirted piece of silk around the armholes are still popular garnitures for sleeves, the leg-o'-mutton style still prevailing.

A silk collar has a Stuart collar, lined with velvet; the collar itself is ornamented with bead embroidery. The epaulettes with long bead ornaments drop from the high shoulders, while bead fringes form the edge of the collar. They are also made with velvet revers or of black cashmere stuffs trimmed with lace.

Comfortable Indian Houses.

In the warmer districts of New Mexico and Arizona the Apaches, Warm Spring Indians and Navajos live in very comfortable houses built by using saplings for walls, with heavy branches sloping down to the sides from a central ridge pole. Most of these dwellings are square in shape, and some are as large as thirty or forty feet on the side. By some ingenious plaiting of the branches of the roof they are practically water-tight and strong enough to withstand the heaviest storms. Raised bed frames are arranged around the walls of the interior, and a very comfortable mattress made of leaves is used. —[New York Times.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mean annual temperature of the known globe is 59 degrees Fahrenheit.

Among the astronomical attractions of the new year will be two eclipses of each the sun and the moon and a transit of Mercury across the sun's face.

The brain of the elephant is remarkably small, not more than one-twenty-third as large as that of a human being in proportion to the weight of both.

The electric light of 20,000,000 candle power in the lighthouse at Hantsholm, coast of Jutland, said to be the most powerful light in the world, is now lighted for service.

Two Belgian physicians, as the result of their consultations, have come to the conclusion that widowers and widows are more liable to consumption than either married people or people who have never been married.

The committee appointed last September to inquire into the causes of the abnormally high mortality in Madras, India, have reported that the water supply and drainage are defective.

Professor Young of Princeton, N. J., College has been awarded the valuable Janssen prize for 1899 by the French Academy of Sciences in recognition of his brilliant discoveries in spectroscopy.

Sounding in the Black sea shows that beyond a depth of six hundred feet the water is so impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, emanating from decaying animals and vegetable matter, that living organisms are not found there.

Henri Pieper has invented a new and very simple incandescent lamp. A thin, pointed rod of carbon placed vertically, rests upon two horizontal copper rods about a quarter of an inch apart and forms a bridge between them. The current passes between the copper rods through the carbon rendering it incandescent. Springs move the copper rods slightly when the carbon is consumed and prevents the breaking of the circuit.

Old-time Hospitality in California.

Besides instructing the natives and incidentally fulfilling the duties of paroled clergy, the Missions extended a bountiful hospitality to all travelers and wayfarers. Planted at intervals of about a day's journey, on the natural route of travel along the coast, they became the usual resting-place for all travelers in either direction. Horses were the only means of locomotion, and at the end of his hard day's ride the weary traveler stopped at the door of the Mission building as naturally, and with as little thought of intrusion, as one might now at a public hotel. Throwing his rein to an Indian arriero, he was received by the missionary priest, or in his absence by the sacristan, with the patriarchal hospitality that Abraham extended to Lot. A bath was provided, food was as long as his convenience required, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and directions, or, if needed, a guide, for his further journey. Perhaps it is a tradition from these early days, but travelers still speak kindly of the hospitality of California. —[Century.]

A Remarkable Accident.

A curious accident happened, in the autumn of 1889, during a trial of a second-class torpedo boat belonging to the Danish Government. The boat was running at full speed in a moderate sea, with the usual number of men on board, when, without warning, she rolled over and sank. Both engineer and fireman were closed in their compartment. The engineer, Angelo Benson, was standing just forward of his engine, and as he felt the listing of the boat, he grasped the handle of the hatch, meaning to open it; but the boat went over, and just as he was about to escape, the oil tank was emptied on his head, nearly suffocating him.

Upon recovery, Benson found that the rush of water was too great to allow his escape. So he coolly waited until the interior of the boat was filled, and then pulled himself through the hatchway and struck out for the surface, where he found several of the crew swimming about and waiting to be relieved. The accident was due to some error in the distribution of weights. The boat was raised, rearranged, and is now doing good service. —[Youth's Companion.]

Belling the Rats.

One who has experimented with success says that the cheapest and least harmful manner of ridding a building of rats is to catch one full-grown rodent in a wire cage. Tie securely about his neck a small sleigh-bell and let him go. There is nothing in the world so timid as rats; they will flee from the rat with the bell and, in course of a few days, there will not be a single one on the premises. You may, however, hear of a haunted house, somewhere close by in the neighborhood, where the mysterious tinkling of a bell is heard in the walls at dead of night. —[New York Journal.]

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Man's highest ability is adaptability.

If men are elected to serve the people such men unstrap their power, teaching the people what their duty is.

No one can teach what the duty of another is without betraying hypocrisy or a belief that his own ideas are inflexible.

The man who is willing to sacrifice others should first study the motive and determine whether he is willing to take care of himself.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who criticizes the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless care. Many without labor would live in their own wits only; but they have for want of stock.

The person that really tries to do right will more readily believe others are right, and on the other hand the one who sees so much evil in the world can see themselves, by using the same phrases for a mirror.

Pride, ill nature, and want of grace are the three great sources of ill success; without some one of these defects, no man will believe himself worthy for want of experience, or worthy the language of fools, is called being the world.

Never did any soul do good, came reader to do the same thing again, with more enjoyment. None was love, or gratitude, or benevolence, but with increasing love, which made the practice still more love with the fair act.

Hypocrisy is the necessary badge of villainy, affectation part of a chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other finishes a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

The Sioux Witch Dance.

The Indian witch, or medicine, dance is really a weird affair. The medicine men of the Sioux do not seek publicity in their incantations, and it was entirely by chance that came across three Indians going through some peculiar operation at a point remote from their camp. I stuck about three feet in height, stuck in the ground, and from it hung out in the breeze a long-haired wig. The hair was dark, and looking up from a short distance I could note whether the scalp was that of a white woman or of an Indian. It might have been either. The three Indians were leaping and gesturing, and at intervals mumbling something, in a song, apparently, but disconnected words. Occasionally they would point towards the scalp. Then they would mumble again and jump away. They were not painted, and their attire was different from that of the ordinary braves. They noticed me, and while they made no demonstration of hostility their expression plainly that they would rather be left alone. The shades of evening were falling on prairie, and hill, and river. The Missouri stretched like a mighty serpent below, its yellow waters lashed by a ruddy stain by the gleam of the setting sun, and here, on this hill, away from the painted men and the silent cotton-wood, the children of nature were enacting their strange enchantment to move in some way that supernatural power which seems to have deserted the Indian race. —[New York World.]

The Kitten Will Touch for This.

On the seventh floor of the St. Charles flats, at Fifty-third street and Madison avenue, a particularly good Maltese kitten has the good fortune to live.

Her favorite dozing place is on the seat of one of the windows overlooking the courtyard. This window happened to be open for a few minutes the other morning, and the kitten, quite carried away by the novelty of the idea, stepped out upon the window ledge to take a cat-eye view of the yard below and the surrounding country generally.

An instant later her paws slipped from under her upon a piece of ice and over she went. She fell a trifle of some six stories and then landed foremost just upon the extreme edge of the roof of one of the buildings. But so terrific was the force with which she landed there that she bounced from off the roof like a rubber ball, and after this instant's respite continued on her headlong journey toward the ground. She landed on her feet again, shook herself for a moment just to see that she was all there, and then, giving vent to a faint wail of triumph, as one would say, "How's that for high?" picked her way toward the house again with a delightful air of nonchalance and totally oblivious to the fact that she had only eight lives left to her credit. —[New York Sun.]

Nothing Could Be Worse.

First Tramp—Jim let's get out of this country; it's dangerous.

Second Tramp—Dogs?

First Tramp—Worse'n that. See by every man I meet offers me work.

Joseph S. Whall
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A LULLABY.

Five rays of golden light
Through the half-closed shutters stream,
Shifting lines upon the night.
Slender as the moon's first beam.
Hearts are gladdened by the glow
Shed upon the winter air.
And a voice that's soft and low
Steals from out the casement there.
Soft and low a mother sings
To the baby on her breast;
While the tender music brings
Thoughts of loving hearts at rest.
Years fly back; I look again
Into two eyes sweet and deep;
Hear a mother's low refrain—
"Sleep, my little baby, sleep."
Passing at the cottage gate,
For the sake of long ago—
For a little time I wait—
Years have lived again that night.
Days I thought had passed away,
Came back to me with a sigh;
Called by a house-like ray,
And a mother's lullaby.

Then the mother's sweet song dies;
Through closed blinds I see the bed
Where a sleeping baby lies—
Smiling lips and curly head.
Then a prayer I whisper low—
Bless the little one unknown,
For the sake of long ago—
Then I go my way alone.
—F. S. MILES, in *Godley's Home Journal*.

Molly's Experiment.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"Going to—teach school!" Harry Burton echoed, much as though Molly had said she was going to South Africa. "I commence next Monday," said Molly, merrily, and commenced mending the lace ruffle of a white apron. Harry strove for a like indifference and composure. This was made difficult by the fact of Molly's older sister, Celia, having gone behind Molly for the purpose of communicating her sentiments to the caller, in dumb show. Her sentiments seemed to be humorous despair and resignation.

"Where is the school?" Harry inquired, stiffly.

"Four miles north of here. District number twelve," said Molly.

"Have you—positively engaged it?" Harry asked.

"For the life of him, Harry could not help gasping. He had been at a dance with Molly the night before, and she had worn pink roses on a pink China silk gown. Not that the Paines were rich; but—good gracious!—neither were they poor."

"Certainly!" said Molly. "I applied two weeks ago, and I had a card from the directors yesterday. I am engaged, and am to begin next week."

Molly went to the work-table for some thread. Molly was rather petite, with a pretty complexion, a straight small nose, a charmingly moulded mouth, and she was always so proudly self-possessed as though she was twice eighteen and a half, and to-day she was, to Harry Burton, maddeningly so.

"For how long a term?" he queried, the bewildered, exasperated, miserable feeling which had taken possession of him deepening every minute.

"Ten weeks," Molly threaded her needle.

"Until February, then?" Harry murmured. "Shall you—come home for Sunday?"

"Probably not often," said Molly.

"Are you fixing that thing to wear?" Harry demanded.

"This apron. Yes. You can hardly be a school-teacher without an apron," said Molly.

She raised her pretty brows lightly at his angry vehemence. The sun struck through the window on her hair, which was a rich red-brown; her lips, softly parted, showed her white teeth; her blue-gray eyes were lowered.

Harry Burton, throbbing with his honest love for her, which had been long growing within him, suffered such a wretched pang that he winced.

"He would not be treated so like a boy—a baby! He would not pretend anything but disgust for the nonsensical prank she was playing; it seemed to him, chiefly for his tormenting—and succeeding, if so."

"Good-by, then!" he said, coolly rising. "I'm going to Pomeroy to-morrow, and if you leave next week, good-by!"

He shook hands with Celia warmly, and with Molly distantly, and stalked out. Celia took him to the front door.

"I didn't know," she murmured, frowning in sympathy with the irate young man, and smiling because she couldn't help it, "what ails Molly. It's ridiculous. We've all talked and argued and implored and here's the result. I was sure she'd back out, and I haven't said a word to any body about it. I've been positively ashamed to. But she's going to do it—she actually is—and now it will have to come out. I don't know what all the girls will say. If she'd ever done anything of the kind before—or if she needed the money—or if—anything! But for Molly to do it!"

Celia laughed, helplessly.

"But this was unsatisfactory. 'Don't you know what her reason is, anyhow?' Harry asked, bluntly.

Celia dropped her eyes. Being a woman and a sister, she thought she knew. But how could she say to Harry Burton that she suspected Molly's freak to have a not very remote connection with himself?

That she was fairly convinced that Molly was hurt, or incensed, or jealous, or—being at sea as to the cause, Celia could not rightly gauge Molly's emotions; but she knew something was wrong.

How could she tell him that she deemed Molly's startling act to be a rebellious, indignant attempt to even matters—to show him her indifference—to go away from him altogether, and let him see how severely she could do it?

Celia knew not the reason of her pretty sister's dauntless. How, then, then, could she impart to her pretty sister's admirer her vague suspicions?

He was an admirer only—not a fiancee. It would be manifestly improper. Celia remained silent.

"Well, good-by!" said Molly's admirer.

His tone was funeral; so was his expression. He drifted down the path as though it made no difference where he went to. He divined that Celia was laughing, and he did not care. He felt desperate.

He told himself that he would go over to Celia in a minute, if she wasn't spoken for. He was sick of Molly's freaks and whims. In view of this absurd affair, it seemed to him that she always had been whimsical—which was an injustice. Teach school—a district school! She was out of her senses. What did she mean by it?

Harry felt an all but uncontrollable wish to go back and shake her.

He thrust his hands into his overcoat pockets and whistled dully. Why, he shouldn't even see her again, he didn't know when.

He was more than dully; he was angry and sulky. He felt the need of a little comfort and mental quietude, and he thought he would go around and see Alvin.

Alvin, and acting on the resolve, turned into a sidestreet and knocked at a modest door.

The week which followed was one which he never forgot, for in it lay his first taste of real unhappiness, which grew into settled gloom.

He went to the lecture alone. He had been wont to take Molly Paine to everything of merit that came along. He went sleighing, and felt so wretchedly lonesome that he got home as quick as possible.

He went to a small party, and grew to positively dislike the pretty girl he took in to supper and went home with, because she was not Molly Paine.

He fussed and moped and chafed, and on Friday afternoon he went to see Celia.

"Do you expect Molly to-night?" he asked.

And when Celia said no, he got up and went like one in a dream, or like a young man possessed of a single idea—an idea he had battled against, but which had overcome him. He went home, got his horse into his cutter, took some hot bricks and a soapstone and went off in search of district number twelve.

He found it by dint of industrious inquiry. Within short space he was pulling up at the door of a little schoolhouse, which had been white once and was brown now, set in the middle of a big, bare yard.

The snow was up to the fence on either side, being tramped down in the middle by many small feet.

"Dismal! hole I ever struck!" Harry muttered, and tied his horse at the one post stuck in the door.

Molly answered his knock—Molly herself. Molly in a brown dress and white apron—looking rather prettier than ever before and ten times as captivating.

Her lover's heart rose to his throat, and he stammered over the greeting he had meant to utter with dignity.

He fancied that Molly gasped and shrank a little. In view of the self-possession he had always known in her, he doubted it.

At least she recovered immediately, and shook hands and said,—"How do you do?" and replied to his inquiry that she was well, and walked before him across the room.

The platform held two chairs. Harry took one. He was rather discomposed. He had supposed that school would be out.

But the round clock on the wall pointed to half-past three, and he knew the barbarous four o'clock rule of district schools.

Molly, who held an open book, was going on with a recitation, pacing slowly up and down before her class, her head high, her lips demurely adjusted, her eyes clear and bright. And the visitor was in for half an hour of it.

Oddly enough, he was conscious of a feeling of contentment, such as he had not known for many days. Molly was here, at least, and near him, though she was giving all her attention to a geography class.

He felt a thrill of happiness in her mere bright presence—brown dress, white apron and all. Besides, the room was clean and pleasant, in spite of hackneyed mottoes on the walls and floating chalk-dust.

And the school, which numbered twenty-five, was very decent-appearing; Harry admitted that. The children were red-cheeked and healthy, the older girls were good-looking and the boys manly.

The crackling fire made the great black stove seem cheerful, and the little old melody by the platform created a homelike atmosphere. There were evergreen festoons over the windows and some plants on the sills. It was decided.

Molly's lover sat in a sort of lethargic calm. The geography class was reciting chief cities and principal rivers in a monotonously staccato way.

The warmth of the room, after his long, cold drive, had a dulling effect—as did his subtle, growing happiness after his long dreariness. He was almost sleepy.

He wore a bland, contented smile which puzzled the school—the scholars admired him, however. He was not very distinctly aware of anything; he knew a history class succeeded the geography, and a spelling class the history, and that two additional spelling classes followed, and that Molly was speaking to the school in her bright tones—something about next week's work; and that she was giving a military-sounding order—one, two, three; and that the school was ding out with well-trained precision; and that at last, at last, he and Molly were left alone in the warm, cheery, dusty schoolroom.

"Did you—did you come to take me home?" she said, hurriedly and breathlessly, as though afraid of the silence.

And she went to the far end of the room and began erasing figures from the blackboard.

"That's what!" said Harry, emphatically.

ally. "Don't you want to go? I'll bring you back Monday morning."

A faint murmur in reply.

"I thought you'd give it up after a week of it. Shan't you? Do you like your boarding place?"

Molly craned in silence.

"It's a jolly little school," he burst forth, warmly, "and you're a jolly little teacher! I don't care what you're going to do—it's a gorgeous success!"

All his bitterness was gone, and he laughed light-heartedly and immediately.

Molly rubbed away, her face invisible.

"Molly," he cried, "what is the matter?"

He was over at the blackboard the next minute.

Molly was crying. It was more than her lover could credit, but she was crying.

"You—you came so suddenly!" she whispered, chokingly. "I wasn't looking for you, and—oh, dear!"

She gave up and turned away, helplessly fearful.

But Harry turned, too, and by no means could he help it—put his strong and comforting arm around her.

It was a question after that of who should break the silence, which stretched itself alarmingly.

Harry did at last. For a light had had broken over him, and he meant to sift matters.

"What made you do it, Molly?" he demanded. "Was it—could it be anything to do with me?"

A silence, and then a low murmur. And, under protest, the young man cried, "Good gracious!" the young man cried, "You never believed that Molly Paine, you didn't? By George! who put that into your head?"

"Jenny Ford," the injured tones murmured.

"Jenny Ford?" said Harry, in a stage hiss.

She was the pretty girl who had disliked at the party because she was not Molly. Now he abominated her.

"Is she crazy?" he fumed.

"She said she'd heard it."

"But anybody knows better—everybody! You, Molly! Have you lived in Pomeroy all your days not to know that I'm Alvin Austin's cousin?"

"I knew you were some distant connection," Molly whispered, trying to get her hand free, and failing.

"I'm her first cousin three times removed," as they say. "We're third cousins. Well, and you know she's 'quite some' older than I!"

"I didn't think that made any difference. She's pretty and stylish."

"So she is; and a good girl beside!" said Harry, warmly.

"One thing you did know, Molly," said Harry, gravely, "and that is, I never cared for anybody but you, and never would and never could. To have doubted what you knew so well, all for a nonsensical rumor! Molly!"

He softly boxed her ears.

"Come now," he said, when a second happy silence was over—and he laughed again, mercilessly—"come, you're not going to teach school any longer? Now that you've proven that you're utterly indifferent to me, and entirely able to take care of yourself, and more than anxious to get along without me, won't you say good-bye to district number twelve?"

"Never," said Molly—never! I'm a tremendous success. The school likes me, and the parents are pleased with me, and the directors are delighted. I'm a revolution, a cyclone, and I'm going to stay. You can come after me Friday nights and bring me back Monday mornings, if you choose; but I stay!"

"You won't use any more words you will accumulate in the purchase of your—ahom!—trousseau," her lover observed, with tender irony.

He did come after her Friday nights and bring her back Monday mornings.

That was Molly's last effort at school-teaching, but neither she nor her lover regretted the little episode. They were the happiest ten weeks they had ever known.

And she did use her money for her trousseau, the next spring, for their wedding followed Alvin's shortly.—*Saturday Night*.

An Isolated Family.

There is a family at Liberty, Me., who live on a farm, with mountains on three sides, and with no highway leading to it. There was a rough road up a very bad hill, but it accommodated only them, and that not very much, as the man comes out but two or three times a year to obtain supplies. So he asked to have this road discontinued, and his taxes abated by reason thereof, and as this was a good trade for the town it accepted his proposition, and now when he wishes to come out with his cart and oxen he comes across a pasture.

If you wish to find perfect content pay a visit to this family. The man disposes of a pair of big oxen every year or two, and sells a few lambs every year. This is more than enough to supply all their needs. He has a pension, but apparently has no use for it, as he makes no investments, and is known to have quite a large sum of money, which is kept between the leaves of a book. They use an old-fashioned fireplace made of stones and are surrounded with plenty of wood, and appear to take solid comfort in life.—*Belfast (Me.) Journal*.

Spontaneous Combustion of a Tree.

One of the sacred "Tallow Trees," standing at the entrance of the grounds which surround the imperial mansion of his majesty, the Emperor of China, spontaneously fired in some of its upper branches and burned to the ground early in the winter. The tallow tree often fires of its own accord, but the superstitious Chinese take it to be an evil omen and are greatly excited.—*St. Louis Republic*.

What Is Love?

What is love? 'twould be a mystery,
Should each one an answer find.
Love, said the maiden, is a youth,
Pure in his purpose, strong in his truth,
Noble in action, gentle in speech,
Ready to learn or ready to teach,
Full of the hero's spirit and fire,
Straight as Apollo, mild as a dove,
These are his glories, and this is Love.

Love, said the young man, is a maid,
Fair as the sunset's flush and shade,
White of soul and gentle in mood,
Sharing the griefs of all her kind,
Ready to hear the world's sad story,
Filled with infinite tenderness,
Moved by all that a heart may move,
These are her beauties, and this is Love.

So I heard them, and in my soul
Something whispered me: Both are wrong.
Each hath part and neither the whole.
Then the answer I sought so long
Came as a vision, and I heard
This, the divine law and word.

Love is not human, for life is short,
And Love has never passed from his court.
Love is wise as the stars are wise,
Man has only earth-seeking eyes.
Love has never been touched by death,
What is life but a moment's breath?

Love is not youth, for youth must err,
Passions his unsteady soul may stir,
Love is not as a maiden true,
Even her faith may not endure.
Make Love grand and noble and wise,
Give him a woman's tender guise,
Fashion him as you can or may—
This is not Love, for this is day.

Deep in my heart, then, the answer stirred;
This was what in my soul I heard:
Love is a spirit, hid in the old,
Love is an angel, and sent of God.

Advance in Middle Pacific.

BY HOWARD M. BOYNTON.

The wealthy Mr. Peters sat in his Wall Street office, to reach which one had to go through a counting room and two other apartments, watching the last quotations of the day and making notes of his profits on a piece of paper. The ribbon curled about him as it passed through his hands, and made a graceful pile at his feet. "One hundred and thirty-seven," he said aloud, "and a half—and three-quarters—thirty-eight—and a quarter—I know that was good—thirty-nine—it'll reach fifty this week—and a half again. Bless me, if it don't beat anything!"

And he leaned back in his chair and chuckled. "They tell me I'm no financier," he said, "and may be I'm not. But if that Middle Pacific keeps on going up I'll be—there it goes again."

He rubbed his eyes and leaned forward as the machine began to click. "Forty!" he exclaimed, "and a half—and three-quarters—and forty-one—bless my soul—forty-two—three—four—five—fifty-five—sixty—seventy-five!"

A gasp, as the instrument halted for breath, escaped Mr. Peters.

"One hundred and seventy-five," he said solemnly, "and I thought at ninety-four."

As he sank back in his chair the office door slowly opened, and a suspiciously timid voice inquired:

"May I come in, please?"

Mr. Peters gave consent in his most gracious fashion, and a pretty young lady advanced to receive a paternal embrace.

"I don't want to disturb you," she said, "but I was so anxious to see you that I couldn't wait any longer."

Mr. Peters benevolently overlooked the intrusion.

"I want to talk to you about—about Charlie."

Mr. Peters frowned.

"That young man again," he said, "I thought I had told you to forget about him."

"I know you did; but—I thought that perhaps you—might—"

"You ought not to expect me to change my mind on such a matter, for I do not lightly decide those things. You know—there goes that ticker again!"

Mr. Peters grasped the ribbon nervously and straightened his glasses.

"Seventy-six," he cried, excitedly—then a pause—"and seventy-seven—eighty—eighty-one—ninety—one hundred—one hundred and—did you ever see anything like it?"

Miss Peters said she had not.

"One hundred and five above—two hundred and five above—I never heard any—now it's two hundred and ten!"

Mr. Peters leaped to his feet, and but for the restraining influence of a recent attack of gout would have leaped the Saratoga Lancers about his office.

"Papa," his daughter said, "won't you let me explain. Charlie has prospects—splendid prospects—and when he marries me he will have—I mean before he marries me he will have plenty of money."

"But I can't stop to attend to this now. Mr. Smith may be a very deserving young man, but really I cannot think of such a thing now."

"You don't know how we both feel," Miss Peters pleaded, "or you wouldn't hesitate. Charlie has been admitted to the Exchange now, and with your assistance he could soon make money."

"Of course he could," Mr. Peters assented, "but he's not an asylum for feeble-minded—the goes that ticker!"

The ribbon ran out again, and Mr. Peters, with mouth and eyes wide open, gasped:

"Two hundred and forty-nine!"

Miss Peters bit her lip to repress either tears or a smile—an observer could not have told which—and went on with her case.

"He is well educated, you know, and only needs such a start as you could easily give him to get along. If I don't marry him I shall never marry any one."

Her father stuck his hands in his pockets, and turned from the ticker with every feature of his face wrinkled into a smile.

"You may not be a very wise girl," he said, "but you've got a father who understands his business. Look at that ticker, will you? Uncle Henry told me to sell Middle Pacific, and I would make a fortune. Thought all I could, and it's run up so high the ticker can't count it. I tell you I'm a wonder in finance, and before I'm through I'll!"

"But—Charlie," Miss Peters said, timidly. "Won't you let us get married?"

The ticker clicked out again, and this is what it left on the ribbon:

"M. P. 278."

"Marry him if you want to," Mr. Peters shouted. "Marry any one! Look at that, will you—two hundred and seventy-eight. Ever see stocks go up like that in your life?"

His daughter said she thought it was very remarkable, and that she was supremely happy. Then she kissed him and left, with the ticker still denoting a rapid rise in Middle Pacific.

In front she met a pale young man who was pacing nervously up and down the sidewalk, and to him she confided the intelligence that everything was as it should be.

"He's consented," she said, "although those horrid stocks have made him almost crazy. I wonder when they'll stop going up?"

The young man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I fixed the ticker so that it would run up to seventeen thousand if it was given time. I was so anxious to have him give in that I never thought of the consequences. He'll find out presently that Middle Pacific is only worth forty-six, and then—"

"And then?" she echoed.

"Then we'll be married," the young man replied. —[Amulet Magazine.]

A Fishwife's Ruse.

"I was in London," said a young Detroit, "and as I was sight-seeing I took in some of that low life strata of the metropolis which forms the shadow of its wonderful pictures. I went to a big theatre and sat in the pit. On one side of me I had a drunken bargee. On the other two fishwives, comely women with plenty of brawn and muscle, and I think my presence there made them quite as uncomfortable as their did me. I was surprised when in a pause in the play the fishwife turned and asked me to look up at the light that hung suspended from the ceiling behind me. I turned my back to her and looked up at the light until my eyes blinked. Then failing to observe anything unusual I turned my head just in time to see the woman removing a long black bottle from her lips. She and her friend both laughed wickedly and I got up and left the theatre, having had my sixpence worth of the pit."

—[Detroit Free Press.]

Last of the Narragansetts.

"Indian Dave," a half-breed hunter, trapper and fisherman who has lived in a little cabin at Old Saybrook, Conn., has been taken in charge by the selectmen of that town and placed with a family in Essex. Dave can trace his ancestry back to Chieftain Unas of the once powerful Narragansett tribe of Indians, and as far as is known the only man living through whose veins runs the royal blood of that monarch. A few weeks ago his faithful squaw, Eliza, died of old age, and since then Dave has rapidly failed in health and intellect. Fifty years ago Dave was head harpooner on a Saybrook sword-fishing schooner, and could throw the heavy iron spear with the accuracy and force with which his Indian ancestors hurled the tomahawk. He was as straight as an arrow, a fine specimen, and a powerful all-round athlete. His skill and courage were known and recognized all along the shores of Middlesex and New London counties. —[Boston Transcript.]

Her Father.

The faith of little children in their fathers and mothers is one of the most beautiful things in the world, but its manifestations sometimes provoke the involuntary smile. The New York Tribune reports that a Broadway carman into the rear end of an express wagon with such force as to tip it completely over. A little child about 5 years old was on the seat with the driver.

He man was pitched head first up on the sidewalk, but landed on his hands and knees, and received only a few slight bruises. The child, who clung to the seat, fell underneath the wagon. Fortunately the high seat prevented the weight of the truck from falling on her, and she was drawn from under the wagon-box uninjured.

One of the bystanders, as he stooped to brush her dress, asked if she was hurt.

"Oh, no," said the little girl, "my papa wouldn't let me get hurt."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAP.

A machine has recently been invented for making shoestrings out of paper.

A petroleum-motor tricycle has been invented that will run forty miles on one gallon of oil.

The English bacteriologist who discovered taxalbins has just found a remedy for anthrax.

The French artillery is using an explosive made of eryolite in their shells instead of gunpowder.

The average weight of the human adult brain is 48 ounces in the male and 45 ounces in the female.

Uncleaned tin plates are found to give an electric current in common tap water when one is exposed to the light and the other screened.

At the depth of about 3500 feet the temperature of the ocean is about the same, varying only a trifle from the polar latitudes to the equator.

A sugar fifteen times sweeter than cane sugar, and twenty times sweeter than beet sugar, is reported by a German chemist from cotton-seed meal. It cannot be sold to compete with the ordinary article.

There is very little ebb or flow of tide in the Arctic, but occasionally there are very strong currents. All winter there is a general flow of tide and ice toward the south, while in summer this flow is northward.

A well-known embalmer, Dr. Vickersheimer, has produced a liquid so perfect that it can be applied successfully to game. An embalmed hare served after having been shot six weeks was recently pronounced to be as good as fresh.

A writer on mosquito bites declares that common soap is as effective a remedy as ammonia, chloroform, or any of the many articles recommended. The latter is allowed to dry over the affected part, when all burning and pain soon disappear.

A recent survey, it is stated, has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1155, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-fourths miles. The French Alps contain 141 glaciers, those of Italy 78, Switzerland 471 and Austria 462.

A material closely imitating malachite is made by precipitating a solution of cupric sulphate by potassium or sodium carbonate. When the precipitate has settled and cooled, it is dried with gentle heat, and may then be cut and given a beautiful polish.

A patented shoe-blackening which contains no acid is made in Germany by dissolving casein in a solution of borax or soda and adding resinate of iron, besides the usual bone-black, grease and sugar. A brilliant luster is imparted by the casein, and the resinate of iron gives a deep black color.

Growth of the Use of Spectacles.

The sale and use of glasses have been growing rapidly of late years. Many children have been given glasses when their grandparents, because they did not know so well what was good for them, would have gone on and suffered without them for ten or fifteen years and then lost their sight entirely. It is a mistake to suppose that the wearing of glasses weakens the eyesight. Its effect is quite the reverse. Total failure will come much quicker where the eye is compelled to do so much more than it can accomplish with ease; where normal sight may often be restored if one be not too old, by the simple assistance of a pair of glasses. It often happens that one eye needs a stronger glass than the other, just as a man may be deaf in one ear while the other is perfect. In this case nothing is easier than for the optician to find just what each eye needs and give each the proper curvature of lens that will best serve the purpose.

But there is one class of fellows whom no optician has yet been able to properly fit, and it may require the rise of another Bacon to dispose of his case. That is the fellow who wears glasses because he thinks it adds elegance to his looks. He puts on a pair of perfectly plain lenses, latches his string up over the ear, and then goes forth to stare the world out of countenance. He wears them all the time, although his sight is perfectly good, and takes refuge behind them while he gazes at men he would not have dared behold before. He is worse than a fop with a monocle, for that is known at the sight to be a thing which was base flattery to call a man. But this later wearer of early glasses anticipates natural decay, ciphers the earth with the sight of a being who assumes the only weakness he does not possess. —[Chicago Herald.]

Horses They Had Eaten.

One of the most celebrated restaurants in Germany has just passed through the Bankruptcy Court, and it was discovered that among the creditors was a knacker, to whom nearly £1,000 was owing for carcasses of horses and asses. The debtor was sharply interrogated respecting this item, and he ultimately confessed that his customers had unconsciously devoured all these thousands of carcasses, being there and then under the delusion that they were eating venison. —[London Truth.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BEEF DRIPPING BEATS LARD.

Housekeepers will find that good beef dripping is better than lard for some kinds of pastry and for frying purposes, though for the latter use it burns sooner than lard. Clarify it by pouring boiling water on it as it is taken from the dripping pan, letting it stand till cold and firm, then taking out the cake of fat and scraping off the impurities from the bottom; the rest will be clean and sweet. Bacon fat can also be used in place of lard, but mutton drippings will only answer for frying purposes and many cooks will not use them even for that.

—[Washington Star.]

THIS WILL PROTECT MANY DRESSES.

A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day two or three times a year, is a preventive against moths. Or another good way is to dissolve alum in hot water, making a very strong solution; apply to furniture or crevices in the wall with a paint brush. This is sure destruction to those noxious vermin and invaluable because easily obtained; is perfectly safe to use and leaves no unpleasant traces behind. When you suspect moths have lodged in the borders of carpets wet the edge of the carpets with a strong solution. Whenever it reaches them it is certain death.

KEEP GLOVES AND LACES FRESH.

There is a simply-made appliance for the toilet table that finds great favor with the few who know it. It consists merely of a couple of boards, carefully lined, with a heavy weight to set upon them. Neckties, laces and gloves are smoothed out after use and placed between the boards so that, kept flat by the gentle pressure, they come out looking like new, and last much longer than if just thrown aside in a drawer or box. To make this appliance you take an ordinary brick, and having dried it thoroughly, you paste brown paper right over it, packing it, as it were, nearly in a piece of paper well saturated with paste. Over this you stick neatly a piece of brightly-colored cretonne or Indian silk, or, if preferred, a piece of white leather or satin, and then hand-painted, and then handles of strong ribbon are fixed. Two pieces of board of a suitable size are covered with the same material as the brick and lined with white silk or white muslin. —[New York Journal.]

CARE OF THE COOK STOVE.

No cook stove, though it is in continual use, should have a fresh coat of blacking applied oftener than once a month, though every stove should be polished off with a stove brush every morning before the cooking begins. When a fresh coat of blacking is applied monthly, remove the old coat by rubbing off the stove while it is warm, but not hot, with a rag dipped in kerosene oil. This removes all grease stains. Apply the new coat of blacking when the stove is cold, using cold coffee instead of water for mixing the blacking. Be careful not to blacken any of the stove edges, which are of polished iron, or any of the knobs and other nickel work, but polish these by using a scouring soap or brick dust for the polished iron, and whitening or any silver soap for the nickel work. After the stove is thoroughly polished, wipe it off with a dry, clean rag to remove any dust of the blacking. After this polishing, all that is necessary is to keep a stove cloth at the side of the stove to wipe up spots of grease before they are burned in and make a more enduring stain, and to go over the stove with a polishing brush in the morning while the fire is coming up. Thus with little care a stove may be kept in prime order, unless the cook is one of those unwholesome fellows who spills or boils over everything she takes hold of. Cooking which is done in a methodical manner does not spill over on the stove. There is no surer indication of a household sloven than an ill-kept cook-stove. —[New York Tribune.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Sponge carpets occasionally with hot water in which either common salt or powdered alum has been dissolved. This not only brightens the carpet, but prevents moths.

To keep the bread-rag and cake-box sweet, rinse after washing, with boiling water in which a little common soda has been dissolved; then set out of doors in the sun for a few hours.

A good cement for mending broken china: Dissolve a little gum-arabic in a little water so that it is rather thick, put enough plaster of Paris into this to make a thick paste. Cement broken pieces of china together, and in half an hour they cannot be broken in the same place. Hot water seems to make it more firm.

A Long-Felt Want.

"I see that in the preface to your book you state that it is written to fill a long-felt want. What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean by that? Why, I've been needing a square meal for the last eighteen months. Don't you call that a long-felt want?" —[Texas Siftings.]

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Fortune is not more fickle than are her wooers.

Dyspepsia fears a backsaw more than a pill box.

Opportunity is a slow coach that seldom overtakes, but may readily be overtaken.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

A rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

Cutting one's garment according to the cloth is poor policy, unless one happens to have a sufficiency of cloth.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow men.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportion when it follows.

The errors of great men and the good deeds of reprobates should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but himself.

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.

It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate, but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues thence to fertilize the land.

Tragedies of Tyler's Administration.

The tragedies in the official family of President Harrison, great though they are, are matched by those in the cabinet of President Tyler, fifty years ago. That administration began with a tragedy, for the death of the aged Gen. Harrison, though occurring from natural causes, cannot be counted, in view of all the circumstances, as aught but tragic. In December of the next year, 1842, occurred the tragedy of the United States ship Somers—the mutiny, the trial by court-martial, and the execution of three sailors, one of whom was the son of the actual Secretary of War. In June, 1843, the President, with some of his cabinet, journeyed to Boston to attend the ceremonies of the dedication of Bunker Hill monument; and there Hugh Legare, Secretary of State, was stricken with a mortal disease and died. But the tragedies of the administration had not reached their climax. On Feb. 28, 1844, at the invitation of Commodore Stockton, the President, with his fiancée, Miss Gardiner, her father, and with the members of his cabinet and nearly 100 other persons of high official rank, embarked on Capt. Eliason's screw steamer Princeton, belonging to the navy to inspect the new machinery and to watch the firing of the two great guns which the vessel mounted. On the trip down the guns were fired twice. On the homeward trip, above Mount Vernon, preparations were made to fire a third shot. Around the gun stood nearly all the principal men who carried on the Government of the United States. The gun was fired, and burst, killing eight persons, wounding nearly a score. The President had been called aside the instant the gun was fired, but Secretary of State Upshur and Thomas Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, were killed, as well as Mr. Gardiner, Commodore Kennon, Mr. Virgil Maxey, two sailors, and the President's servant. Mr. Gilmer had been Secretary of the Navy for only ten days, and had taken the post much against his own inclination. Thomas H. Benton was one of the party whose gaiety was so terribly stilled; but though the President's servant, who stood at his left, was killed, he himself was unhurt, except for the breaking of his left ear drum. —[New York Sun.]

The Earth's Age.

The age of the earth is estimated from the increment in the temperature as we penetrate its crust. The rate at which the earth cools can only be determined by making use of data confessedly imperfect; but from these Sir William Thomson finds that 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 years ago it first began to be cooled over by a solid fire of rocks; that 10,000,000 years afterwards it was still so hot that the temperature increased two degrees Fahrenheit for every foot vertically descended below the zone of constant temperature. The present rate of increase averages about 1.51 of a degree for every foot. —[St. Louis Republic.]

The Money Safe.

Needy Client—If I lose my case, I don't see how you are to be paid. Lawyer—Oh, don't worry about that, my dear sir. The lawyer on the other side is my partner. —[New York Weekly.]

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Humorous Anecdotes gleaned from Various Sources. Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Bedtime.

Mutually Unsatisfactory.

"Look here," said a dude to a reporter, "you tell me a couple of good jokes. I want to get them off as original, you know, at a little social gathering to-night. I'll lead you \$5 if you do."

"I don't think it will work," replied the newspaper man, pensively.

"Why not?"

"I am so blamed poor that if I am found with \$5 on my person I'll be suspected to have stolen them; and you are so blamed stupid that if you get off a good joke, everybody will suspect right on that you stole it."—*Times Siftings.*

Couldn't Bear to Hide It.

Mrs. Turnbull—It's too bad that your husband cut off his flowing beard.

Mrs. Crumple—Yes, but he had to do it. I gave him a diamond pin for Christmas.—*Life.*

The Length and Breadth of It.



Mr. Latitude—I am opposed to the railroad companies charging passengers by weight.

Mr. Longitude—And I am opposed to their charging them by the mile.—*Puck.*

Couldn't Catch Him.

His eye lighted on the man wearing the wolf-skin overcoat as soon as he entered the door, and the presumed far Westener had scarcely got seated when he was accosted with:

"From Colorado or Nevada, I presume?"

"No, sir; from Idaho."

"Anywhere near Boise City?"

"Right from that place, sir."

"Ah! glad to have met you. Wanted to talk with you about the weather out there. Been very cold this winter?"

"Not so very. It was only 15 degrees below when I left."

"Is that the coldest?"

"Well, we had it 23 degrees below for a few days in December."

"Did, eh? I have been keeping track of the weather, as reported by the signal service. Here is Boise City pasted in this column."

"I see. You travel a good object?"

"Certainly. I travel a good deal, and always like to stop a fair in the first round. This report does not show that you have even touched zero this winter. How is that?"

"My friend, is that the weather-bureau report?" asked wolf-overcoat.

"It is."

"Official?"

"Yes, sir. Can you get over it?"

"I don't have to, sir. I should have told you on the start that our town is divided. Half of it is built on an old glacier and the other half in the crater of a volcano. The signal office is located in the latter half, and even in January they have to pour water on the floor to cool it off. Up in my half we often have it 20 degrees below while they are picking roses down in the crater. Signal service is only for half the town, sir, and before you call a Boise City man a liar you should find out which half he lives in. Go away from me, sir! You look like a bad, bad man!"

—*New York Sun.*

More Frightful than Guns.

Friend—I should think you would find hard wood rather an expensive fuel these days.

Suburban Resident—That wood-pile is not for fuel. It's for protection against tramps.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

All in the Same Boat.

Wooden—Do you see that old swell over there? His face looks a hundred and his hair is as black as charcoal; he certainly must dye.

Edgely—Ah, well; so must we all.

A Careful Host.



Yallerby—Gen'lmen, befo' we begins dis game I—ah—would suggest dat it would conduce to de gen'ral enjoyment if we—ah—would deposit our razors in de armory down-stairs.—*Judge.*

Getting it Straight.

Cultured Barber (turning from suffering patron in chair)—Say, boy, where's that other razor?

Boy—In de razor—

Cultured Barber—Don't say "I seen." Say "I saw."

Patron—With a razor.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A Quarrel at the Club.

First Club Man—You should respect my gray hair, and not use such language to me.

Second Club Man—But, my dear sir, you are excited. You forget you are bald-headed.

First Club Man—That makes no difference. You should respect the gray hair I would have had if I had remained single.—*Times Siftings.*

Embarrassing.



Mrs. Padsby (coming forward at prayer-meeting)—My husband wanted me to explain that he isn't laughin' at your remarks. He got his new teeth in upside down an' can't git them reversed till he gets outside.—*Judge.*

It Was Singular.

"What was it you wanted?" asked Officer Button at the 3d street depot of a man who appeared to be looking for somebody or something.

"I came in on the train from the East half an hour ago."

"Yes."

"Are the passengers all gone?"

"Yes."

"I was in hopes not. I wanted to find a young man who rode from St. Thomas with me."

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no. Something a little singular. I have unintentionally done him an injustice."

"I see."

"He asked me to give him two fives for a ten, and come and look closer at the bill I find it is a twenty. He has robbed himself of \$10."

"Exactly. Let me see the bill."

"Certainly."

"Yes, it is singular," said the officer, as he returned it. "It is singular you did not know the bill was bad."

"Mercy! But is it?"

"Of course. That bill wouldn't fool a news-boy."

"Dear, dear me! And he talked so plausible, and he was so interested in me, and so hated to bother me for change! Is it possible he knew it was bad?"

"Of course he did."

"Dear, dear me! And he was on his way to California in hopes to stay his consumption! Why didn't he ask me for two tens for this twenty?"

"Probably thought he had hit your pile at ten."

"You don't say! Well, I now remember saying I had only \$10 left. Is it possible! And he so young and one lung already gone?"—*Free Press.*

No Head for Business.



Hands-up Ike—Hand out your vally-balls!

Lord Wishty-Werome—My dear sir, you'll have to speak to me valet in the smoking carriage. He carries all me money, and attends to all me business, doncher know.—*Puck.*

Naming a Wife.

"What's the name of your little girl, Hans?"

"Her name vos Vaccine."

"Vaccine? Isn't that an odd sort of a name?"

"Mebbe it vos, but it vos de best name I dinks of, don't it? She vos not mein own little girl. I finds her on mein doorstep von day in a sehnall pax, unt so I calls her Vaccine."

A Prolonged Stay Necessary.

"I thought I'd come to Washington and see Congress make some of our laws," said the visitor, as he set his grip-sack down on the hotel counter.

"How many years do you expect to remain with us?" inquired the clerk, politely.

Or from Him.

"I say—aw—chappie, I don't see you out with your dawg any moah?"

"I have given him away."

"Ahe dawgs out of style?"

"No; but don't you know the flawsted brute kept winning away with me."—*Washington Post.*

A Similarity.

Little Roger—Pa, what are the three elements?

Pa—Fire, water, and air.

"Then, what are political elements?"

"Fire-water and wind."—*Puck.*

Her Devotion's Secret.

Caller—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband.

Young Wife—Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him so that if I die and he marries again no other woman can live with him.—*Spare Moments.*

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

An Isolated Pyramid of Rock on the French Side of the English Channel.

In the little Bay of Avranches, an off-shoot of the Bay of Cancale, which washes a part of the coasts of both Normandy and Brittany, rises Mount St. Michael, an isolated pyramid of rock, whose summit overlooks a great part of the Norman and Breton coasts and in clear weather commands the cliffs of Jersey. Tradition does not tell when this rock first became the abode of man, but when the Romans came they erected on it a shrine to Jupiter and named it the Mount of Jove. With the advent of Christianity some hermits built cabins and took up their abodes there. In the sixth century these were formed into a brotherhood and in 708 Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, built a church and surrounding cells and dedicated the mount to St. Michael. In 933 the church and other buildings were replaced with



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

finer structures and bestowed upon the Benedictines. It rapidly increased in wealth and strength and had grown into an important fortress by the beginning of the eleventh century. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the mountain fell into French hands and has been since a French possession. It sustained several sieges by the English. During the revolution it shared the fate of other religious institutions in France and was converted into a house of correction. A few ecclesiastics now occupy it as an orphan asylum.

EXPLORATION OF DELPHI.

An Illustration of the Spirit of American Scholarship.

The success of the Archaeological Institute of America in securing the right to explore the ruins of Delphi is another excellent illustration of the zealous spirit of American scholarship. Of all the historic localities in Greece, Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle of Apollo, is generally considered by archaeologists the most interesting that remains to be explored. The American Institute and the American School at Athens are now in a position to render the same service to classical research and to win honor for themselves that was lately done by the Germans in their explorations of Olympia.

Kastri, a modern village of two or three hundred houses, stands above the ancient temples of Delphi. It was pronounced necessary to purchase and remove this village before excavations could begin. The Grecian Society of Archaeological Research was unable to raise the necessary money—the required sum was set at \$80,000. Then the privilege was offered to the French Society, and explorations were commenced in an experimental way, which promised rich results. But the rejection by France of a commercial treaty with the Greek Government, of which the Delphi privilege was one of the provisions, caused the privilege to be withdrawn, and subsequently the American Society applied for it. After a good deal of hard work by the gentlemen interested, the guarantee fund of \$80,000 has been gathered and the privilege secured.

Altogether, the affair is quite a feather in the cap of America. The payment of this money does not carry with it the right to remove from Greece any of the works of art or other materials that may be discovered, except duplicates, but it does give the exclusive right of copying and illustrating them. The Archaeological Institute has about \$5,000 a year to devote to the work of excavation, and it is believed that it will be sufficient for the purpose. It is intimated, however, that the public may be called upon, at some future time, to assist the institute in preparing the results of the work for publication. In such a case, the natural pride of cultured Americans in important undertakings of their country people is a pretty good guarantee that the response will be a generous one.—*Boston Journal.*

Art Criticism.

"So you are at work on another picture," said one young Washington man, who is prominent in art circles, to another.

"Yes; it's the scene of a duel. One of the combatants is supposed to be saying, 'Draw, villain!'"

"Well, old fellow, I must say you have carried your idea out admirably. The drawing is villainous."—*Washington Post.*

She Classified Him.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, the eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your father in entertaining boys?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little girl, gravely, "please be seated."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hot Water is said to be a sure cure for every complaint, but we never know a man to feel any better because his wife kept him in it.

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association.

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - W. H. WARNER.

Subscription Agent, - FRANK GILLESPIE.

The Archbishop's Jubilee.

Since our last issue, all New England has had its jubilee of love at the feet of Archbishop Williams, whose 25th anniversary of consecration as bishop of Boston was celebrated with great splendor. All the readers of the Monitor join in heartfelt sympathy, and from none more than from Quincy Catholics are the feelings of admiration so sincere. May God grant many years yet to our loved archbishop, that we may long learn from his noble virtues the practice and doctrine which we so cherish.

Outrageous Nuisance.

The Boston Globe of April 7th says that the committee on streets has recommended that a stone crusher be erected at the junction of School and Franklin streets. We hope this report is not correct, as such action would be a grave mistake and an outrageous nuisance. Our streets have been already rendered too dangerous by the passage of the electric cars, but to block up such an important intersection of highways with the deafening noise and appearance of a stone crusher would be detrimental to the property in the vicinity, dangerous to houses and their drivers, and, in one word, would be intolerable. The citizens should immediately protest.

Workingman's Train.

A petition, asking the Old Colony Railroad Co. to run daily a train both ways at cheap fares between Boston and South Boston, was handed to the company about two weeks ago, by an eminent lawyer. This petition was signed by about 800 persons, many of them of high social and financial standing. Nothing has yet been done, as far as we know, by the railroad company, but we hope that they will comply with the law and do all they can to build up this section of the country. Large numbers of residents of the South Boston anxiously await the action of the railroad.

Night Police.

One of the most pressing needs of the city of Quincy is a night police. In a large and mixed a population it is wonderful how few complaints are heard of citizens receiving any injury in the streets at night. But there is a good deal of rowdiness that should be checked and prevented. Last summer the presence of a policeman on the street made these boys keep within bounds, but as soon as the officers were withdrawn they made night hideous again. It is expected of the present council that provision will be made for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of citizens from insult on the public thoroughfares at night.

Insolence.

The insolence of Councilman Jones in his remarks about the clean and unclean school children deserves a stinging reprimand. His words were a disgrace to the council, and utterly unworthy of a public official. To follow out his remarks to their logical conclusion, schools should be built somewhere for the clean, others for the unclean. This slur was all the more impudent, unless he has personally made an inspection of the children in question. How would it do to appoint the gentleman to the Board of Health so that his delicate standard of cleanliness might be maintained in all public affairs, viz.: In the schools, street cars, sidewalks, and last, but not least, in the words of some of the insolent councilmen (?), Councilman Jones deserves to be relegated to obscurity.

Land Speculators.

Very frequently when city fathers are asked to accept a new street, erect a bridge or give hydrants, etc., to localities that need them we hear the old cry of ignorance raised, that these things are asked in the interest of land speculators, and the improvement is immediately refused. This is all wrong, as a growing community and speculators are a benefit, because they open up for taxation land which was previously taxed very little in proportion to its true value. By reason of their industry new houses are built and large numbers of people are induced to come here, who all contribute their share to support the city and pay its bills. Take away the land speculator, and Willard would not be in existence. West Quincy and South Quincy would be very small, and an immense amount of property, from which the city derives a large income, would not be. It would be a grand idea, and a very profitable one to the city, if some large landholders would open up their territory, so that the city could increase its income.

"Citizens'" Caucus.

The politics of our young city are getting decidedly mixed up, and a goodly share of poor souls have come to the surface. There is no reason why party politics should get mixed up in our municipal affairs. If a man wants a house built, a drain dug, or a house painted, he does not inquire whether the workman is a Democrat or a Republican, but he requires a good job well done, at the least cost. This principle should obtain in our municipal affairs. We ought to act for the city as we do for ourselves, but while party influence rules, this result is almost impossible. We might take an example from the manner our neighbors in Weymouth manage their town affairs. In Weymouth, the citizens hold no "caucus" on any of their town elections. There is a general caucus, without distinction of party, held in each ward at which the officers for each ward are chosen. The springs from which American readers derive their information about the politics of the city are English writers from Gendin's Compendium to Frondel's English

election. We commend this plan to the attention of our fellow citizens of Quincy, and ask them to consider the expediency of holding citizens' caucuses for the selection of candidates for office at the next city election.

The experiment was tried in the town of Quincy once and then it was a decided success.

Amendment to the Charter.

In the Monitor for March, we spoke of the need of amending the city charter. We return to the subject, in order to keep the matter present to the minds of our readers. One serious objection to the present charter is the election of councilmen at large. These members generally control the action of the council, and by their concert of action, nullify the vote of the common men from wards. The abolition of this anomaly, we hope to see accomplished by an amendment to the charter.

Another improvement we will suggest. That the time of the municipal election be changed from December to April. As it is at present, the city election, following so close on the state election, the two become so mixed up that they both run in the same rut, and there is danger, which will steadily increase, of trading votes between candidates for office at state elections with prospective candidates for city offices. This evil would not be so much to be dreaded if an interval of several months took place between the elections.

If the charter comes before the legislature for amendment, we can get a legal definition of the word "city," which has puzzled the brains of two city councilmen, and led to the deluging of opinions from two learned city solicitors, said opinions being so nearly alike that common people cannot see where the difference exists.

These matters will interest the citizens, and we hope to see them adopted in the near future, as well as others to which we will refer from time to time. We would suggest that a committee of citizens be organized to revise the charter and to whom communications regarding amendments can be addressed.

About Politics.

We have heard frequent complaints about "the caucus system," "ward politics," "political trades," and "corrupt deals" in the American system of government. That corruption to a great extent exists among the officials of our own Municipal, State, and National governments, there is no use to attempt to deny; the charge has been too often proved in our courts, but the fault of these things lies at the doors of the people who complain most loudly of their existence. Many good men feel ashamed to be called "politicians," and would soon enter a low drinking saloon as a party caucus.

This action throws nearly all the primary meetings, the source of all American legislation, into the hands of men who care little for the good of the country, but a great deal for their own personal interests. When the nominations are made, these goody-goody people grumble at the character of the candidates selected, and either bolt the ticket or remain away from the polls.

It is a duty that every man owes to his country, to take an honest and an active part in all the political affairs of his town or city. We often hear of public affairs being conducted on "business principles." No merchant in Boston would intrust the principal business of his firm to his porter, or to his entry clerk. The result would be speedy bankruptcy, but the same merchant consigns his municipal, and national affairs to the most unscrupulous members of his political party, who understand how to run a caucus.

This state of affairs will continue until the best men of every party take sufficient interest in public affairs to make the name of a "politician" respectable.

Great Attraction.

The St. John's C. L. & A. A. will give a splendid minstrel and variety entertainment on Wednesday evening, April 10th, at Gray's Coliseum. A glance at the programme below inserted will satisfy all of its excellence. It will please and delight all who will be fortunate enough to obtain tickets. Every member of the parish should feel a personal pride in sustaining and encouraging a society which has been so powerful in working good to our young men.

The benefits of a well-conducted association like this are incalculable, not your ticket early. After the entertainment will be held the grand ball. This will be fully up to the high standard of past successes, and no efforts will be spared to keep the St. John's in the front rank, where they have always belonged. By your individual best to make the whole occasion a grand success, socially and financially.

Following is the programme of St. John's entertainment minstrels:

Part I.
Bones, W. A. Kingstree, Don Shea.
Tommy, John Flinn, J. J. Burke.
Interlocutor—M. T. Sullivan.
Opening chorus, "Don't you hear dem bells"
"My Mother's Motto," John Dewar.
"Shout, O children, and sister sing."
W. A. Kingstree.
"Little Sister," W. H. Williams.
"Let the dead and the beautiful rest," Jos. T. Houston.
"Laughing Song," M. Shea.
"Old Fashioned Homestead," A. McKee.
"Mother's Appeal," Albert Walsh.
"Hail Old Time," John Flinn.
"Whistle and Wait for Me," A. Mischler.

Part II.
D. F. Brien, Greeting song and dance artist.
Senior B. McArthur, formerly of the Vinet Quartet, in a Black Face specialty.
Comedian, W. A. Kingstree.
Impersonations, Geo. W. White.
Song, "That is Love," Tom Mead.
The entertainment to conclude with the side-splitting farce, "Wanted a Male Cook."

Part of the programme.
M. Hartwell, an old bachelor.
Joshua R. Shum, from Greenville, Me.
Win. H. Warren.
Tolly Ryan, a native of Ireland.
D. J. Deasy, a French cook.

How Irish History is Written.

In conversation with Americans, an Irishman is often asked the question, "What is Irish history?" even the English, passing under their own eyes in Ireland at the present day—displayed by the people.

The latest of these satirical and hypocritical is W. E. H. Lecky, who contributes his portion of mud to the ocean of fifth already poured out on the Irish people. In an article published in the North American Review for January 1890, Lecky, in a most unbecomingly reckless statement on Irish affairs that would take a volume to disprove. We can only notice his opinion on the home rule movement. He says: "Almost all the descendants of Grattan's parliament are against the movement. Or, among the descendants of those soundbells, who sold their country to Pitt and Castlereagh, are, like their ancestors, traitors, and stand ready to accept the thirty pieces of silver, but the crowd have nearly all rotted out of the land. The great leader of the Irish nation today in the fight for home rule is the direct representative of that Sir John Parnell, who resigned his place as chancellor of the exchequer and threw himself into the breach to take sides with Grattan and Curran against the government. Belfast, the model city of the north, and the headquarters of the United Irishmen, the headquarters of the O'Rourke and McCarthys, is today represented in the British parliament by a Home ruler. Why does Mr. Lecky ignore these facts? He says: "The Catholic clergy, the decided presence of the Catholic in the lay professions and a great and guiding section of the Catholic middle classes are on the same side—against home rule. How a man who has a decent character to sustain should publish such an audacious falsehood is wonderful, he must have presumed on the supposed ignorance of his readers. The English is worthy of Frondel, or Sir Richard Musgrave, the champion Irish liar of the last generation.

His charge, that the home rulers are guilty of dishonesty, cruelty and systematic disregard for individual freedom, is so supremely absurd that people can afford to smile at its mention.

Mr. Lecky's sympathy for the poor landlords, who are about to be deprived of property which they hold by the "highest title that can be given by English law," is extremely pathetic.

Who is Lecky? What are his real motives, and what is his legal title? The Marquis of Lansdowne, who represents Sir William Petty, the discoverer of forty thousand acres of the lands of the O'Sullivan, the O'Donoghue, and the other Cork and Kerry gentry who have murdered the English marauders, Lord Kenmare, the friend of the O'Sullivan, who received a grant of some twenty thousand acres of the murdered Earl of Desmond's land, so on through the whole list. There is not one of these tyrants whose name is mentioned in the day of the Lord, and the day of Christendom. Yet Mr. Lecky asks the sympathy of the American people for these unprincipled usurpers, whose title to the land would not stand an hour before a court of justice. While such silly trash is published in a dignified periodical like the Review, people will naturally believe it. What we complain of is that so many men otherwise intelligent are so blinded by prejudice that they look at everything through English spectacles. They are Anglo-Manix.

Such a man as Mr. Lecky is to them a prophet.

We regret that this prejudice exists to such an extent. When American readers will examine the Irish question on its merits, read Irish history as it is written by Irishmen who know the facts they narrated, and throw aside the ground and blood-curdling calumnies, they will find that the English and the English are the only ones who are prejudiced against the Irish people.

Our friend John Caven, has left town for a visit to Scotland. Our best wishes accompany him.

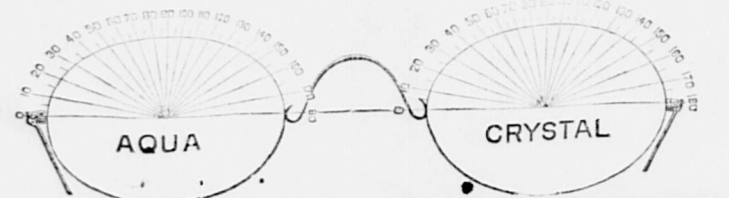
The repository at St. John's Church on the corner of School and Franklin streets, and reflects great credit upon the ladies who prepared it. Misses Rosa and Lena Moynihan, Katie Howley and Mrs. Sullivan. It was ablaze with lights, flowers, and beautifully decorated with costly materials. It was visited by thousands during the day and the evening.

The month of April is dedicated in a particular manner to the Holy Ghost. The granite manufacturers started to work on standard time April 1.

Death claimed some of the older ladies of the parish recently. Mrs. Patrick M'Donnell of Quincy Center, Mrs. Mary Costello of Quincy Point, and Mrs. Michael Blake of West Quincy.

St. Mary's choir was assisted on Easter Sunday by Mrs. Matthew Lyons.

St. Mary's repository was indeed grand this year. The interior was of putty white satin, ornamented with glass prisms and rosebuds. Over the



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Outing Cloth, Gingham, Prints, Small Wares, Etc.

Please give us a call and we will try and please you.

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209 Washington Street, Boston.

Room 2 Rogers B. Bldg. Opp. State Street.

The Willard School is being completed. Willard Street is in fair condition.

WILLARD'S DRUG STORE

IS IN FINE CONDITION.

As all people of South Quincy can testify that trade there.

IT IS AT 4027 SCHOOL STREET.

Kept by a Little Man by the name of

S. F. WILLARD.

THE SPRING TRADE

DEMANDS:

Medium Weight Underwear,

Light Boots and Shoes,

New Styles in Hats and Neckwear.

We are now showing NEW GOODS in every department of our stock, to which we solicit a careful inspection by our patrons. When you buy your Spring Goods,

REMEMBER!

THAT the largest assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description is at SAVILLE & JONES.

THAT our stock of UNDERWEAR and NECKWEAR is not excelled.

THAT our HAT DEPARTMENT is complete in all the New Styles.

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N. B.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Box 16.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not.

Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.

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EMULSION

DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

As You Like It.

our talk today beats up around the old but ever fresh subject of chairs for the drawing room. Without delivering a supererogatory, ethical, oratorical, or any other kind of a sermon, let us say a good word for a worthy cause.

The chairs in many of our Boston parlors today are a shocking nuisance. They are neither beautiful nor comfortable. They are incapable of producing any better impression upon the beholder than a man's face.

Treat your guests to a little consideration. Apply the golden rule to chairs. Replace these old parlor war horses with new ones, something that shall be both useful and ornamental. Make your selections from over 200 different designs. Secure our prices and save money on the purchase.

We produce new styles every month. Our stock of coverings is as complete as in any retail house in this country.

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-VASELINE-

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL, sent by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person, one of the following articles, all of the same value as the bill fully paid.

One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline, 10c.

One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Toilet Soap, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Hair Oil, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Skin Lotion, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Shave Cream, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Hair Dressing, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Hair Pomade, 10c.

One jar of Vaseline Hair Oil, 10c.

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trade there.
STREET.
ARD.
TRADE
ar,
and Shoes,
Neckwear.

Patent medicines differ—
One has reasonableness, an-
other has not. One has repu-
tation—another has not. One
has confidence, born of suc-
cess—another has only
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Don't take it for granted
that all patent medicines are
alike. They are not.
Let the years of uninter-
rupted success and the tens
of thousands of cured and
happy men and women, place
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery and Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription
on the side of the comparison
they belong.
And there isn't a state or
territory, no—nor hardly a
country in the world, whether
its people realize it or not,
but have men and women
in them that're happier be-
cause of their discovery and
their effects.

Think of this in health.
Think of it in sickness. And
then think whether you can
afford to make the trial if
the makers can afford to take
the risk to give your money
back as they do if they do
not benefit or cure you.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION
In its First Stages.

Do you get the genuine.

As You Like It.



Our talk today treats up
around the seat but every
fresh subject of chairs for
the drawing room. Without
delivered a superior
theoretical excursion
on art, let us say
a good word for a
worthy cause.

The chairs in many of our Boston parlors
are a striking misnomer. They
seem beautiful but uncomfortable.
They are incapable of producing any better im-
pression upon the beholder than a back
ache.

Treat your guests to a little consideration.
Apply the golden rule to chairs. Replace
those old parlor warhorses this spring with
something that shall be both useful and
comfortable. Make your selections from
our carefully selected designs. Secure our prices
and save money on the purchase.

We produce new styles every month. Our
stock of upholstery is as complete as in any
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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE
FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Maid of the Meadow—A Matter
of Proof—Very True—She Named
the Day, Too.

Like summer don't she flit
Across the meadow sweet;
The daisy blossoms kiss
Her pretty little feet.
And merry sunbeams play
Around her shadow shy,
While birds sing on her way
In shrub and tree-top high.
She turns with pleasure life,
To not a thing of a rose,
For she's a thing of a rose,
The springtime cat turned loose.
—The Connoisseur.

VERY TRUE.
“What have you got to plant to get a
family tree, anyhow?” asked Wagg.
“Ancestors,” returned Wiggles. —New
York Sun.

A MATTER OF PROOF.
He (rejoiced)—“Would you marry me
if I had a million?”
She—“It would depend on the evi-
dence.” —Egmont.

NONE OF THEM GOT AWAY.
De Ruyter—“What do you think of
my little volume of fugitive verses?”
Reader—“I think you made a great
mistake in recapturing them.” —Puck.

SHE NAMED THE DAY.
He (awkwardly)—“Ah, Miss Mabel,
I hope you understand my feelings?”
She—“I'm sure I'm quite in the
dark.”

He (then desperately) suppose we
strike a match? —Life.

VISIBLE EVIDENCE.
Little Boy (in the menagerie)—“Say,
pa, is that parrot there the wife of the
other parrot?”
Little Boy's Father (sadly)—“Yes, my
son. Don't you see how much larger
her bill is?” —Cathier and Partridge.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERIENCE.
“Remember, Tommy,” said his father,
addressing the youth after the failure of
one method of discipline, “there are
more ways than one to kill a cat.”
“Course,” replied Tommy, “there has
ter be, else she wouldn't be killed.” —Mercury.

ABOVE REPROACH.
“If you insist on breaking our en-
gagement, Miss Ficken, I shall make
your letters public.”
“You are welcome to do so, Mr.
Scamper; there is nothing in them that
I am ashamed of, except the address.” —
Brooklyn Life.

LITTLE MINNIE'S THEORY.
Little Minnie—“When was it, mom-
mer, that you had four eyes?”
Mother—“Don't talk nonsense, Min-
nie; I never had four eyes.”
Little Minnie—“Then why does every
one say I got my eyes from you?” —
Chicago News.

TIME TO GO.
Mr. Skaggle—“I hear your mother's
step on the stairs, and I shall be able to
bid her good night.”
Sleepy Beauty (wearily)—“It can't be
mother. She's a late sleeper. Probably
it's the girl coming down to start the
fire.” —New York Weekly.

A NIGHTMARE.
Cholly Bullseye—“Did you ever dream
of me, Miss Bell?”
Miss Minnie Bell—“Yes; two nights
running; and the third.”
Cholly Bullseye—“So delighted! And
the third?”
Miss Minnie Bell—“I took an opiate.” —
Puck.

CONSOLATION.
“And she rejected you?”
“She did. And I was told she wasn't
hard to suit.”
“Oh, well, don't be disappointed about
that. The fact that she rejected you
doesn't disprove the statement that she
isn't hard to suit.” —New York Con-
tinent.

QUINTESSENCE OF ECONOMY.
Cautious Investor—“But is the man-
agement of the C. Q. & D. R. R. con-
sidered?”
Broker—“I should say so! Why, they
buy all their rails in winter and lay them
in summer, when the heat expands them
about a quarter of an inch.” —Harper's
Lunar.

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.
A tramp, putting his head inside the
door of a grocery, asked:
“Please, mister, g'v me a piece o' paper
to wrap 'uthin' in.”
A piece was given him; the door
closed, but in a second opened again.
“Please g'v me 'uthin' to wrap in it.”
—Jolly.

A WOMAN, AFTER ALL.
Visitor to Menagerie (to manager)—
“What was the occasion of that unchari-
table scream I heard just now—somebody
being murdered?”
Manager—“Oh, no; that was only
Miss Zoosaphy, the lion tamer; a mouse
ran across the floor and frightened her.”
—Munsey's Weekly.

AN INSULT.
Charlie—“What an annoying thing!
Blank, the tailor, has offered my account
for sale.”
Amy—“And I suppose it was bought
by somebody who will force you to pay?”
Charlie—“No. Nobody would make
him any offer for it.” —Munsey's Weekly.

ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.
Passenger (to train-boy)—“You prob-
ably did not know when you put this
book in my lap, that I was the author.”
Train-boy—“Did you write that
book?”
Passenger—“I did.”
Train-boy—“Then you had better keep
mighty quiet about it. I just sold a
copy to the man back of you.” —Life.

SHE FOUND A REDEMPTIVE FEATURE.
He—“I know, Miss Kajones, that it
looks like great presumption for me to
speak of love to you. I am poor, un-
educated and have no influential friends.
I have nothing that can attract the ad-
miration of a young lady.”
She—“You are a mistaken, Mr. Whack-
ster. I admire your magnificent nerve.”
—Chicago Tribune.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The imperial reign of Japan began
with Jumu Tenno on April 7, 660
B. C.

The whole number of horses that have
made records of 2:30 or better is 4047
trotters and 140 pacers.

It is claimed that in almond and Ma-
deira nut culture the Pacific Coast bids
fair to surpass the world.

Glucose is produced in the United
States at the rate of 1,000,000 pounds per
day, principally in the Western States.

Justice is the name of a man who was
recently sentenced to eighteen years im-
prisonment in the Illinois Penitentiary.

The St. Gobain Company in France
exhibits a plate glass with a surface of
368 square feet—probably the largest
ever made.

Dried toastnuts pushed into bleed-
ing nostrils will stop the hemorrhage.
They are also said to make excellent
pipelights.

A novel written by a Haytian African
has made its appearance in Paris. France,
and is said to show considerable ability
and great originality.

The committee of the Society for the
Preservation of the Monument of Ancient
Egypt have undertaken the repair of the
great Temple of Karnak.

A new room has been discovered in
Wind Cave, near the South Dakota Hot
Springs, 1600 feet long, sixty-five feet
wide and fifty feet high.

Twenty-nine copies only of the Guten-
berg Bible are known to be in existence,
seven of which, one a fragment, are
printed on vellum, and the rest on paper.

The Chicago (Ill.) Auditorium has
4733 seats, but can hold, with addi-
tional seats on the stage and in the
body of the house, fully eight thousand
people.

A fifteen-year-old boy has just died in
Brooklyn of too rapid growth. At
the time of his death he was six feet
two inches tall, but did not weigh 100
pounds.

There is nothing which will spolia
an old-fled line in its incipency more
quickly and obtrusively than sand—and
there are no afterlaps in the way of
water damage either.

A Japanese has invented a flying
machine which it is claimed can be pro-
pelled at the rate of ten miles an hour.
It has six wings like those of a bird,
which are moved by a wheel.

In England, in the seventeenth cen-
tury, there was a renowned lunatic
named Derrick, who erected gibbets and
attended executions by hanging. Hence
a machine, with ropes for hoisting, took
his name.

William F. White, a Pennsylvania
conventioneer, has a peculiar aptitude
for figures. He can multiply sums of five
and six figures together without resort to pencil and paper,
carrying all the processes easily in his
mind. Outside of mathematics he is
poorly educated.

Many names of materials in common
use have been traced to their origin. Nickel
was first obtained as a metal from Germany
over a century ago, but the ore had been
previously known to the miners as kupfer-
nickel, or Old Nick's copper, because al-
though it looked like copper ore they
could obtain no copper from it.

A Boston doctor has discovered in
one of the skulls found in Etruscan
tombs, as well as in those deposited in
various museums, interesting specimens
of ancient dentistry work and artificial
teeth. Some of these skulls date as
far back as the sixth century before
Christ, and are showing that dentistry is not
a modern art.

Great is the Egg.
The specific gravity of a new-laid egg
carries from 1.080 to 1.090; an egg, there-
fore, is heavier than sea water, the spe-
cific gravity of which is 1.030. When
kept eggs rapidly lose weight, and be-
come specifically lighter than water; this
is owing to the diminution of bulk in the
contents of the egg, the consequence of
which is that a portion of the inside of
the egg comes to be filled with air.—
Philadelphia Record.

Seventy-seven coal mines were oper-
ated in Indiana in 1890.

“The hole in the wall,” says the
editor of the Boston Herald, “is the worst
of the house with hollow shingles, greasy
carpets, and the pestilential smell of the
house in the hole in the wall.”

Each of the first five persons in every
city and town who write the Alabaster
Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan, giv-
ing the character contained in the above
passage, will receive an order on the Al-
abaster dealer in the town for a package
of Alabaster, enough to cover fifty square
yards of wall two coats, tinted or white.

To test a wall coating, take a small quan-
tity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling
water and if it does not set when left in
the dish overnight, and finally form a skin
the cement, without shrinking, it is a halo-
mine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to
the wall, the feature so strongly objected to
by sanitarians.

Continuing this sanitary wall-coating re-
form, the Tribune office have been newly
decorated with Alabaster. The effect is
pleasing, and the rooms are very sweet and
clean.—Detroit Tribune.

Among the laws enacted during the
closing days of the Fifty-first Congress
was one by which the Secretary of Agri-
culture, through his inspectors at the
ports of export, is authorized to exam-
ine all vessels which are to carry the
cattle to foreign countries, and to pre-
scribe rules and regulations as to accom-
modations to be provided for the cattle
as to space, ventilation, fittings, food
and water supply, and such other re-
quirements as he may deem necessary for
the safe and proper transportation and
humane treatment of such animals. The
violation on any vessel of the regulations
made by him may be punished by the
prohibition of such vessel from again
carrying cattle from any port in the
United States for such length of time
not exceeding one year as the Secretary
of Agriculture may direct.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WASHING TENNIS FLANNELS.
Colored tennis flannels should be
rinsed in water about the temperature
of the room they are washed in, with
good white soap of any kind, and rinsed
thoroughly in water of the same tempera-
ture and wrung out as dry as possible.
They may be hung up for a short time in
the house, but should be taken down
while still damp and ironed dry. Some
laundresses never hang them up, but
bring them so dry that the iron com-
pletes the drying. —New York Tribune.

HOW TO BOIL AN EGG.
“Isn't it strange,” said a short, foreign-
looking man the other day to some com-
panions, while luncheon together at one
of the restaurants, “that not one cook in
fifty, nor housekeeper either, knows how
to boil an egg? And yet most people
think they know this simple matter.”
“Oh, well, if you could stand to let
water and let it remain three minutes,
and to be sure the water is boiling. Here
is where the mistake is made. An egg
so prepared is indigestible and hardly
fit for a well person, let alone one who is
sick, to eat.” The moment it is plunged
into boiling water the white hardens and
toughens. To boil an egg properly, put
it in a vessel covered with cold water,
place over the fire and the second the
water begins to boil your egg is done.
The white is as delicate as a jelly and as
easily digested and nutritious as it should
be. Try it.” —Chicago Tribune.

THE WAY TO COOK BANANAS.
If the banana is taken just after its
ripeness has begun to grow golden, but is
still streaked with green it will contain a
great deal of starch, which will make it
palatable when cooked, while the small
amount of sugar which has been formed
will give it a sweetness like a sweet po-
tato, says a writer in Harper's Young
People.

Strip the rind off and boil it until soft,
and it will make one of the nicest vege-
tables you ever ate.

If you live in the country, where you
are blessed with the luxury of an open
wood fire, try roasting some peeled half-
ripened bananas in the ashes, as you do
potatoes, and see how savory a morsel
they make.

It is one of the commonest sights along
the Amazon to see groups of half-breed
Indian men and women squatting around
little camp fires, roasting bananas and
having endless mirth vying to pick them
out of the hot coals without burning
their fingers.

We are all used to fried bananas, but
we are prone to forget that for this pur-
pose they should not be fully ripe, as that
makes them too soft and too sweet.

Above all, a banana roasted or fried
should be served hot, for as soon as it
becomes cold it grows tough and unpal-
atable.

“THE STAFF OF LIFE.”
Bread has been truly called the staff of
life, says the New York Observer, and as
it is one of the principal articles of our
food, it is not to be wondered at that the
health of a family depends largely
upon the kind of bread they eat, and how
it is made. To make first-class bread
requires common sense, judgment and
care, from the time the yeast is started
until it comes out of the oven a well-
shaped, golden-brown loaf. The best
of recipes will not make good bread
unless the flour is good and the cook
careful. The longer bread is kneaded
the better it is and the whiter.

Wheat Bread—One quart of warm
water, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful
of yeast, a pinch of soda, one cupful of
sugar, and flour to make a stiff batter.
Then a loaf, and let it stand over-
night. In the morning stir down and
add sufficient flour to mix it well, knead
a long time and let it rise; then put it
into your tins, handling as little as pos-
sible. When light place it in a moderate
oven and bake a hour, watching care-
fully. If the crust is too crisp, wet with
a little sponge or cloth dipped in milk.
Brown Joe Bread—Two cupfuls of
cornmeal, two cupfuls of white flour,
one cupful of molasses, one cupful of
sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tea-
spoonful of soda, steam three or
four hours and bake half an hour.

Graham Bread—One quart of warm
water, one teaspoonful of salt, a small
cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful
of yeast, a small teaspoonful of soda,
and enough Graham flour to make it stiff
enough so that it will drop readily from a
spoon. Grease your tins and pour it in.
Let it rise until quite light, and bake
three-quarters of an hour in a moderate
oven.

Rolls—One pint of boiling milk, one
tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful
of sugar, half a cup of soft yeast, and
flour to make a soft sponge. Let it
rise over night, then knead hard, let it
rise again and roll out, cut with biscuit
cutter and fold half over. Bake in a
quick oven a golden brown.

Oldmated Rolls—To a vegetable dish of
cold oatmeal left from breakfast add a
tablespoonful of melted butter, one well
beaten egg, a pint of hot milk, two tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder and flour to
make quite stiff so it can be dropped
from a spoon. Bake in iron tins for an
hour.

Muffins, Number One—Half a pint of
sugar, two-thirds cup of sugar, a little
salt, one egg well beaten, one pint of
boiled milk, half a cup of yeast and flour
to make thick. Let it rise over night,
and bake in iron tins twenty minutes
to half an hour.

Rice Muffins—Half a pint of sweet
milk, one pint of flour, half a pint of
cold boiled milk, two eggs, one and a
half tablespoonfuls of sugar, one table-
spoonful of butter, a little salt, two tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder; melt the
butter, add the sugar and eggs, beat
well, then add the flour. When smooth
add the rice. Bake in muffin tins.
This can be made a dozen and a half.

Muffins, Number Two—One egg, one
pint of boiled milk, one tablespoonful
of melted butter, one tablespoonful of
sugar, half a cup of yeast, and flour to
stir as stiff as bread sponge. Set at
night, and in the morning stir down and
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Good Blood

Is absolutely
Essential to
Good Health
You may have
Both by taking

**Hood's
Sarsaparilla**

The best
Blood Purifier.
It possesses
Curative Power

**Peculiar
To Itself**

**“German
Syrup”**

The majority of well-read phys-
icians now believe that Consumption
is a germ disease. In other
words, instead of being in the
constitution itself it is caused by im-
mense small creatures living in the
lungs having no business there and
eating them away as caterpillars do
the leaves of trees,

Not As I Will.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I creep,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
Yet the one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid.
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And years and days so long, so long,
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changes as are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will." The sound grows sweet,
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will, the darkness teels
More sure than light when this thought
steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," became the one
Who loved as first and best has gone
If for us none the dead and still
For us must all this now fulfill,
"Not as we will."

BETWEEN THE TIDES.

In the seaside village of Littleport the tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune must be taken at its ebb.

At high water few signs of life are to be seen about the docks. The harbor opens majestically into Long Island Sound, bounded by the light house promontories on the right and the curving shores of Point No Point on the left. But an hour after the boats at the wharf have swung to the ebb a keen eye may discern a green streak in the very midst of the waters of the bay, which lately seemed to feel the life and stir of the deep sea currents, and presently stretching midway across the harbor rises Silver Bar, which at low tide becomes an island of fine white sand and shells. In Littleport harbor flood tide means comfort and security.

Each fisherman, as soon as the waters subside, seeks his happy hunting ground, and Silver Bar was Ben Fryer's special reserve.

Near Ben's little house lived a Mrs. Godfrey and her son Mark, a boy of 14. Between the latter and the clam peddler there existed a tender friendship fostered by a long habit.

"I wonder, Mark," he now began with evident effort.

"Well, what do you wonder, Ben?"

"You see, Mark," Ben observed, "somehow I trust you. You say what you mean, and you are pretty sure to do what you say. 'Tisn't so with everybody. Some people hang out more than they wish."

Mark did not need the force of this tribute by any weak response.

"Did it ever strike you," said Ben, "that when it comes Winter I feel that the evenings are rather long?"

"My mother sometimes says you must be lonely," Mark replied.

"That is kind of her. That is what I should have expected of her," said Ben.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Mark, eager that Ben should come to the point.

"About your mother?"

"I mean about your evenings."

"Oh, just so," said Ben, pleased to find an easy road to a full confession.

"I had thought of it—Here he broke off confused. "I'm 39 years old," he remarked, plaintively.

"What of that?" said Mark.

"My mother used to tell me I ought to get married," explained Ben. "But while she lived I never thought much about it. You see, a man needs to get a fixed idea in his mind. And so long as no girl seemed to hold out any inducements I didn't like to offer any inducements."

"I should think not," said Mark, with natural scorn.

"And," Ben opened, "it is a widow."

"You don't mean to say you are actually going to get married, Ben?"

"Well, yes, Mark. She seems to calculate on it. Marriage hasn't been a habit of mine, and perhaps it is one of the things a man ought to begin on when he is young, but Mrs. Brown says better late than never."

Ben was, in fact, to be married on the following day.

Mark instantly grasped his friend's meaning.

"Ben," said he, forcibly and briefly, "you go on your wedding journey, and I'll dig the clams and peddle them till you come back."

This settled all difficulties, for Mark knew all the secrets of Silver Bar, having many a time helped to load up the boat with clams.

This went on all the week. Day in day, of course, the tides grew later, and on Friday it was high water at 2 o'clock.

Mark started out at dawn and made one successful trip: then, as the east wind was blowing and the sky was half veiled with clouds, he decided to go again in the afternoon and secure a sure supply of clams for Saturday, before bad weather should come.

The strong east wind held the waters to the bay, and although it was almost three hours past the turn of the tide the bay was still half submerged when Mark reached it.

However, he drew up his skill, set to work, and by 3.30 had filled two baskets with clams, had dragged them across the sand and was about to empty them into his boat when he panned and rubbed his eyes.

Where was the boat?

He had, as usual, pulled it as high as possible out of the water, and here was the very furrow he had made in the firm white sand. But the boat was gone!

Looking across the bay, Mark thought he espied it beyond the beacon, near the lighthouse rocks.

Half laughing at the absurdity of the predicament, he fastened his handkerchief on the end of his clam pick and set it up in the sand, then gazed ruefully toward Point No Point, a mile away, and wondered if he could swim the distance.

Not very far away was a schooner, mainly laden with shingles, all sails set. She was beating her course in the face of the east wind and had sailed well into the harbor mouth to gain purchase for her long tack. This gave Mark an opportunity. He seized his pick, ran to the very edge of the bar and waved the signal frontally toward the vessel, shouting at the top of his lungs. By good fortune some one on deck happened to be looking through a glass at Littleport.

An instant later down dropped a boat; two red-shirted sailors jumped into her and rowed with all their might toward the bar. In less than 10 minutes Mark had scrambled into this welcome dory, having first thrown in his clams, which the men said would be a welcome addition to their supper.

Almost before he had realized what had happened Mark was on the deck of the schooner, answering the skipper's questions.

By this time the sun had looked out from beneath a fissure in the bank of clouds in the west, sending forth one fiery gleam, then had sunk beneath the horizon.

Night descended almost on the instant, for the whole face of the water by this time was covered with mist.

The captain told Mark he could not spare the time or the men to send him ashore, but that they would take him to New London, for which port they were pressing all sail and hoped to reach before daylight.

Mark could only accept the situation. He took supper with the captain and his little daughter, a girl of 12.

She was a delicate, pretty creature, with great shy eyes, and uttered not a word.

Her father told Mark she had been very ill in the spring, but that the long voyage in the Aurora with him had quite made her over.

They were already 55 days out from Galveston, having been driven from their course by cyclones as they rounded the cape. There had been anxious hearts at home, no doubt, the captain said, looking at his little girl, who smiled back, but, please God they would be safe and sound in New London tomorrow.

Mr. Briggs kept his post generally at the bows, but occasionally walked the length of the schooner, and finding Mark leaning against the rail, stopped and flung him a word.

"A black night. Lucky I know every inch of the sound from Hell Gate to Point Judith," or again:

"The Captain always says I have eyes like a cat and can see better in the dark than in the light."

A steam launch had kept along with the Aurora for some time in an irritating way, twice crowding on all steam and passing them, then falling back. Once or twice it had approached in a way which made Mr. Briggs use strong language. Here it was again altering its course, and apparently bearing down upon them, ready to try and cut them in two.

"What does the fellow mean?" seamed Mr. Briggs. "Port your helm!" he cried to the man at the wheel. "Port, I say!"

The launch skinned past their bow, almost as it seemed, grazing them. At the same instant Mark heard a sound which made him turn with a sickening apprehension.

A sudden flash struck his eyes which seemed to come almost from the zenith; below was a huge light mass, which was advancing upon them with tremendous speed.

Mr. Briggs was still gazing wrathfully at the steam launch.

"Starboard your helm!" shouted Mark in a voice which he did not recognize as his own. "Hard to starboard!"

The order was heard of the deck of the schooner as well. There was a shriek of the whistles, the engines slackened.

The two vessels almost touched, then the Aurora caught the wind, and in another instant they were yards apart.

The Captain had heard the word of command, the rushing of feet and the sharp turn of the wheel, and was already on the companionway.

"Mr. Briggs," he shouted, in a voice of fierce accusation, "we were very near that steamer!"

"We saw her," said Mr. Briggs.

By dawn they were off New London, and the mate himself offered to row Mark ashore, that he might catch the early train. As they neared the wharf, Mr. Briggs took off his gold

watch and chain and handed it to Mark.

"What is that?" inquired the boy.

"I should like to present it to you," said Mr. Briggs.

"I should not like to take it," said Mark, "thanking you all the same."

"But you did me a good service," said Mr. Briggs.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that we should have been run down by the steamer if you hadn't spoken in time. We should not have had the ghost of a chance. We were burning no lights on our lee side. I feel grateful to you for my own sake, but you probably saved the Captain's life, his little girl's life, everybody's life on board, perhaps."

"If I did," said Mark, "then certainly I need no present. I shall have something to thank God for all my days."

And the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of the Captain's little daughter sleeping in her berth.

He bade Mr. Briggs good-bye, took the early train and reached Littleport at 10 o'clock.

It was a wet day, with a gale of wind. As he neared the inlet he saw to his surprise and relief one of the fishermen putting in with Ben Fryer's skill in tow.

The tremendous tide of the night before had carried it quite unharmed high up on the green slopes of the light house promontory.

Since the boat was safe Mark could hardly regret his adventure, although his mother had been terribly anxious. (Boston Globe.)

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

SILVER MOURNING RINGS.

Silver mourning rings are a unique idea in jewelry. They are composed of two small silver rings connected by a chain. Usually they are worn together, but when it is desirable for the wearer to remember any special thing they are worn on different fingers. (San Francisco Examiner.)

SHOPPING GLOVES.

Women are now wearing for shopping and the promenade heavy gloves, such as are worn by men. They are serviceable as well as economical, but do not become a woman's hand as well as a lighter and softer glove. A larger-sized glove than was necessary has for some time been decreed the thing, so if you are blessed with a small hand you can buy gloves which will just fit you at greatly reduced prices. Light gray is to be the most fashionable color for gloves this coming season. (Chicago News.)

BODICES OF FASHION.

The possibilities of undressed kid are fast becoming apparent. Not content with shoes, gloves, hats, bags, porte-monnaies, card cases, etc., made of this pliant material, madam will now have her bodices of kid. Latest advices from Paris show that suede will enter largely into the composition of waists, which will fasten in a manner to defy detection, and as an exposition of the human form divine will cause the much maligned Jersey to wish itself back in its own little island. (Chicago Herald.)

TINY JEWELLED BONNETS.

Very brilliant are the little jewelled bonnets, now popular in London. Some have their gold gauze crowns attached behind only to their jewelled brims, the hair being pulled out between, the better to accentuate the brightness. Soberer are the little velvet bonnets brimmed with jewels. One of mouse-colored velvet set in a frame of gold galoon, sparingly adorned with emeralds, had a glittering emerald butterfly in front, and three demure brown pompons behind, and seemed to hit the happy mean between tasteful sobriety and fashionable brilliancy. (New York Commercial Advertiser.)

A BIT OF A WOMAN.

Louise Lawson, the sculptor whose statue of Sunset Cox is occasioning considerable discussion just now, is a bit of a woman, with golden-brown hair, gray eyes, a lip and a vivacious manner. She wears, when working in clay, a dark-blue blouse and trousers, and her studio costume is always of white linen—skirt and coat—the latter finished with an extraordinary collar of coarse embroidery, tied with the traditional knot of baby blue ribbon. With this costume yellow shoes are worn. The whole effect is rather more bizarre than attractive. What over the critics say, the letter-carriers swear by Louise and her nine-foot image. (New York World.)

FEMININE ATHLETICS WIN THEIR POINT.

The young women in an Athens seminary, by threats of strike, compelled the Greek government to manage that institution according to their own ideas. The fall of the Minister-President Tricoups, some time ago, was accompanied by the dismissal of the corps of teachers who had worked in state institutions under his Minister of Public Instruction. The change of instructors was made in the Athens seminary four weeks ago. The young women at once called an indignation meeting, protested against their new instructors and indorsed their old ones, and finally resolved to go in a body to the minister of education with their complaints. In case no remedy should be given they voted to quit the seminary for good. They all crowded into the office of the minister of education an hour later and presented their case through a spokesman, whose ultimatum was: "Give us our old teachers or we will leave school tomorrow." The minister, with his assistants, argued with the young women for two hours, but without effect. Then he reluctantly promised that within a week the old corps of teachers should be reinstated, and the young women left in peace. (Chicago Post.)

A Lake with Petrifying Power.

A writer in Donahue's Magazine tells of a strange lake in Ireland, whose waters have the power of petrifying any substance that may be put into it. Of course it is understood that petrification is not the actual turning of a substance into stone, but that the material of stone, dissolved in water, is deposited in its cells where it hardens. A stone is made upon the model of the substance petrified as a casting is made by filling a mold.

An English firm, a well-known cutlery house, heard of this lake, and at once sent a man to examine it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, and having tied weights to them, plunged them into the lake, and marked their location by small buoys.

In two weeks he returned and took up two pieces, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks afterward the rest was taken up, and each piece of hard wood was hard as flint, petrified through.

Then the firm made experiments with the wood in the different stages of petrification, and discovered that unusually excellent razor hones could be manufactured from it. These hones are now a famous product of the firm, but the razor-sharpening world little knows that the stone is, so to speak, wood, petrified in a few weeks in the largest of the Irish lakes.

In several ancient histories there is reference made to the "hard, woody stone," which was taken from the bottom of Lough Neagh for spear and arrow-heads by the early Irish. So that, although Irishmen today are unaware of the useful peculiarity of their "big lough," those of ten and fifteen centuries ago knew it well, and utilized it. In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, can be seen several of these spear and arrow-heads made centuries ago.

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STYLISH FOOT WEAR.

Colored Swedish kid boots and half-shoes are being manufactured in large quantities for warm-weather uses. They will appear in as many as twenty different shades; consequently there will be little difficulty in matching them to various toilets and costumes. The familiar russet shades will be patronized as usual, and they are a very good choice for those who cannot afford a variety, although a black suede is more elegant all around to the minds of many. Russet, however, harmonizes with most dresses, and like dove-gray does not bear its late like some of the "swell English" fancy foxed styles. Very dark mulberry is among the new shades. Embossed kid is used for making many dainty sandals and slippers worn with tea-gowns.

Those in cream-white have a fine floral design of embossed work in gold or bronze. These are alike pretty and

effective. Undressed-kid sandals of all tints are decorated with bits of "jewel" work. The embroidery seen on the toes of some of the cream-white undressed-kid slippers is beautifully executed with pearls, turquoise stones, moonstones, opals and other simulated gems. Sandals worn with Greek and other "picture" toilets are ornamented with a network of gold and silver thread, and an ornament in the form of leaves, executed with silk and gold, is substituted for the customary buckle. (New York Post.)

BREAD OF THE EVIL EYE.

The Corsicans are not the only people in the world who believe in the evil eye, for the Turk is so affected by it that he thinks it extends its influences to whatever animals belong to him. Strings of coral are sold on the streets and said to be a preventive against the evil. It is very curious to see the donkeys, crowds of which are found in the streets, with strings of coral twisted in their tails. When he gets in a violent rage the very worst thing that a Turkish gentleman can do is to take away the coral which protect him from the evil eye, for in this way he will give him over to all kinds of cruelty and the possession of the demon. In the markets bits of coral are laid among the purple grapes or green vegetables with the hope that good luck will come to them and they will bring a higher price. Famously enough, an Egyptian connects a woman with any suffering that may come to his eyes. If they ache or hurt, he looks out for a blonde woman named Fatima, begs from her a bit of bread and information as to where he will find six more Fatimas, that he may ask the same favor of each. Fortunately for him, they do not all have to be blondes, and a wise Egyptian father, seeing the value of the name, is apt to give it to one of his daughters, so there are plenty of Fatimas. Whether the English-speaking maiden makes eyes suffer or not, who can say? Very often she delights them and very often she deceives them—so probably she does her duty. (New York Sun.)

FASHION NOTES.

Large hats and toques of plain straw will be worn, but to a much less extent than for some years past.

The Maltese cross in enamel and dotted with diamonds makes an effective ornament mounted as a finger ring.

Sailor hats in plain and variegated straw, in shape almost face-miles of those seen a year ago, are again to be worn.

Pocketbooks, card cases, &c., in smooth, richly colored lizard skin, show neat patterns in thin gold and silver mountings.

An attractive bracelet of two gold chains has for a fastening two little owls, with pearl plumage, diamond heads and ruby eyes.

In some cases the trim only is of metal or jet, with a soft puffed crown of silk embroidered in gold and jewels or metals in other guises.

Very large hats have a shallow crown and are oftentimes turned up at the back; but pronounced effects, such as turning up on one side and down on the other, or in such fashion as to create sharp angles near the front, are not seen in the recent importations.

A Lake of Molten Fire.

The following remarkable account has been culled from the writings of Joaquin Miller, and have reference to the volcano of Minna Loa in the Sandwich Islands:

After visiting the American Consul at Honolulu we started for the volcano, and after a hard, hot climb, reached the edge of precipice overlooking a lake of molten fire ten miles in circumference and 100 feet below us. This is called by the natives Kilanea, or god of fire. It is the largest active volcano in the world, and is 6000 feet above sea level. This molten mass went dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side with a noise like the deep and mighty surges of a stormy ocean. Waves of blood-red fiery liquid lava buried their billows on an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliff to toss their gory spray high in the air. This restless, leaving lake of fire boiled and bubbled, never remaining silent for a single instant. There is an island on one side of this lake which the fiery waves attack unceasingly, and with restless fury, as if bent on hurrying it from its base. On the other side there was a large cavity into which this burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous, headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the north of this cavern, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones. It is terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words can adequately describe such a scene, and no power but that of Omnipotence produce it.

A Visitor.

Mr. Giltman—What have you done with my wife's pet poodle that I paid you \$20 to steal?

Sneak-Thief Bill—I returned it this morning and got the \$20 reward she offered for it.—(St. Jo News.)

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New Spring Pants,
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large variety of goods in our line.

SECONDLY—We handle our goods over quickly and
they are always fresh.

THIRD—Our prices are always regulated by the markets
and are as low as is consistent with first quality goods.

FOURTH—We buy direct from manufacturers and
packers, and own our goods are as low as most of the Boston
jobbers.

WE think an INSPECTION of our STOCK and PRICES will
convince any one that above statements are strictly true.

J. F. MERRILL, Boston Branch Grocery.

**LARGE STOCK,
LOW PRICES.**

Q. O. P. CLOTHING CO.,

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

ALL PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded at all
hours, Day or Night, at the Lowest Prices.

THE CITY DRUG STORE,
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A. T. MITTEN, (Registered Pharmacist) Agent.
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ATTENTION, BOYS!

BUSH HAMMERS, - - HAND HAMMERS,
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BOUGHT OF
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ARE RELIABLE AND CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

The boys always stand by what they make or sell.

Give them a call and be satisfied.

PINEL BROS.

**CALL AND EXAMINE THE
Souvenir Spoon for Quincy**

Just the Article for a Present to Send out of Town.



FOR SALE ONLY BY

C. F. PETTENGILL

160 Hancock St., next to Court Room Building.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

**GATHERED BY OUR PATENTED
REAPER.**

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors,
and Editors—Some of Them Very Dry and
Others Somewhat Juicy—They Will Aid
Digestion if Perused After Meals—Do
Not Read Them Upon an Empty
Stomach.

At the Obsequies of the Rev. Dunbrow.



First Cannibal—I've written up our
little affair for the *Cannibal Daily*.

Second Cannibal—How does it read?

First Cannibal—The Rev. Dunbrow
was the recipient of a surprise party
consisting of several of his neighbors.

The party was conducted strictly on
the American plan.

Second Cannibal—What's that?

First Cannibal—The pastor fur-
nished the refreshments.—*Light*.

He wished to be included.

A seely man called on Senator Hus-
ted in Albany the other day and said:

"I beg your pardon, Senator, but I read
in the evening paper that you had in-
troduced a bill in the Legislature, au-
thorizing a certain association to bor-
row money."

Husted—Well, sir?

Seely man—I called to see if an
amendment might be introduced ex-
tending the permission to myself, and
while the question is pending you might
advance me a quarter, as with your in-
fluence the matter will be sure to go
through.

He got the advance.—*Texas Sif-*
tings.

Verifying a Statement.

Pa—Blanche! I wish to caution you
against giving that young 'Tweedle any
encouragement; he's not the style of
man I fancy.

Blanche—Don't worry, Pa, about my
cultivating any fondness for him. He
makes me tired.

Bub—That's so, Pa! He made sis so
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An Explanation Needed.

"See here, sir," she said, as she en-
tered a sewing machine office the other
day, "your agent has imposed upon
me."

"Is it possible, ma'am? In what re-
spect?"

"Yes, sir; he has lied to me and I
don't want your machine!"

"How has he deceived you?"

"Why, he came into my house and
told me that your machine was the best
in the world. Told it right before wit-
nesses, and I can prove every word of
it!"

"But that was not deceiving you,
ma'am."

"Yes, it was! I hadn't the machine
two days before another agent called
and said his was the best, and he had a
circular to back it up. He had hardly
got out of doors when another called
and said his machine had taken ten
medals."

"But we have taken fifteen, ma'am."

"Oh, you have?"

"And are sure to get the premium
at the next world's fair."

"Indeed!"

"And we have issued a challenge for
a public trial, which no other machine
dare accept."

"Is that so? Then your machine is
the best after all?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will please excuse me. I
thought I had been imposed upon, and
I guess I was a little hasty. The other
agents must have been the liars."

—*Free Press*.

Testing the Young Lawyer.

Insurance Man—I don't know whether
to pay this policy or not.

Young Lawyer—What is the diffi-
culty?

I. M.—The only proof of death that I
have received is a letter from the man
himself saying that he died ten days
ago.

Y. L. (impressively)—Hm. That
does seem suspicious. What was the
deceased's reputation for veracity?

—*New York Herald*.

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BARD'S
HOUSE

Your
HEST

ARRIAGE,

g Our Stock.

ombard
ck Street.

d & Sons,

Valley Franklin, Red
Cumberland

COAL

Wood,
Split Kindlings.

Quincy, Mass.

SPRING!

DEASY,

Boots and Shoes.

PROMPTLY DONE.

SOUTH QUINCY.

ST QUINCY.

perance Drinks of All Kinds

AND TOBACCO.

Street, West Quincy.

wn & Co.,

and Mortgages.

For Sale on easy terms, and

property and collec-

Quincy.

Store, West Quincy.

AND!

CKETS:

9. \$20.

Old Country.

D UPWARDS AT

TES.

MAHONY,

and Religious Articles.

REET. BOSTON.

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CY BAKER

ale and Retail.

DDING CAKE a Specialty.

REET - 25

G. R. ENGLAND.

DENTIST,

Chestnut St.

QUINCY.

connected by Telephone.

Three Days.

Quincy Monitor.

VOL. V. NO. 3.

QUINCY, MASS., JUNE, 1891.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Listen to This Wail of Toe.

A little corn on a madden grow.
Caused by the pinch of a too-tight shoe.
Instead of a three a number two.
As time went on (as time will do.)
The toe waxed red—the maiden blue.
It drew from the maiden a groan or two.
Then off to Whall's Drug Store, fast she flew.
For the OLD COLONY CORN DESTROYER.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE DEATH TO CORNS, BIG AND LITTLE.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Prepared only by Joseph S. Whall,
APOTHECARY,
141 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.

PRATT & CURTIS,
GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES,
OF ALL KINDS.

Have you tried our Canned Apples at 35c.
The best Maple Sugar in the city, 2 lbs. for 25c.
Perfection Flour leads all others.
Potted Plants of all kinds.

No. 25 SCHOOL STREET.

THE BEST ALL-AROUND LINE

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing

In this City, can be seen at the GRANITE CLOTHING COMPANY.

Well Made Goods. Stylish Goods. Reliable Goods. Salable
Goods. Satisfaction Giving Goods.

ELEGANT LINE OF OUTING SHIRTS,
50 Cents to \$5.00.

STRAW HATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.

Neckwear. Newest Shapes. Endless Variety.

Boys' Shirt Waists. Boys' Blouses. Boys' Fancy Stripe Shirts.
Bicycle Caps. Tennis Caps. Yacht Caps.

The Original Lebanon Overalls.
Special styles. Adapted for the use of Railroad Men, Farmers, Stonecutters,
Painters and Carpenters. These Goods are made of the Strongest and Best
Material. Full in size, fit perfectly, and are warranted not to rip.

SPRING UNDERWEAR.

Latest styles in Shirt and Soft Hats. Our Stock is Large, Complete and
Well Selected. We invite you one and all to examine our goods.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.
ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

FINEST SELECTIONS OF
WOOLENS
Ever exhibited in Quincy, to be
made to order into
GENTS' GARMENTS.
Fit and Workmanship guaranteed, or
money refunded.
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
neatly done. Ladies' Tailoring also
a specialty.

WM. J. WELSH, - 72 Hancock Street, Quincy.

NOTICE.
I have made it my busi-
ness to have
NEW STYLES
Every 2 Weeks
FOR
SPRING AND SUMMER.
I can guarantee the very best of
goods and workmanship.
Cleaning and Repairing,
also.
BAMFORD'S
11-12 Durgin & Merrill's
Block, Quincy.

McGovern Bros.,

FINE IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, PIPES, TOBACCO,
AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

A LARGE STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF
BLANK BOOKS AND OFFICE SUPPLIES.
OUR CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS
ARE THE BEST IN QUINCY.

Ladies' and Gents' Pocketbooks.
ALL SIZES AND PRICES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN FOR ALL NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES
AT PUBLISHERS' PRICE.

McGOVERN BROS., - 32 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.

Base Ball.

The Largest Assortment of
BASE BALL AND TENNIS GOODS
in the City. Also

LADIES' OXFORD TIES.
From 75c. to \$2.50,
AT

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,
ROBERTSON BLOCK, QUINCY.
A. P. WENTWORTH, - Manager.

The Coolest Place in Town.

A. G. Durgin's Drug Store.

Ice Cream Soda!

"RELIABILITY."

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE HAVE SO
LARGE A TRADE?

WE WILL TELL YOU:

FIRST—We carry nothing but a Grocery stock, and we
have a large store, consequently we are able to have a very
large variety of goods in our line.

SECONDLY—We handle our goods over quickly and
they are always fresh.

THIRD—Our prices are always regulated by the markets
and are as low as is consistent with first quality goods.

FOURTH—We buy direct from manufacturers and
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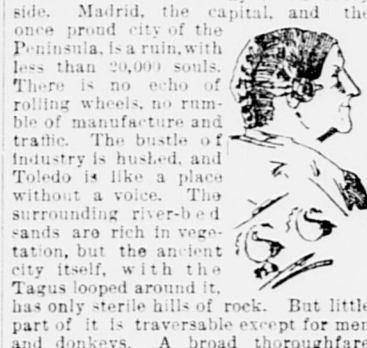
160 Hancock St., next to Court Room Building.

STORIES OF TRAVEL.

TOLEDO, SPAIN'S FORMER CAP-
ITAL, NOW A RUIN.

Palaces of the Time of Columbus Crumb-
ling. Works of Art, a Remnant of the
Population of Prosperous Days Remain-
ing—Picturesque Spasmodic.

OR the gloom of
this world passeth
away. If any
verification of this
scriptural assur-
ance were needed,
there is hardly a
place where it
could be better
found than in some
of the once great
and powerful prov-
inces of Spain.
Take Toledo, for
instance. According
to an ancient
tradition it was
founded by Jewish colonists in the sixth
century B. C. After being held by
Romans, Goths and Moors in turn, it
was wrested from the latter, after a
bloody siege, by Alfonso VI. of Castile
and Leon in 1085, and made the capital
of Castile. After this it became exceed-
ingly prosperous, and had a population
at one time of 200,000 people.
But now? Alas! decay is on every
side. Madrid, the capital, and the
once proud city of the Peninsula, is a ruin, with
less than 20,000 souls.
There is no echo of
pulling wheels, no rum-
ble of manufacture and
traffic. The bustle of
industry is hushed, and
Toledo is like a place
without a voice. The
surrounding river-bed
sands are rich in vege-
tation, but the ancient
city itself, with the
Tagus looped around it,
has only sterile hills of rock. But little
part of it is traversable except for men
and donkeys. A broad thoroughfare



WOMEN AT A WELL.

the French bombardment, and so re-
mains. Stone for its restoration has
been got together, but nothing done be-
yond it.

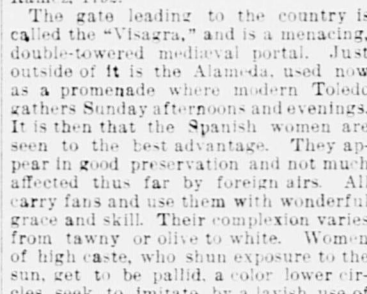
The antiquities of Toledo are not the
only interesting things. The sights
from day to day on the streets and in
the family circle are peculiar. The very
children have queer ports. One of their
favorite pastimes is to parade in a dark
turban, but the ancient
city itself, with the
Tagus looped around it,
has only sterile hills of rock. But little
part of it is traversable except for men
and donkeys. A broad thoroughfare



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF TOLEDO.

skirts the disused defenses on the south
and west, running at first along the
sheer descent to the river, and a dizzy
height against which houses, shops, and
churches are crammed confusedly. The
way then leads through a massive gate
with high arches of red granite and
brick, and along streets but little more
than irregular footpaths. There are no
ends of empty houses with neglected en-
trance. Over the door can be read
unique inscriptions, such as "I am Don
Ramirez, 1792."

The gate leading to the country is
called the "Visagra," and is a menacing,
double-towered medieval portal. Just
outside of it is the Alameda, used now
as a promenade where modern Toledo
rathers Sunday afternoons and evenings.
It is then that the Spanish women are
seen to the best advantage. They ap-
pear in good preservation and not much
affected thus far by foreign airs. All
carry fans and use them with wonderful
grace and skill. Their complexion varies
from tawny or olive to white. Women
of high caste, who shun exposure to the
sun, get to be pallid, a color loved by
circles seek to imitate by a lavish use of



doorway is screened by a striped curtain.

Foreigners visiting the town are dubbed
the "extraneros," and so referred to on
every occasion when designation is nec-
essary. The leading place of amuse-
ment is called the "Grand Summer
Theater." It is within the ragged walls
of a once grand building, now half torn
down. It is quite a common thing in
the evening to hear guitar duets in the
narrow dark streets, being given as seer-
ades to ladies in the house before which
the playing is done.

The skill displayed by some of the
players is marvellous, and the music is
delightful. The trouble is carried on a
small instrument called a "mandura"
that makes a most pleasing combination
with the guitar. Often professional
players are hired to go and play before a
house, and will thrum out native airs
for several hours, smoking cigarettes
assiduously all the while.

One thing that impresses strangers is
the intimate footing servants are on with
employers. A waiter at a table joins in
the conversation and is admitted to a
discussion as readily as though one of
the sitters. Servants about a hotel take
naps regularly twice a day in the halls,
and make nothing of smoking cigarettes
while serving dinner. Hotel guests are
looked upon by natives as a nuisance and
necessary evil, only tolerated because
money can be made out of them. Sew-
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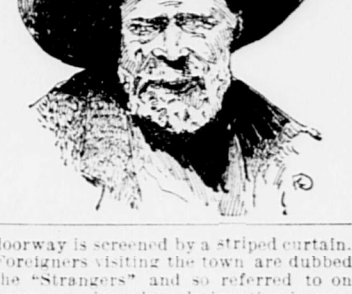
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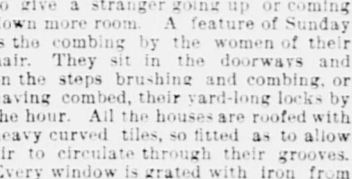


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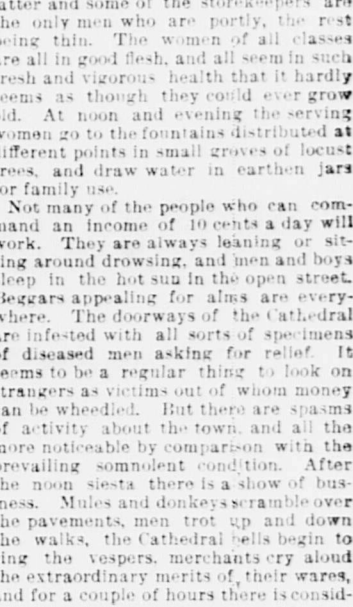


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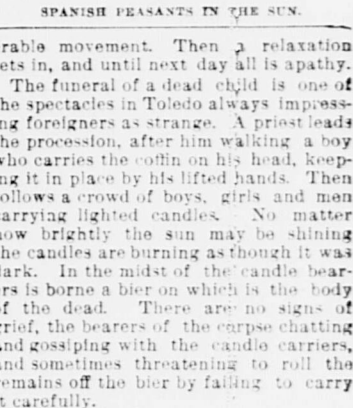
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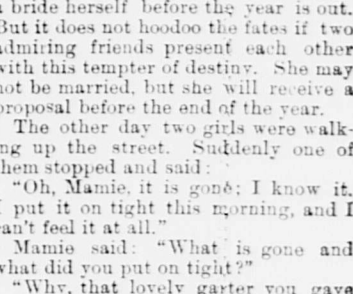
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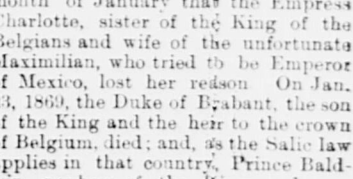


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A Paris biographer, who had per-
haps been in America advertised
certain cigar to be "the best in the
world for five cents." He was ar-
rested, failed to prove it "the best,"
and was fined \$50 for "fraudulent inten-
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Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Bl. John's C. L. & A. Association.

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - W. H. WARNER, 19 JENNY STREET.

Subscription Agent, - FRANK GILLESPIE.

Rosary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

It is composed of five decades in honor of the five wounds of our Lord.

1.—THE METHOD OF SAYING IT.

On the cross: The prayer of St. Ignatius, Scilicet, Christ, crucifixus.

Heart of Christ, crucifixus.

Body of Christ, crucifixus.

Blood of Christ, crucifixus.

Water flowing from the side of Christ, crucifixus.

Passion of Christ, crucifixus.

Crucifixus, crucifixus.

Never permit me to be separated from Thee.

From the malignant enemy, defend me.

At the hour of my death call me, and receive my soul into Thy hands.

When with the Saints and Angels I may praise Thee for everlasting ages—Amen.

On the large beads, say, Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thee—One day indulgence.

On each of the small beads, say, My heart of Jesus, be Thou my love—One day indulgence.

At the end of each decade, say, Sacred heart of Jesus, be Thou my salvation—One day indulgence.

Concluding, say, Sacred heart of Jesus, have mercy on me—One day indulgence.

Immaculate heart of Mary, pray for us—One day indulgence.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be every-where loved—One day indulgence.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

This Rosary may be said to be a treasury of indulgences, since the prayers which compose it are privileged as to require, but a few moments for their recitation, and by saying which will procure indulgences, as given by the Holy See.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

There is no need of any particular set of beads, after those of the ordinary—that of the Rosary Virgin. Besides which it can be said anywhere, and at any time, according to each one's convenience, and also help to exalt devotion in our visits to the Sacred Sacrament.

Frequently made by Our Lord to the blessed Margaret Mary in favor of persons devoted to His divine heart.

I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life.

I will establish peace in all their families.

I will console them in all their pains and trials.

I will be their assured refuge in life, and especially in death.

I will send abundant blessings upon all their undertakings.

Sinners shall find in My heart an infinite ocean of mercy.

Lukewarm souls will be rendered fervent.

S. Perseus' soul shall rise rapidly to greater perfection.

I will bless those houses where the name of My heart shall be exposed and honored.

I will give to priests the talent of moving the hardest hearts.

Persons who propagate this devotion shall have their names inscribed in My heart, and they shall never be effaced from it.

Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me—One day indulgence.

With the approbation of JOHN JOSEPH, Archbishop of Boston.

Captain Huntington's Lecture.

The lecture delivered by Captain Huntington before the St. John's Society on May 14th was somewhat out of the ordinary routine of the discourses before the association.

While we cannot agree with the lecturer in all his ideas of political economy, we give him full credit for sincerity, and he certainly gave his opinions on public affairs with marked ability, without any of that pompous loquacity which is used by some of the orators who pose on public platforms as opponents of the people.

The lecturer described the condition of the working people in olden times, and the various phases of the struggle of the laborer under the feudal system; the trades societies of the old world, until the gradual growth of monopolies created a modern aristocracy, which is now powerful and covetous, and the feudal tyranny of the middle ages. The system of chartered corporations has at this time got such a hold on the legislation of the country, both in the state and in the national governments, that it has become a danger to the commonwealth, and the people must wake up and use the only remedy in their power to avert the peril before it is too late.

The lecturer said that the people had in their own hands the remedy which can cure all the evils of the body politic, the all powerful weapon, the ballot. If the people organize their power and act together they would break down all monopolies, give the working people their just dues and make America the most powerful, the most prosperous nation, and her citizens the most happy people on this wide earth.

The lecturer declared that all the material property of the nation belonged to the people; that the rights to all the works of public utility—water works, electric lights, gas works, railroads, telegraph wires—were vested in the people; that no single person or syndicate of capitalists should be allowed to monopolize the public domain; that commerce should be unobstructed, and that the people have a direct vote on every question of public interest.

These doctrines the lecturer advocated with great earnestness. He stated that it was a dry subject and that he expected to tire his audience, but he was listened to with marked attention by his large audience for more than an hour, no one exhibiting any disposition to leave until the close of the lecture.

The lectures of the St. John's this season have been very practical and were well attended throughout. We hope that the society will continue to progress and that many more courses of these instructive lectures will be the result.

Widening of Water Street.

At the council meeting of June 1st the committee on streets reported in favor of widening Water street to forty feet, and gave notice to the aldermen and others interested that a public hearing would be given on the matter on June 22nd at 8 o'clock p. m.

This needed improvement meets with more opposition than was expected. Some members of the council seem determined to oppose any improvement for the benefit of Ward 5. The aldermen and

judicious member from Ward 5 took this opportunity to prove how much he knew of the amount of public travel and the extent of the business done in South Quincy. He was in favor of widening the street to 40 feet, but was dead against 45 feet for the good of the city on the ground of economy.

Councilman Warner proved, from the returns of the Old Colony freight agent, that 3000 tons of freight were shipped from Quincy Adams in the month of April. This freight traffic from that station is rapidly increasing and will continue to increase. But the amount of freight shipped is not a fair indication of the amount of heavy traffic that is carried on over that street. There are 24 stone sheds connected with South Quincy, employing a large number of men. All the stone workmen, these sheds must come over Water street. There is, in addition to the ordinary traffic, the coal teams from the point to West Quincy, which in itself is of great extent. It is a common everyday occurrence to see three or four coal teams with loads averaging two tons going at one time over this street.

When any man who knows these facts, or who can learn them by the most trivial inquiry, sets himself up to oppose this improvement, it is useless to attempt to reason. No street in Quincy ought to be less than 40 feet wide. There are school streets in Wollaston 40 feet wide, where a loaded team is never seen. Water street will be too narrow when it is 45 feet. It would be economy to make it 50 feet now, for when it comes to widen it again the cost will be immensely increased. If the council made the improvement which was first suggested by the Monitor, the city would have saved several thousand dollars. If the project is defeated now, the city will have to thank the narrow minded legislators who obstruct the work for the increased cost which is certain to fall upon the city.

One argument which the gentleman made used to prove how utterly incapable the councilman from Ward 5 is of comprehending the principles which govern the actions of wise legislators. He asked why the citizens of the whole city should be taxed for the benefit of Ward 3. Men of common sense know that what is for the benefit of one part of a community is for the good of the whole. It is due to the work which is carried on in Ward 3 that the citizens of Ward 5 can drive over a paved causeway when business or pleasure induces them to use the Boston turnpike.

We have no fear that the Quincy city council will be induced by the quibbles of the councilman from Ward 5 to adopt any short-sighted policy, but that in action, as usual, it will act wisely, and for the best interests of the city.

Memorial Day.

It would seem as if the observance of this solemn national festival was falling behind the high standard which distinguished the exercises when first established.

The discourses delivered this year in some of the churches were altogether unworthy of the occasion. Too many of the orators forgot that the rebellion was crushed twenty-five years ago, that there is a new North and a new South; that Mason and Dixon's line is at the present day a myth, forgotten by all except a few talking machines who love to hear themselves making noise in a crowd. It is bad taste, to put the most lenient construction on the language of men who are called Christian ministers to use the opportunity which should be for the purpose of inculcating the lessons of charity and reconciliation, in raking up the ashes of the dead past, to fan the embers into a flame of new quarrel. One renowned gentleman called up the memories of Andersonville to make an accusation against a dead man, whose conduct has been judged by his countrymen many years ago. Another reverend gave his views on politics, immigration and naturalization; another gentleman, who has acquired an accidental prominence in public affairs, gave his views of religion and the school question. It is time that somebody should tell these long-tongued gentlemen that what this nation needs is union—union in heart and hand, and that any man who degrades so sacred a day as the 30th of May to sow the seeds of discord among his fellow countrymen, is guilty of sacrilege as well as of treason.

Dogs.

We alluded in the Monitor some time ago to the number of dogs that continually run about our streets, and the annoyance they cause to the citizens. This nuisance still continues, and no effort seems to have been made to abate it. We hear repeatedly of people having been bitten by these animals, but no one pays much attention to the fact, merely regarding it as an item of news. It is quite common to see a dog run over some yard and jump at a team of oxen, oftentimes endangering the life of the occupants of the carriage. This is not merely an everyday occurrence; it happens many times every day in Quincy. No sensible man ought to keep such an animal in his house, but they do it right along. A good dog is prized by everybody; but his man's faithful companion, but when we meet a great ugly yellow mastiff on the street, we always wish we were on the opposite sidewalk. It is surprising to see a lady carrying an ugly, vicious pug in her carriage, or leading him through the street with a chain; but there is no accounting for tastes, and some of our belles would take a rattlesnake for a pet if it was the fashion. This dog nuisance in Quincy needs the particular attention of the authorities and should be abated.

Encouraging.

Mr. Frank Gillespie, subscription agent of the Monitor, is making the annual visit to our subscribers, and reports a largely increased list of friends and takers of the paper. All classes recognize and admire the high standard of the Monitor and its fearless, unflinching position on all public questions. It is to be regretted that circumstances will not permit us to issue the paper as a weekly, but it is impossible for the editors to devote their entire time to the work. Be ready when Mr. Gillespie calls to pay your subscriptions, and to recommend to him the names of any who you think would take the paper. Extend our audience in the community, knowing that it will redound entirely to your benefit.

Locals.

The St. John's base ball club has organized and will soon begin to play regular games. The team is very strong and consists of King, p.; McMahon, c.; Cunningham or Buckley, lb.; Kiley, 2b.; Davison, 3b.; Tom Donovan, s.s.; Fairchild, Gillman, Mullen, White, Dillon, Rowell. A strong move is being made to form a league consisting of St. John's, Atlantic, North Abington, Randolph, Braintree and Hingham.

The wicked Democrats are clucking over the new law in the Republican camp. To our eyes this looks like a Democratic year, if the proper men are nominated. A very important change has been made in the running of the electric cars.

QUINCY COMMON COUNCIL.

Finance Committee. Recommend a \$35,000 School in Ward Three.

QUINCY, Mass., June 1.—At the council meeting this evening Mayor Fairbanks sent in communication respecting the claims of William B. Rice to refund taxes wrongfully assessed to him on the City Hospital grounds and the claim of N. V. Tins for the refunding of taxes assessed to him on Moon Island. James E. Kane was granted a common victualler's license, but the application of Charles Lovando was rejected and that of Edward Havenham was laid upon the table.

The mayor returned the order appropriating \$500 for the repair of Grove street, and the council showed its approval of his action by rejecting the order.

The city treasurer and auditor handed in their reports.

Walter Main was granted a license for a tent show June 18.

A petition was received from A. Bingham and others for a sidewalk on North street.

The committee on finance recommended \$5000 for the repair of the Adams street, the same to be payable in three years. Councilman Bryant objected to the clause "payable in three years," and offered an amendment that the sum be paid in one year. On a vote of 12 to 9 the amendment was rejected and the committee on rules the order was passed to be considered.

The petitioners for the improvement of Mr. Pleasant street were given leave to withdraw.

The joint committee on public buildings and finance, on the question of better accommodations for the High School, recommended the purchasing of 20,000 feet of land on Brooks avenue, and that a substantial eight-room brick building, similar in construction to the John Hancock school, be erected, and that \$50,000 be appropriated for the same.

A public hearing will be given on the widening of Water street, June 22, at 8 o'clock.

The order appropriating \$2450 for the permanent improvement of the gutters and drains on Garfield street was passed to be considered.

The committee on the centennial celebration will meet Wednesday evening.

New Schoolhouse.

At the meeting last Monday evening the council heard the report of the joint committee on finance and on public buildings regarding additional school accommodations in Ward 5. The committee recommended the purchase of a plot of land on the new plains and the erection thereon of an eight-room brick schoolhouse, modeled after the John Hancock building. This is without doubt the proper course to be taken. The present Hancock building is too fine to be disfigured by an addition. Besides, the proposed addition would be only a short relief when another would be necessary. More than 350 children reside on the new plains—enough to fill seven rooms immediately—and by the time the new building will have been completed it will certainly at once filled. Also, the danger to little children when crossing the tracks of the street cars and of the Old Colony railroad is a strong argument in favor of the new school. We believe in upholding the primary schools and in locating them in the greatest convenience of the little children, and in centralizing the grammar schools somewhat after the manner of the High school. Progress.

Lost or Strayed.

At the meeting of the city council of May 18, the members got into a parliamentary squabble which caused some amusement and took some time to disentangle. Councilman Newcomb offered a substitute for the report of a committee, which was passed. After his passage Councilman Bryant, with his usual astuteness, discovered that the substitute did not meet the requirements and moved its reconsideration, which was carried. He then moved an amendment to the report of the committee, but was gravely ruled out of order by President Thompson, who stated the question before the council was Mr. Newcomb's substitute. A long row was made, and the council adjourned. Mr. Bryant presenting his amendment, which was passed.

In the question of order Mr. Newcomb's substitute was lost sight of; many people are wondering where it is now. Is it before the council, in the clerk's pocket, or at the Wallaston bleaching to be rekindled for the next meeting?

Resolutions.

At a meeting of the board of managers of St. John's Catholic L. & A. Association, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to take from among us our late member, Mr. Peter Creighton, be it

Resolved, That the members of the association mourn the loss of one who has been a good and faithful member of our association.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Peter Creighton the association loses a brother who has at all times been prompt to serve the interests of the association as a sincere and pious Catholic, whose virtues endeared him not only to the members of the St. John's, but to all who knew him.

Resolved, That St. John's Society tender its sincere sympathy to his mother and friends in this their sad affliction.

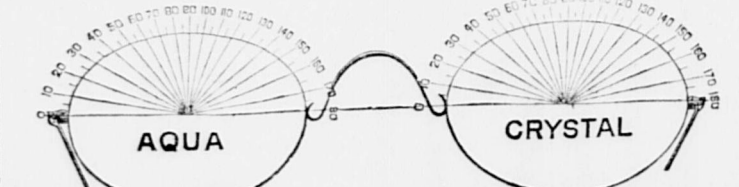
Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed upon the records of the society, published in the Monitor and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

RESOLVED, That the following be the officers of the association for the ensuing year: President, HENRY H. GARDNER, Vice-President, PATRICK W. DUNN, Treasurer, GEORGE C. LILL, Sec. Secretary.

LOCALS.

The St. John's base ball club has organized and will soon begin to play regular games. The team is very strong and consists of King, p.; McMahon, c.; Cunningham or Buckley, lb.; Kiley, 2b.; Davison, 3b.; Tom Donovan, s.s.; Fairchild, Gillman, Mullen, White, Dillon, Rowell. A strong move is being made to form a league consisting of St. John's, Atlantic, North Abington, Randolph, Braintree and Hingham.

The wicked Democrats are clucking over the new law in the Republican camp. To our eyes this looks like a Democratic year, if the proper men are nominated. A very important change has been made in the running of the electric cars.



EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

■ Rubber and Steel Frames, from \$20. to \$2. Solid Gold, from \$3.50 to \$7.

LARGEST STOCK IN QUINCY.

WILLIAMS. - THE JEWELER.

In pleasant weather the cars will be run on Sundays every twenty minutes from 9 a. m. until 9 p. m., on the West Quincy line. On the Neponset division cars will be run on Sundays every 20 minutes between 1 p. m. and 9 p. m. In rainy weather the regular time table will be used.

Our genial member, Michael Barry, cut his hand rather severely while repairing a fire alarm wire.

It would be sound policy if the High School could be incorporated with the Adams Academy. We think it would elevate the grade of the High School, in scholastic rank, and at the same time give an extra building to the School Committee, which would be a great accommodation to the many children who at present attend the Washington and Coddingham schools. We direct the attention of our school authorities to this matter, and hope that such arrangement can be made as will result satisfactorily to all parties concerned. We are satisfied that such action would be of great benefit to the city, financially, and to the scholars of the High School.

The French-speaking residents of Quincy have organized the St. John Baptist Brotherhood Society. Its present membership is about thirty, with many applications. The following officers were chosen: Pres., Chas. L'Eclair; Vice-Pres., Louis Bernier; Rec. Secy., J. Assomatto; Cor. Secy., Dr. T. J. Dion; Treas., Joseph Tropeyron; Dir., Philip Bernier; Fin. Com., Isaac Rogers; Herbert Boutin, Frank J. Jannet; Inquest Com., Thos. Boutin, Benj. Landry, Louis Bernier; Physician, Dr. T. J. Dion.

The festival in aid of city hospital will be held at Morymont Park, Wollaston, June 17th.

His many friends regret the illness of Florist M. C. Ring. His trouble seems to be a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mr. Patrick Berry of Cross street continues to be dangerously ill.

The St. John's have taken great interest in the aid of the Grand Army, and under the efficient instruction of Miss Ellenore Carroll, of the Jas. O'Neill Dramatic Company, have prepared the grand play, "The Celebrated Case," which will be given at Hancock Hall this week. Councilman Warner has worked admirably for the Post, and deserves great credit.

Mr. Robert Foy need not now be told to "come in out of the wet," as he has been presented with an elegant umbrella by his fellow clerks at Pratt & Cutts.

Mr. Richard Foley of T. J. Lamb & Co.'s wears a bandage around his head on account of severe injuries received several days ago while on duty. We are glad to state that he is rapidly recovering.

Ex-Councilman Shea is the proud owner of a highly bred trotting filly which was ushered into this cruel world in May. Nelson, Stamboul, Maud S. and Smol, are hereby given notice to retire into obscurity.

Fr. Martini of Boston made a tour of the Italian colony in Quincy. There is no truth in the report that an Italian Church is soon to be built at Brewer's corner.

The month of June is dedicated in a special manner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Appropriate services will be held in the churches during the month. Rev. Father White of the Order of the Redemptorists, celebrated late Mass in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, May 31.

Through the generosity of their reverend director, who presented them with tickets, the teachers of St. Mary's S. S. attended the presentation of the drama, "A Celebrated Case," in Hancock Hall on Wednesday evening, June 3.

The electric cars will run every twenty minutes on pleasant Sundays during the summer from 9 o'clock a. m. to 9 p. m.

We understand that there are to be several additional trains on the Granite branch of the O. C. R. Now we want Sunday trains.

Mrs. Joseph Dell of Ward 1 is having a house built on Penn street.

The different schools of the city observed parents' day on Friday, May 29. Owing to the disagreeable weather there were not as many visitors as usual.

The Pine Point Hotel at Quincy Point has been sold to Dr. J. F. Welch for \$1950.

Lovell's grove has been improved, and is now ready for pleasure parties.

A high mass of requiem was celebrated on Monday, May 29, in the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Peter Creighton.

The Sunday-school children of the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, are preparing for their festival on June 17. A

TRY A GLASS OF SODA!

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21 FLAVORS TO SELECT FROM. PURE FRUIT JUICES.

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Largest Stock!

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ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

Surveying, laying out of Real Estate, and general work of all descriptions.

Plans and Estimates furnished for improvement of property, and work supervised. Quincy, May 17.

The exports of clover-seed from New York from January 1 to March 7 were 31,609 bags, against 23,904 bags for the corresponding time of 1896.

Smoke Pilot Boy Plug Tobacco.

NOTHING FINEER. The brand of Prosperity for the month of April is now on hand. A more attractive design for a wood mantel than is now on exhibit at Quincy. Quincy Co., 48 Canal St. Their prices are exceedingly low, and the extent of variety of their designs have no equal in Boston, or indeed, in the whole country.

Smoke Pilot Boy Plug Tobacco.

ITS reputation for Dr. KINGS GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes, has made it a household name in every family.

SODA!

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Find Everything

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The experts of clover-seed from New York from January 1 to March 1, 1909, against \$9,994 for the corresponding time of 1908.

Smoke First Boy Ping Tobacco.

SMOKE FIRST BOY PING TOBACCO. The experts of clover-seed from New York from January 1 to March 1, 1909, against \$9,994 for the corresponding time of 1908.

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It isn't *Homely Council*.

To walk as best a bear.

No matter how vexing things may be,

They easily might be worse.

And the time you spend complaining

And growling about the load

Would better be given to going on

And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear—

'Tis the tripping tongue can preach.

But though silence is sometimes golden,

Child.

As oft, there is grace in speech—

And I see, from my higher level,

'Tis less the path than the pace

That wears the back and dims the eye,

And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear,

And to spare, when all is told;

And love must mourn its losses,

And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;

But the spell of the heaven spirit

Turns blessing into curse,

While the bold heart meets the trouble

That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster,

That will presently pass away,

And believe a bright tomorrow

Will follow in the dark of day;

There's nothing gained by fretting;

Gather your strength anew,

And step by step, go onward, dear,

Let the skies be gray or blue.

—Margaret L. Sangster.

A Memorable Experience.

BY CHARLES D. DOUGLAS.

When I was thirty-one I was passing

through the Western States on the

track of a speculation which promised

well.

My plans had led me to leave the

boat at Cincinnati, and strike about

fifty miles southerly into Kentucky.

I found myself at the end of the day in

question in a small tavern waiting for

my supper.

I had come to this particular house

by accident, and certainly nothing but

the lateness of the hour, the rain that

was falling heavily, and my own

tired, hungry condition, prevented my

sauntering forth at once in search of

better accommodations.

The house was quite apart from the

rest of the town, and seemed to be

one of those ill-kept, unattractive inns

where a traveler only goes by acci-

dent, and where he never goes twice.

I could not discover that there was

any other guest than myself present

that night, and the loneliness of the

place was not much relieved by the

hastily, officious manner of the land-

lord, whose face had the marks of a

low scoundrel, in my judgment. How-

ever, I resolved to make the best of it,

and partaking of the indifferent meal

that was set before me, I asked to be

shown at once to my room. This re-

quest was complied with, and the land-

lord left me alone.

I took my candle and carefully ex-

amined the room. It was a small,

square apartment, with no furniture

save the bed, a chair and a washstand.

I looked under the bed and behind the

stand. Nobody was there. I spied a

closet and explored it, with the same

result. The door of the room fastened

on the inside with a heavy bolt, but to

make assurance doubly sure, I set the

stand against it after sliding the bolt;

and not yet content, I moved the bed

around, and effectually barricaded it.

The two windows appeared to be

about eight feet from the ground, and

these also I secured in such a way that

it would be impossible to raise them

from the outside.

"Pretty safe, this, I think," was

my remark, as I looked around at my

defenses; and throwing off my coat,

I drew from the breast-pocket a long

leather bill-book, and proceeded to

count its contents. Three thousand

three hundred dollars in notes—a large

amount to carry about one's person;

but the business in which I was en-

gaged demanded it, and I had no

choice. It is quite possible that I

should have felt no great uneasiness

this night but for this money; as it

was, I felt decidedly unpleasant, and

wished myself well out of the house.

I think I must have felt a premonition

of approaching danger, for I had sev-

eral times before been in places quite

as suspicious as this, with as large an

amount of money but never had I

been so greatly troubled in mind, nor

impelled to such precautions.

I placed my pocket-book beneath

the pillow and laid my pistols beside

it; then putting the candle on the

stand, I went to bed.

Usually I was a sound and ready

sleeper, but now I lay wide awake,

and all the arts that I used to lull

myself to rest were unavailing. The

house was perfectly still, and there

was no noise from the street, save the

steady drip, drip of the rain, which

seemed to intensify the stillness. I

closed my eyes, and at the end of ten

minutes I opened them

O DEAR TO-DAY.
You are mine all mine, O dear, to-day,
From the earliest gleam of your golden
dawn.
Till the twilight takes you forever away.
And the hours that you promised me now
are gone.
Oh, what shall I do to you, dear, to-day—
Shall I hold you close, and never dare
The bliss that comes with your sunny light
To my seeing eyes with the hand man
there?
Oh, what shall I say to you, dear, to-day—
More blessings still for my goodly store—
The gift of a hundred happy thoughts,
Or the love and the trust of one heart
more.
Oh, what shall I say to you, dear, to-day,
As you glide so swiftly and silently by—
That I'm glad, so glad, that you came to me,
And sorry, so sorry, to see you die!
Oh, what shall I be to you, dear, to-day,
When the cold, dark night shall be to you
few.
And the hours of another morning stand
Relentless and stern 'twixt you and me!
Oh, what shall I make of you, dear, to-day—
In the chain of my life another link,
That shall guide with other radiant ones
My path to the beautiful favor's brink?
—Eve East, in Detroit Free Press.

UNCLE EBEN'S MINERALS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Alix! Alix! where are you?"
Alix Ames stood like some avenging
Fate in the middle of the water room at
Anscomb Farm. She had pulled up
every tack in the well-worn ingrain car-
pet—the one "stone carpet" that the
humble establishment afforded—and the
humble establishment of the window, where
it had descended with crushing weight
on the fiery red blossoms of a monster
"burning bush."
She had opened every casement wide,
so that the yellow light of the glorious
May morning streamed in, a flood of
crystal glory.
She had tied her auburn hair up in an
old towel, and stood on a wooden chair,
brushing cobwebs from the ceiling
with an ancient broom, like the pro-
verbial "old woman" of the nursery
rhyme.
At the sound of her sister's voice she
stopped abruptly.
"I'm here," said she.
"What are you doing, Alix?"
"I'm trying to civilize things a little."
"All alone by yourself, Alix?"
"There's no one to help me!"
"Can't you wait until Bridget Reir-
don comes to-morrow?"
Alix shook her towelled head.
"This is one of the cases," said she,
"where patience has ceased to be a vir-
tue. No, I can't wait a day longer."
Elen looked anxiously around the room.
"Why, what have you done with
everything?" said she.
"I cleared them all out. If we are go-
ing to have summer boarders, we must
get ready for them. Uncle Eben occu-
pies our best bedroom, and is likely to
be here for some time; consequently this
must be fitted up for boarders."
Elen sighed deeply.
"I wish we weren't so poor," said she.
"I wish we could live without
filling our house every summer with a
crowd of noisy strangers."
"Why don't you wish for Aladdin's
lamp, or the Koh-i-noor diamond while
you are about it?" said Alix, scornfully.
"Alix, you have got to grow so bitter
about this, you can give you a home-
less sister!"
"I don't hardly know you!"
"Am I bitter?" Alix stood still and
hesitated for an instant or so. "Well,
perhaps I am. But it is not enough to
make any one bitter, this constant cur-
rent of disappointment?"
"I don't know that we have any more
to bear than others, Alix."
"You do, too!" cried Alix, springing
down from her wooden chair, with
burning cheeks and eyes alight. "You
know you do, Elen Ames! Here you
are engaged to Henry Lucas and can't
marry until he can give you a home—
here we are weighed to the very chaff
with poverty and care, and this old
uncle of ours, coming back from a life-
time of shiftness in New Mexico, to
place an additional burden on our
shoulders."
"He is old and poor, Alix."
"Very well, I'm young and poor.
Where's the difference? Of the two, I
maintain that he is the better off."
Elen looked at her stormy-tempered
sister with troubled eyes.
"Evidently she thought it best not to
continue the subject."
"What have you done with the little
case of butterflies and birds' nests?" said
she, "and the cabinet of minerals and
the paper box of stones?"
"I tumbled them back of the goose-
berry bushes," said Alix. "I can't have
the room cluttered with all the trash he
brought back in that wooden chest of
his."
"Couldn't you have stored them away
in the old chest itself?"
"Nonsense!" said Alix, as that! And,
besides, it would have been quite impos-
sible, for I've had Billy chop the old ark
into kindling wood. He'll never
know it."
"Oh, Alix!"
"I don't care!" flashed out Alix, with
a reckless toss of her head. "It's too
bad! Everything goes wrong with us,
and mother is utterly overworked, and
I'm clear discouraged, and—"
All of a sudden her factious courage
broke down. She sank in a little heap
on the floor, her head on the wooden
chair-seat, and her nose of auburn hair
escaping wildly from the towel, while
her whole frame shook with sobs and
bright tears trickled down her cheeks.
At the same moment Mrs Ames's soft,
troubled voice was heard, calling:
"Elen! Alix! where are you, girls?
Your uncle is back from the mine! Run,
one of you, for the doctor! And I other
one, come and help me lift him!"
Elen flew to her mother's assistance
and Alix mechanically tore the towel
from her curls, exchanged it for a bon-
net and hastened to summon Doctor
Dodd, who lived at the other end of the
village.
"Is it my fault?" she asked herself.
"Was it because I repined? Oh, dear,
oh dear, what a wicked girl I must be!
But everything seemed so hard and
cruel, and—I couldn't endure it."
Late in the afternoon she peeped into
the sickroom, shy and shrinking, like a
frightened child. "Is he worse?" she
whispered.
Mrs Ames came to the door, a slight,
swoony woman, like a human dove.
"You needn't speak so low, dugh-

ter," said she. "He can't hear you.
He's quite unconscious."
"Why does he keep muttering so?"
"Of think he's wandering in his mind—
poor old Uncle Eben! Oh, dear—oh,
dear! And I can remember him such a
portly, handsome man," added the
widow, wiping her eyes. "He was the
youngest of all the brothers. Come in,
Alix, and see him. He's spoken your
name two or three times. Don't look so
startled, dear. He seems quite happy
and composed. He's talking all the
while about those curiosities of his—the
minerals, you know, and things."
Involuntarily Alix's eyes met the
only reproachful glance of her sister's.
The sudden scarlet mounted to her
cheek.
"Oh, Elen, don't look at me!" she
exclaimed. "I brought them every one
back—yes, I did—and I put them ex-
actly where they were before. Do you
think I could have come into this room
if it hadn't been for that?"
And she went up and stood by the
bedside, her eyes full of tender tears, her
voice pitiful and low.
"Uncle Eben," said she, "do you
know me?"
"It's Alix, ain't it?" crooned the old
man, after a moment's silence. "Alex-
ander's oldest girl. The prettiest one.
Yes, it's Alix—and she's to have my cu-
riosities—all of them, mind! Nell has
got a lover, but that ought to be enough
for any girl. But Alix is alone, and Alix
shall have my curiosities."
"Thank you, Uncle Eben!" said Alix,
as the invalid paused, expectant of an-
swer.
And then he began to prate of South
American forests and the ruined mission
houses of New Mexico, and shortly after
he died.

And when Alix finished cleaning the
spare room, she left the poor little treas-
ures in the drawer of an old-fashioned
book-case there.
"I couldn't have the heart to throw
them away a second time," said she, "af-
ter what he said to me. It was like a
child giving one shining pebbles or
wilted buttercups, with the idea that
they were precious treasures. But I'm
glad he said it. It seemed to soften my
heart; and, oh, it was very hard and bit-
ter just then! And I didn't know—how
could I?—that I should miss him so
much!"

It was late in the summer when one of
the neighboring girls came in.
"Miss Alix!" said she, "you told our
Becky she could have a basket of goose-
berries, didn't you?—them purple, prickly
berries, that grows down by the garden
wall?"
"Of course I did," Alix answered,
crisply. "I knew your grandma liked
gooseberry jam."
"Well, look here," said Fanny Rice,
opening her closed hand. "See what
she picked up there."
"A little sparkling stone, isn't it?"
"It's an opal," said Fanny, in a mys-
terious whisper.
"An opal?"
"Nonsense, child! What are you talk-
ing about?" cried Alix, scornfully.
"But it is an opal. John Lytton, who
works at Tiffany's, in New York, is
down visiting his mother, and he says
it's a real Oriental opal in the rough.
Now the question is, John says, how did
an opal ever get among your gooseberry
bushes? Is there a jewel mine hidden
down there?" she added, half jesting.
Alix turned first red, then white. She
knew well how it had come there.

"Ask John Lytton to come here and
see me, Fanny," said she. "I have at
least a dozen stones like that."
It was like the coming to a fairy story.
Not jewels turning to ashes, apparently,
but rough pebbles ranking, all of a sud-
den, as precious jewels.

Uncle Eben's minerals, disguised in
the dimness of their conglomerate sur-
roundings, were opals of rare fire and
value.
Whether he had picked them up in
New Mexico, among the ignorant traders
there, or brought them direct from South
America, no one ever knew. But opals
they were.

"And to think," said Alix, with a
little catching in her breath, "how
near I came to throwing all my inheri-
tance away! Oh, what a wicked, evil-
tempered young virago I was! And no-
thing but Ellen's sweet, gentle words
saved me from the consequences of my
own folly. And so Ellen shall have half
of my inheritance!"

And for some weeks the gooseberry
bushes at the foot of the Ames garden
formed a sort of Mecca for sightseers
and curiosity-mongers.
"We can't use to berry bushes as
beats," said the children, "as the
Gaffer's. Not in this part of the
world."—Saturday Night.

Ancient Inks.
The ink first used probably was some
natural animal pigment, such as the
black fluid obtained from various species
of cuttlefish; but the limited supply of this
material soon led to the use of a chemical
mixture of water, gum and lamblack,
and the characters were pointed rather
than written, by means of a broad
pointed reed.

As ink of this simple nature was easily
removed from the surface of the parch-
ment by the mere application of moisture,
it was early found necessary to contrive
some means of forming a more durable
ink, and for this purpose the expedient
was adopted of treating the mixture with
some substance such as vinegar, of the
nature of a mordant, which would pen-
etrate the parchment written upon, and
form an ink not liable to fade.

A chemical dye, consisting of an in-
fusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was
afterwards used, from its viridaceous na-
ture it bit into the medium employed,
but a compound vegetable ink, contain-
ing a good deal of carbon pigment, was
subsequently adopted, and was very
generally employed down to the middle
ages.

With ink of this sort the best and most
ancient manuscripts which have been pre-
served to us were written, and the sepa-
rate leaves, after being allowed to dry
slowly, were bound together in vol-
umes.

Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other
writers, give receipts for the manufac-
ture of inks.—Chambers's Journal.

Asbestos Deposit.
The Industrial Register calls attention
to the wonderful deposit of asbestos
which has been found near Hamilton, in
Ragot County, Wash., and has been un-
covered to a distance of seventy-five
feet, and at the cropping is said to eight
feet in width. The asbestos is of ex-
cellent quality, the fibers, fine as silk,
being in some instances as much as
eighteen inches in length.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Sereenad—Reflections on His East-
ern Methods—A Critical Suggest-
tion—A Sad Case—Etc., Etc.
My love awake!
On you still late,
Where shine the moonbeams clear,
There waits my love—
There let us float—
None save ourselves is near.
To-night with me
Wouldst thou but rise
With naught on your soul to log!
But hark—"how woe!"
I'll leave thee now—
I've waked that horrid dog.
—New York Herald.

REFLECTIONS ON HIS BUSINESS METHODS.
Lady—"You look like the same man
that was here for cold victuals yesterday
morning."
Tramp (deeply hurt)—"Madam, in
the five years that I have been a travel-
ing solicitor this is the first time that any-
body has ever accused me of doubling
on my route."

A SAD CASE.
Papa—"Well, that young spend-
thrift beggar promised to cease his im-
pertinent attentions to you?"
Penelope—"Yes, sir."
Papa—"Well, what are you crying
about, then?"
Papa—"I'm afraid he'll keep his
promise."—Munsey's Weekly.

WIZZLE'S GREAT READ.
"Our young friend, Wizzle, must be
improving rapidly. He tells me he has
many compliments passed on his poetry
nowadays."
"Yes, Wizzle has taught his parrot to
cry 'how beautiful! what feeling!' and
so on, every time he reads one of his
poems aloud."—Munsey's Weekly.

WHAT HE OUGHT TO GET.
Poet—"How much ought I to get for
that poem?"
Editor—"Oh, I should think about
ten."
Poet (with a sickly smile)—"Yes; I
know what you are going to say: 'Ten
dollars or thirty dollars.'"
Editor—"No, sir; ten years."—Judge.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.
Tramp—"Can you give me work?"
Maternalism—"Yes. I pay a dollar
a day."
Tramp—"All right; hand it over."
Maternalism—"Ah, I never pay in
advance."
Tramp—"Great Scott, lady! and do
you expect me to work for you in ad-
vance?"

A CIRCULATING RING.
Alice—"I met Minnie Renee to-day
and she showed me the engagement ring
that Horace Pickle gave her."
Gwendolyn—"Is it a pretty one?"
Alice—"You remember the one he
gave you and me?"
Gwendolyn—"Let me think. Oh, yes."
Alice—"It's the same ring.—Jeweler's
Circular.

OVERHEARD IN THE LUMBER YARD.
"Hello!" said the Pine Log to the
Hickory Log. "How've you been?"
"Pretty well, thanks. What has be-
come of your brother?"
"Oh, he has gone into a large import-
ing house in New York. Where is
yours?"
"Doing picket duty on a back yard
fence."—Munsey's Weekly.

RESPONSIBLE CORDS.
Algonquin Spoons (who has poetic as-
pirations)—"Alas! this sorrowful world!
Still I never knew a sympathetic soul!
Can I never touch a responsive chord?"
His Mother (distinctly practical)—
"Well, there are about fourteen cords
out in the woodshed that would probably
respond if you should touch them right
with an ax."—Boston Courier.

HE KNEW HER.
Wife—"I've just had a letter from
mother."
Husband—"How is she?"
Wife—"She's miserable."
Husband—"I'm glad of it."
Wife—"Monster!"
Husband—"Not at all. I know your
mother. She's never happy except when
she's miserable."—New York Press.

A QUICK CHANGE IN VALUE.
"Ah, is this your house?" How much
do you consider it worth?"
"That house, my friend, cost over
\$10,000."
"I see. I am the new Assessor for
this ward, you know."
"Oh, ah—what did I say? I was
thinking of the next house. This one of
mine cost about \$5000."—London Cit-
izen.

A CRITICAL SUGGESTION.
Yabsley—"Of course, you will admit
that woman, as a rule, is far inferior to
man in reasoning power, but she seems
to have a sort of intuitive sixth sense—
er—I don't know exactly what to call it
—that, as I can testify from personal ex-
perience, man is lacking in."
Miss Laura—"Do you refer to com-
mon sense, Mr. Yabsley?"—Indianapolis
Sentinel.

PRIVILEGE FIREMEN.
"These firemen must be a frivolous
set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was read-
ing a paper.
"I see so?"
"I read in the paper that after a fire
was under control the firemen played all
night on the ruins. Why didn't they go
home and go to bed, like sensible men,
instead of romping about like children?"
—Texas Triangle.

A PAIR OF THROATS.
A journeyman shoemaker was seized
with a violent fit of coughing at the din-
ner table.
"What is the matter with you?" said
his master.
"I have got something down the
wrong throat," was the reply.
"Look here," rejoined the gaffer, "I
can't do with a fellow who has got a pair
of throats, now that everything is so
dear."—Oberlinster Dorfzeitung.

THE NEED OF PRECAUTION.
"It is our first dinner together, dar-
ling, and I have invited our old friend
Dr. Scheldig, to dine with us."
The young wife was quite satisfied.
The doctor came on time, was excellent
company, and the various dishes, all pre-

pared by the bride, apparently appre-
ciated.

It was not until the physician had
gone that the wife suddenly grew
thoughtful.
"Thomas," she suddenly broke out,
"why above all your friends did you in-
vite me and not that man a doctor
to dine with us to-day? Oh, Thomas,
Thomas, to think that you were afraid
to eat your first meal of my cooking
without having a doctor at your very
elbow."—Philadelphia Times.

THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART.
"Oh, Marie, Marie," pleaded the pre-
cise mother, "why do you use such
slang?"
"Way, mamma," explained the girl,
"I can't help it. Everybody does and
I am forced to do it in self-defence."
"But, my child, you shouldn't do
wrong, because everybody else does.
You should obey a higher and nobler
principle than that."

"Well, mamma, I hadn't thought of
it just in that way before. I can see
now that I have been led unwittingly
into a fault which neither right nor rea-
son can sanction."
The mother's eyes filled with tears.
"And you will never use slang again?"
she said, bending forward and kissing
the soft white forehead of her child.
"You be your sweet life I won't!"
exclaimed the impulsive girl, and was
silent.—Detroit Free Press.

TESTING A TRUNK.
A slim-faced man with a graveyard
cough was inspecting some trunks in
front of a Grand street store yesterday,
when the proprietor of the place ap-
peared and asked:
"Looking for a trunk, sir?"
"Yes."
"Here's the best \$4 trunk ever made,
and I'm the only one that sells 'em at
less than \$5."
"No good," replied the pale-faced
man with a sorrowful shake of his head.
"One of those trunks wouldn't stand
the journey from here to Poughkeepsie."

"What! I'll warrant 'em to go
around the world! Take 'em to one
and bang it about and convince your-
self."
"Do you give me leave to wrangle with
one?"
"Of course I do. Take right hold."
The man with the graveyard cough
drew in a full breath, called out: "Sche-
neck-to-day," as if warning a car-load
of passengers, and then reached for the
trunk. Rip! went one of the han-
dles—rip!—he went the other, and as he
stood it on end and upset it and dropped
it. The man with the graveyard cough
and the cover split in two. With a twist of
the wrist he gave it a slam-bang which
completed the wreck, and with a bow
to the trunk-man, he joined the crowd
and disappeared.

"Upon my soul!" gasped the proprie-
tor, as he viewed the ruin, "what I made
a big mistake in him! He's a baggage-
master instead of a dying traveller."
—New York World.

HE HAD MARRIED ANOTHER GIRL.
"My dear, let me present to you Mr.
Brown, one of my oldest and dearest
friends."
It was just after the ceremony at the
church and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were
receiving the congratulations of their
friends at the bride's home. Jones and
Brown, young lawyers, occupied adjoin-
ing offices for several years. Jones used
to work long hours every now and
then he would show the top line to
Brown. It usually read: "My darling
Carrie." Then Jones would break forth
in one of those rhapsodies to which
lovers are heir. Then Brown left the
city for six months and returned the very
day of the wedding.

Now, Brown was quite a distinguished
man in a dress suit, and Jones made
the presentation in a voice that attracted
general attention.
"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Brown,"
said the bride, "and I hope Mr. Brown's
friends will be my friends, I hope."
"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," responded
Brown, gallantly, bending low over her
hand. "Do you know, if I hadn't taken
the privilege of an old friend I shouldn't
have come to-night. I didn't get an in-
vitation, and I only returned to town an
hour or so before the ceremony. But I
used to."

"Didn't you get either the invitation
or the letter I sent you?" broke in the
happy bridegroom, nervously.
"Oh, don't apologize, old man," said
Brown. "That's all right; I've been
moving around so much that they didn't
find me. Now, as I was going to say,
Mrs. Jones, I felt as if you were an old
friend too. I used to see—now don't
shake your head at me, old man, and
sow, you know I did—I used to see,
Mrs. Jones, your husband writing."
"I say, Brown, won't you step into
the dining room and take some refresh-
ments?" interrupted the bridegroom,
desperately.

"Presently, thank you—I used to see
your husband writing long letters to
me."
"My dear, here are Mr. and Mrs.
Smith waiting to speak to you!"
—to his "darling Carrie," and
"Sir!" said the bride. My name is
Elizabeth."—Chicago Tribune.

Manufacture of Watch Glasses.
In the manufacture of watch glasses
the workman gathers with the blowing
tube several kilograms of glass. Soften-
ing this by holding it to the door of the
furnace, he puts the end of the tube in
communication with a reservoir of
compressed air, and a big sphere is
blown. It is, of course, necessary to
get the exact proportion of material at
the commencement of the operation, ac-
companied by a peculiar twist of the
hand and an amazing skillfulness. The
sphere ought to be produced without
dimples, and in such dimensions that it is
of the requisite thickness. Out of these
balls the workman cuts convex discs of
the required size. This is a delicate
operation. A "tournette," a kind of
compass furnished with a diamond in one
of its branches, is used. The diamond
having traced the circle the glass is
struck on the interior and exterior sides
with a stick and the piece is detached.
The discs, which are afterwards dried,
are obtained very easily. They are seized
by the thumb, passed through the aper-
ture already made and detached by the
pressure of two fingers. An able work-
man can cut 6000 glasses a day.

The Manchester (England) ship canal
is nearly completed, costing \$65,000,
000.
New York is to have a new fifteen
story building.

FOR A GOOD LINE OF
SPRING
MILLINERY
—AND—
DRY GOODS
CALL AT
Mrs. J. J. PHELAN'S
No. 17 Copeland St.

I DUNNO AND I KNOWIT.
I Dunno started out on a memorable trip.
With a valiant companion, I Knowit;
"Let us feel our way slowly," says slow I.
Dunno.
I Knowit says, "Let us just go it!"
And one would go fast and one would go
slow.
In this trip of I Knowit and slow I Dunno.
I Dunno picked his way, felt about with his
nose.
And carefully tested the bridges.
I Knowit rushed on, like a late express
train.
Over mountains and rivers and ridges;
He looked back and cried, "Get a move on,
old slow!"
"Oh, I'll go my own jog," said old slow I.
Dunno.
I Knowit got tangled and lost in the swamp
And well-nigh submerged in the mire;
I Dunno he found out, in his leisurely romp,
That the ground was too soft and wet
higher.

"I'll pole with my cane wherever I go
And staid along easy," said slow I Dunno.
I Knowit crawled out all covered with mud,
And banged and battered with bruises,
Says he, "A fellow with fire in his blood
Can doff in just wherever he chooses."
"I'll better to go kinder mol'rate and slow,
And not get banged and battered," said slow
I Dunno.

I Dunno traveled slow, but he got far ahead
Of the rapid cruiser, I Knowit;
I Dunno still said, "Let us carefully tread!"
I Knowit still said, "Let us go it!"
I Knowit brought up in the swamp of Dont-
care;
I Dunno reached the beautiful land of Get-
there.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

PITH AND POINT.
The cigarette habit—Rice paper.
Opposed to ring rule—The bachelor.
An all-night drive—The sun's below
the horizon.—Pack.
Farmer Wheelstone—"What do you
give with a cash order?" Mr. Barter—
"A receipted bill."—Pack.

It may be that revolutionary ideas are
the result of a turning of matters over in
the mind.—Detroit Free Press.
Slugs—Are the examinations at Yale
hard? He—Yes; they are so hard
that you can't cut them. They are Roost.
"How do you like your new boarding-
house? Is the table nice?" "Well,
there is never anything put on it that
would take away your appetite."—Pack.

A friar is on the butcher's brow
And he smugly a doleful tune.
For beef was never so high as now
Since the cow jumped over the moon.
—New York Condor.

"Was the elopement a success?"
"Hardly." "What went wrong?" "Her
father telegraphed us not to return, and
all would be forgiven."—Harper's Bazar.

"I don't think much of Mrs. Bron-
son," said Mrs. Smiles. "I spent the
afternoon with her—and such a woman
for listening to scandal! I never knew!"
—New York Herald.

A grave-digger was digging a grave,
And he whistled like a thrush or a linnet;
The reason he whistled while digging that
grave
Was because he himself wasn't "in it."
—Franklin News.

Clara—"My physician has advised me
to go to Germany for my complexion,
and I don't want to go a bit. I was
there only last year." Maude—"Why
don't you have it sent over?"—New York
Sun.

In Court: "Have you anything to say
in your defense, prisoner?" "Nothing,
Your Honor, except that I made a mis-
take in the number of the house. I did
not at all intend to break into that
house."
"Now," said the teacher, who had
been trying to instill her class with a love
of nature, "which of the seasons do you
like? Johnny may answer." And
Johnny promptly answered: "The base-
ball season."—Washington Post.

Starch in Leaves.
The formation of starch in leaves is
said to be dependent on the amount of
light and heat to which they are
subjected; but it is well known that a
high stage of vital power is required to
make starch, and bright light with more
heat than the plant requires is injurious
to the vital power of the plant. This
may be the reason why M. Mer, in a re-
cent discourse before the French
Academy of Sciences, gave it as his
opinion that the energy of starch forma-
tion was affected by causes not yet un-
derstood. The best he could do with the
subject, after a careful examination, was
to conclude that the maximum of starch
production was in the spring, and the
minimum in the fall. There is evidently
a rich field yet unexplored in this quarter
for the chemist-biologist.—New York
Independent.

One of the largest of Trees.
In a notice of the remarkably inter-
esting flora of Lord Howe Island, 330
miles east of Australia, M. W. Bristow
Hemley states that this peak of land,
only seven miles long by one wide,
contains one of the largest trees known
on a large bay on covering three acres of
ground. It grows on a rocky soil, and
only one larger tree on record—the
famous banyan between Poonah and
Kolar, in the Bombay Presidency,
whose branches extend over six or
seven acres.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

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VOL. V. NO.

Listen to T
A little corn on a
Caused by the pine
Instead of a three
As time went on
The too waxed red
It drew from them
Then off to White
For the Old ColIT IS SAFE AND SURE DEAR
Directions:—Apply the
five days; wash the feet on the
come off. If needed, repeat.Prepared only by
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Have you tried our C
The best Maple Sugar
Perfection Flour lead
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VOL. V. NO. 4.

QUINCY, MASS., JULY, 1891.

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Listen to This Wail of Toe.

A little corn on a maiden grew.
Caused by the pinch of a too-tight shoe.
Instead of a throe a number two.
As time went on (as time will do.)
The toe waxed red—the maiden blue.
It drew from the maiden a groan or two.
Then off to Whall's Drug Store, fast she flew.
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Herring and Yarmouth Bloaters.

IN FRUITS:—California Peaches, Apricots, Bartlett Pears,
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ARE RELIABLE AND CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.
The boys always stand by what they make or sell.
Give them a call and be satisfied.

PINEL BROS.

CALL AND EXAMINE THE

Souvenir Spoon for Quincy

Just the Article for a Present to Send out of Town.



FOR SALE ONLY BY

C. F. PETTENGILL

160 Hancock St., next to Court Room Building.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE
FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Summer Young Man—Hard
Work Too—Celestial Repeat—
Ye Summer Girl, Etc., Etc.

Oh, the summer girl song
Still goes doing along.
And its strain is enchantingly sweet:
But you find though you can,
For the summer young man
Not a line that's pleasant and neat.

Though now he may stand
With a varietal in hand,
And deal you out cloth by the span,
At some summer place
With a summerish grace,
He'll be king, will the summer young man.

When vacation he takes
'Midst the mountains and lakes,
Heads the slight masculine van,
And the girls who look down
On his calling in town
Will sigh for the summer young man.
—Washington Post.

HARD WORK TOO.
"What are you doing for a living
these days, Goslin?" asked Doolley.
"I breathe," replied Goslin with a
weary sigh.—Judge.

DRIVEN FORTH.
"So you've rented an office, eh? I
thought you did all your work at home?"
"Well, I did; but my wife bought a
canary-bird."—Judge.

YE SUMMER GIRL.
"That daisy over yonder has quite
a military air."
"Eminently proper. She participated
in no less than fifteen engagements last
summer."—Judge.

GETTING EVEN.
"He is not a beau of yours, is he?"
"Yes."
"He calls on me oftener than on you."
"Yes; I told him the days you were
not at home."—Life.

A SOFT SNAP.
She—"Now, my poor fellow, move
up to the table and help yourself."
He—"Move the table over to me,
man. I ain't used to over exerting my-
self."—Menace's Weekly.

ENSELPHIN MAN.
She—"It's a bull, and he's coming
right at us! What shall we do?"
He—"Well, don't stand there doing
nothing! Come and help me to climb
this tree!"—Munsey's Weekly.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW.
"Why are you so anxious to have
every one cultivate weeds?"
"Because," said the scientific gar-
dener, "I am convinced that that is the
only way to exterminate them."—Puck.

CELESTIAL DEPARTURE.
"You look rather pale," said the
World to the Moon. "Getting old and
feeble, eh?"
"I can go all around you just the
same," replied the moon.—Munsey's
Weekly.

A PAST BOY.
"Hugs—"I wonder that your son
should be such a spendthrift."
"Closely—"I can't understand it
either; send that boy away to spend the
summer, and it wouldn't take him over a
week."—Puck.

NOT AT HOME.
Caller—"Is Miss Sweetie at home?"
Servant—"No, sir."
Caller—"Please tell her I called. Don't
forget, will you?"
Servant—"No, sir; I'll go and tell her
this minute."—Yankee Blade.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.
"What ought I to give you?" asked
the diner, as he put his hand in his
pocket for a tip.
"I leave it with you, sir," said the
waiter, politely.
"Thanks; I can make good use of it."
And the waiter was tipless.

THE DIFFERENCE.
Bess—"No, indeed, Belle, I didn't say
that your shoes were too small for your
feet."
Belle—"What did you say?"
Bess—"I said that your feet were too
large for the shoes."
Belle (mollified)—"Oh."—Yankee
Blade.

ALWAYS GETS THE WORST OF IT.
Greene—"Whom are your children
said to take after, Mr. Enpeeck?"
Enpeeck (with a mental reservation)—
"The younger, with a sweet smile and
angelic temper, takes after his mother;
the elder, that cross-eyed young viper,
takes after me, I'm informed!"—Once
a Week.

ODIOUS COMPARISON FOR THE DONKEY.
Fenderson—"I want to ask your ad-
vice. Smith called me a donkey. Now
what ought I to do?"
Fogg—"You can't apologize to the
donkeys in the world, but you might re-
lieve your feelings a little by husting up
and apologizing to at least one."—
Boston Transcript.

A MYSTERY.
"What, my angel," exclaimed the
young husband, bursting into the
kitchen, doing the cooking yourself?
What is it?"
"Why, Edgar, how foolish of you!
How in the world can you expect me to
tell until I see what it turns out!"—
Flying Dutchman.

TWO AGES OF MAN.
At the Barber's (Scene First).—Bar-
ber—"Shaving, sir?"
Juvenile (at sixteen).—"You flatter
me! No; only hair cutting."
(Scene Second).—Barber—"Hair cut-
ting, sir?"
Bald-headed Gentleman—"You flatter
me! Not only shaving."—Humorist's
Blatier.

me! Not only shaving."—Humorist's
Blatier.

HIGHLY UNNATURAL.

Walker—"I had a most unnatural
dream last night, Padman. I dreamt
Binks borrowed \$5 of me for a week."
Padman—"Unnatural! Why, that's
Binks all over!"
Walker—"Yes, but I went on dream-
ing, and I dreamt that Binks paid it back
to me at the end of the week."—Ameri-
can Grocer.

WOULDN'T INTERFERE ON THE BABY.
Wife—"What, going off again? I
wanted to go out myself, to-night, and
thought perhaps you'd stay home and
take care of baby."
Husband—"I should like to do it, my
love, but do you know, I don't think the
baby particularly enjoys my company,
and I hope I am gentleman enough not
to force my company even on a baby."—
Boston Transcript.

SURE TO BRING IT.
Quester—"I'd like to know, my friend,
how you knew it was going to rain to-
day. The sun set last night in drapery
of many gore; every meteorological in-
dication assured a continuance of the
drought, and yet you confidently pre-
dicted the storm that is upon us. What
prompted you to the prophecy?"
Jester—"An infallible forerunner of a
storm. I spent two hours and my latent
virility in watering my plants last even-
ing."—Boston Courier.

AWFULLY SAD.
"How did Charlie Blazer ever happen
to propose to Edith Gushley?" asked De
Tompkins at the club.
"Haven't you heard? The poor fel-
low was up there one evening when they
were talking about some girl they knew,
and he said rashly that she had the true
ring."—

"Yes?"
"And Edith said she supposed it was
an engagement ring, and that's how it
happened."—Detroit Free Press.

KINDNESS MISAPPLIED.
"What's the matter?" asked the kind-
hearted old gentleman of the boy who
was weeping bitterly.

"I got two nice clean blocks, an'
then felters took 'em away from me."
"Well! well!" exclaimed the old
gentleman. "Did you want them very
bad?"

"Y-yes, sir."
"Haven't your mother any kindling?"
"No, sir, she ain't."
"Father too poor to buy any?"

"No, no, sir."
"Does he drink?"
"Some."

"Humph. Very proper pride. I see
it all," was the kind-hearted comment.
"But you want the blocks for
kindling, didn't you?"

"No, no, sir."
"What did you want them for, then?"
"I want 'em t-to hit together and
make a dickens of a noise with, sir."
The kind-hearted gentleman turned
the corner almost in a trot to avoid mis-
sing an appointment.—Washington Post.

KNEW WHEREOF SHE SPOKE.
There is a charming young widow in
South Minneapolis who retains a five-
year-old girl as the only pledge of her
dear departed. The little one has be-
gun to learn her alphabet. A gentleman
called upon the widow the other even-
ing. Of course the fond mother wanted
to show off her child. Taking up a
newspaper and pointing to the big letters
in an advertisement, the mother said:

"What letter is that?"
Caller—"A," responded the child.
"What comes after A?"
"B."

"And what comes next?"
"C," lisped the little one.

The inquiry was pursued still fur-
ther, but along toward the end of the
alphabet the little girl lost her bear-
ings and never answered a question.

Finally the gentleman thought he
would put a few questions. He began
with this one:

"What comes after T?"
The child looked him straight in the
eyes as she answered:

"A man to see mamma."
The lesson in English literature was
not prolonged.—Minneapolis Tribune.

DISGRACING HIS NOBILITY.
"Go!"
No, this is not the story of a horse
race. The monosyllabic that heads this
chapter was hurled by the Marquis de
Billeto at the head of his errand son and
heir.

"Go!" repeated the proud father.
"Let me never see your face again.
Never again shall you foot cross this
threshold. To think that one of your
noble name and lineage should wed an
obscure salesgirl! Get thee hence! As
long as I live these ancestral halls shall
never be darkened by your vile presence.
Go starve—or steal, I care not which.
You can bring no more disgrace upon
your honored name than you have al-
ready done."

"Yes, I can, father," said the young
man in a hard, metallic voice which
harmonized well with the steely glitter
in his eye and his frozen front. "Either
you forgive me or I go to work. You
shall have five minutes in which to de-
cide."

In four minutes the haughty noble-
man had found his mind and in thirty
seconds more had made it up.

"You have won," said he. "But little
did I dream of the depths of depravity in
your nature that you have to-day re-
vealed."—Indianapolis Journal.

General Grant's old log cabin, which
was expected would go to the World's
Fair, will not be transferred to that ex-
hibition. Mr. E. A. Joy, of Oil Or-
chard, Mo., has purchased the relic for
\$5000, and it is said will not permit it
to leave St. Louis.

There is no use being sleepless. Eat
lettuce before retiring.

A SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

Now the winds a-wailing go
Through the sore, forsaken trees
Now the day is waning low,
And above the troubled sea
Faint stars glimmer, and the breeze
Hovers, sad with memories.

Now the time to part has come,
What is left for us to say?
Shall we wander sad and dumb
Down this garden's leaf-strewn way
Or by tossing waves and gray
Hand in hand together stray?

In this garden shall we stand,
In the day's departing light—
Here, where first I touched your hand
On that unforgotten night
When you stood, 'mid roses bright,
Dream-embodied to the sight?

Where we met, Love, shall we part?
In this garden shall we twain,
Mouth to mouth, as heart to heart,
Loving turn, and kiss again.
In this garden shall we drain
Love's last bitter-sweet, and pain?

Nay, Love, let us leave this place;
Let us go, dear, to the beach,
Where in happy summer days,
Sleeping Love awoke to speech;
And his voice, tho' low, could reach
To the deepest heart of each.

There the sea winds drifting sweet
From some strange land far away,
And the blown waves as they meet
One another in the bay—
Those together haply may
Hint some word for us to say.

Let us kiss, then, dear, and go
Down together to the sea.
We will kiss, dear, meeting so,
If the days that are to be
If my heart should then be free,
In you should I remember me!

—Philip B. Marston, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lies at death's door—The obituary.
Makes noise enough for two—Twins.
Going the rounds—The man climbing
a ladder.

A bird in the hand is not worth two
on a bonnet.—Life.

Shadows of a great city—Inspector
Byrd's men.—Life.

Of course a fisherman knows what his
net income is.—Lowell Courier.

One of the barbarians—Teasing
ladies in hot weather.—Chicago Light.

The West Point cadet defines a kiss as
a report at headquarters.—Detroit Free
Press.

After all, a tuning fork is merely a
kind of pitch fork.—Binghamton Repub-
lican.

The Gallant (humbly)—"I am, not
wealthy, Miss Laurus but I—" The
Beauty—"That will do, Mr. Gailything,
No!"—Puck.

Seaside landlords are preparing to get
your surplus money if it takes all
summer.

If we had microscopic eyes, beauty
would not be skin deep.—Pittsburg
Dispatch.

Take a lesson from the strawberry
box. It is never full.—Westfield (N. J.)
Standard.

A man whose soul is harrowed is not
necessarily a cultured individual.—Bos-
ton Herald.

About the poorest occupation you can
find is to sit down and admire yourself.
Bum's Horn.

Great men are only ordinary men with
their hair combed and their faces washed.
—Athenian Globe.

The best method of keeping books—
Don't let your friends know you have
any.—Boston Post.

The world would be much better than
it is if men would live up to their obitu-
aries.—Cape Cod Item.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled
children—we never have them in our own
family.—Elmira Gazette.

The angler first lies in wait for his
catch, and then lies in wait of his
catch.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The man who talks in his sleep is not
as much of a nuisance as the man who
sleeps in his talk.—Boston Courier.

Men would be very wise if they could
only learn as much as their boys think
they could teach them.—Bum's Horn.

The baseball umpire hasn't much of a
reputation as a duelist, although he is al-
ways calling men out.—Elmira Gazette.

What a wheelman most dreams is ris-
ing ground, especially the kind that rises
up and strikes him on the top of the head.
—Detroit Free Press.

If you want a thing well done, do it
yourself generally; but when it comes
to sewing on a button you had better
ask your wife.—Savannah Journal.

Society Note: The groom's present to
the bride was a handsome diamond
brooch, besides many other beautiful
things in gold glass.—Elmira Gazette.

One of Dr. Howard Crosby's charac-
teristic puns was his translation of "In
vino veritas," which he Englished as
"Brandy peaches."—New York Independ-
ent.

"My social instincts are always very
strong," said the policeman. "It gives
me intense satisfaction to meet some
good clubbable fellow."—Washington
Post.

Smith was about to die, and was mad
about it. "Let me place your head
lower on the pillow, dear," said Mrs.
Smith, gently. "Stay," said Mr. Smith,
faintly, "who's doing this dying, you or
I?"—Judge.

A Matter of Taste: "Say, barber,"
said the victim to the artist, "you are
using a different brand of shaving soap
than you used last week." "Why do you
think so?" "It tastes different."—New
York Recorder.

"I haven't had an outing for two
years," complained Mrs. Smith.
"That's too bad," replied her husband
sympathetically. "I'll look at the ad-
vertisements and see if there isn't a free
excursion to a sale of lots you can go to
to day."—Wag.

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

By
St. John's C. L. & A. Association,
Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second
Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - - W. H. WAINES,
19 FENN STREET.
Subscription Agent, - - FRANK GILLESPIE.

Bishop Brady.

Before the next issue of the Monitor an auxiliary bishop will have been consecrated to assist Archbishop Williams. Rev. John Brady of Amesbury, Mass., has been chosen, and all his fellow priests unite in pronouncing the selection eminently wise. Fr. Brady has made a splendid reputation as a learned, eloquent, pious and just priest. With his amiable disposition will endear him to those who have not yet the pleasure of his acquaintance. The Monitor wishes the bishop-elect a long and happy episcopate, filled with blessings to himself and to the diocese.

Water Street Fiasco.

The discussion in the city council, regarding the widening of Water street, is enough to make sensible citizens weary of their representatives. This seems to be a year of tricks, and scarcely anything is brought before this public body that is not a subject for plots and petty scheming of one ward against another. Some of the members seem to imagine that they will sustain personal injury in case they allow any money to be spent upon any ward but their own, no matter how necessary the improvement may be, and the members at large seem to be swayed more by political partisanship than by zeal for the good of the city. They should remember that whatever benefits any section of the city is for the public welfare. If this council cannot see its way clear to widen Water street to at least fifty feet it should pass it over to another year, when, perhaps, we may have better facilities financially, and common sense will take the trouble to inform themselves of the vital wants of the city. Water street is already the main thoroughfare for the largest two wards in the city.

It is the outlet of the vast stream of granite business that gives life to Quincy. It is at present a narrow little alley, utterly unworthy of the name of a street, and entirely unfit to accommodate the traffic over it. In addition it has a track which practically narrows the street by five feet, and in point of fact the street is considered by many intelligent and prudent business men as a barrier to travel by lighter vehicles. The section near it is growing very rapidly, and of course this will increase the travel over the street. There is no chance to avoid in the future the placing of another car track upon it, and the fact must present itself to our citizens, that Water street must, of necessity, be the principal business street of Quincy. Let the present council put the land necessary to widen this street to at least 60 feet. Then let it be put into possible condition for a year or two, until some other council will feel able to pave it. But to make a blotch of widening it to 40 feet will be an egregious blunder, which will eventually cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Death of O'Gorman Mahon.
One of the ablest lieutenants of Daniel O'Connell in his struggle for Catholic emancipation, James O'Gorman Mahon, M. P. for Cork, died June 16th, in the 88th year of his age. To many of the present generation his name may seem strange, but over sixty years ago O'Gorman Mahon was one of the most prominent actors in Irish politics. When O'Connell issued his celebrated address to the electors of Clare, O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele were sent to open the campaign. Steele began with the very Irish proposition that he was ready to fight any landlord who felt aggrieved by having his tenants enfranchised for O'Connell. The Clare election marks an epoch in Irish history. All Irish political events are dated as having occurred before or after emancipation. An Irish election in those times would seem strange to the great majority of people at the present day. A large platform was built in the county court house, about twenty feet square, on this the candidates on both sides, with their immediate friends, were seated. The high sheriff, who acted as presiding officer, read the queen's writ, and called for the nomination of candidates. A freeman nominated one candidate, another freeholder seconded the nomination. This was repeated in the case of every nominee. A person could conceive a scene in a presidential election, where all the candidates and all their friends were assembled in one hall, and where each man who proposed or seconded a nominee was to make a speech, praising his own candidate, and denouncing his opponent, and where each candidate in turn made a speech in his own behalf and against his rival, with a court house full of excited voters, he could form some idea of an Irish election in the olden time. After the speeches were all made, the high sheriff called for a show of hands and declared the result to be in favor of his own candidate. A poll was then demanded in behalf of the other side, and the voting commenced. Booths similar to our voting precincts were opened and the voter went up on a table, and after being examined as to his qualification, declared in a loud voice for whom he voted, and his name was so recorded. These were exciting scenes, and an election seldom took place which was not followed by one or more duels. O'Gorman Mahon at the Clare election was a young and very handsome man, and he was somewhat of a dueler, and his dress was of a fantastic style. He wore on his breast a medal of the "Order of Liberator," and he took up a position which attracted the high sheriff, who, in a dictatorial voice, asked: "Who are you, sir?" "My name is O'Gorman Mahon, sir," was the answer. "I tell that gentleman to take off that badge," ordered the sheriff. "This gentleman," laying his hand on his breast, "tells that gentleman 'pointing to the sheriff,' 'what if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has the arm of a gentleman to protect him.'"

The death of O'Gorman Mahon leaves O'Neil Dwyer of Kilmone, in the County of Wick, the only survivor of the band of patriotic Irishmen who aided O'Connell in the great struggle for Catholic Emancipation.

The Great Tent Festival.

The only celebration of the glorious Fourth in Quincy, will be held in the mammoth tent on Crescent street, West Quincy. Extensive preparations have been made for a great event. Golden Hair and six Bears will hold a public reception and entertainment at 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. After this "Jumbo Jum" will tickle the sensibilities of its spectators. The tent will be open all night before the Fourth, and all day. A multitude of beautiful, useful, and refreshing articles will be for sale by West Quincy's fairest daughters and the excitement will be heightened by the presence of the Oriental Astrologer who will reveal the future to those seeking to know it. If you want to have a highly enjoyable time on the Fourth of July, the only place you can get it at is the Mammoth Tent Festival.

The Next King of England—Perhaps.

The character of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has been the best of the best. He is credited with being a regular runner of the lowest type, his being the heir to the English crown being his only claim to be allowed to mix in the society of gentlemen; but the fascination of England's do as thou dost, which doth hedge a king with a severity that astounds decent men. The recent gambling scandal which has driven Sir William Gordon-Cumming has developed a phase in the character of the prince which degrades him to the lowest level of the vile crowd with whom he associates. It is said that there is honor among thieves. In the Prince's set the sentiment of honor seems to be unknown. He went to Tranby Croft with a set of gambling tools in his pocket. It is not said that the company were blacklegs, but one of the number was detected cheating, and was denounced to the father, the Prince of Wales. The Prince, who is in bad odor with decent people, and who is always impetuous, is at present intriguing with the ministry for a grant from Parliament, favored by the matter up. Between the company they induced Sir William Gordon-Cumming to sign a paper, virtually acknowledging his guilt, on the condition that the whole matter should be kept a profound secret. This document was placed in the hands of the Prince, whose honor was pledged to keep the secret.

The Prince kept the secret and his word of honor, until he met a certain Peeress of his acquaintance, whom he told the story, and, of course, she related the matter to a confidential friend, and the scandal soon became public property. It is this degrading fact that raised the ire of the British public and annoys his lady mother, the queen. Even George IV., rowdy and libertine as he was, never descended so low as to break his word. Albert Edward has descended to a lower depth than his predecessor. A painter named McKinley fell from the Willard school building recently and broke his hip. He was taken to his home at Savin Hill, whence he was ordered by Dr. Fildell to the Boston City Hospital. It is said he is a nephew of McKinley's first fame. Passengers at the Quincy Adams station will now find Mr. Pennington's carriages at their service. It is rumored that Boston is to have a hotel specially for colored people at the South end. Mr. Josiah Quincy will deliver the Fourth of July oration under the auspices of the Boston City Government. Sunday morning, June 27, a slight fire occurred in A. W. Woodward & Co.'s blacksmith shop. Mr. Timothy Duggan of Atlantic is quite sick. Miss Clara Dalton has gone with her friends to Prince Edward Island.

Base Ball.

The St. John's have organized a team this season, composed almost entirely of society members. We have hired the circus grounds at South Quincy, and invite all who wish to practice on it, evenings, to do so freely, and at any time when the club does not use it. The team played its first game at North Weymouth, Saturday, June 20th, and were defeated after an intensely exciting game by a score of 8 to 6. The cause of our defeat was the desertion of our pitcher to the other club. Mr. Mahon made his debut as our catcher and did splendidly. Kiley played a grand game all around, also Donovan, Cunningham, Ingraham. For June 27th, the North Eastons had engaged the game, but without notice to us they made arrangements with the Stoughtons for one hundred dollars. A game was then made with the strong Whittens, Burdett & Young team, which resulted in a 9 to 5 victory. Ring pitched a wonderful game and McMahon's throwing to bases and backstop work could not be excelled. Donovan led the batting, closely followed by Cunningham and Mullen. Davorin did some great base running and Kiley and Ingraham played their usual superb game. For the visitors, Landers and Nolan did fine work and Maloney at third was a whole team. Come around Saturday if you want to see first-class ball games. Home talent will be used as far as possible and obtainable.

Representative Burke.

The confidence which the friends of Mr. Burke felt that he would make a good representative, has been fully justified. Very few men have made such a marked impression on the House of Representatives at their first session as Mr. Burke. His action on the water question proved that he is an able debater, as well as a shrewd parliamentary tactician, and although he was defeated in his efforts to secure the charter acceptable to his constituents, he proved that the true steel is in him by the stubborn fight he made unaided, against great odds. His action in the legislature has earned the strongest respect of a majority of the citizens of Quincy, and we predict for Mr. Burke a long career of usefulness as a public man. There is already a strong feeling among the voters that Mr. Burke should again represent Quincy in the House next term. No truer or straighter candidate can be mentioned. All the great Boston papers gave him high praise, and he is very popular among his associates.

The Workmen's Train.

Mr. Kendrick of the Old Colony Railroad has said that he is ready to give a reduced rate of fare on a workmen's train whenever a committee will call on him to make arrangements. Now is the time for all who desire a cheaper rate to organize and to obtain what they want. The preliminary work has been done. The benefit of such cheap fare will be very great.

LOCALS.

The month of July is dedicated in a special manner to the precious blood of our Lord.

Miss Mary Hayes and Mr. John Sullivan were married in St. Mary's Church on Thursday, June 25. Rev. P. A. Frigolietto performed the ceremony and celebrated the nuptial mass. The bride's dress was white tulle and lace. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary McGilvray, was attired in pink. Mr. Thomas Sullivan gave a reception in the evening at the home of the bride's father on Copeland street. They left on the 10:30 train for a short tour, after which they will live in Vinalhaven, Me.

Saturday June 28, was the closing Sunday for Sunday School and high mass, in the Catholic churches of the city. Be in your place promptly at 10:30 during the summer so as to hear the whole of mass.

On June 17, the children of the Sacred Heart Sunday School of Atlantic, held their annual festival in the basement of the church. A varied and interesting programme was presented, the nursery maid's drill being particularly amusing. Thomas Hastings, as that colored nurse, kept the audience in constant laughter. The farce "Jumbo Jum" was well rendered. It will be repeated at the West Quincy festival on July 4. Don't fail to hear it.

The schools in Temperance and Farnum's halls closed on Wednesday, June 24. Thursday the partitions and chairs were removed and all the furniture packed, to be carried to the new Willard.

The St. Mary's C. T. A. will now return to their hall.

Miss Mary O'Brien of Copeland street has taken the position of bookkeeper at Emmons Bros' grocery.

Mr. Newman Savage of West street has sold his house to Mr. James Ogilvie.

Some of the young people enjoyed a lawn party in Reardon's field on Wednesday, June 24.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, June 27, the St. John's Sunday school children held their festival in Hancock Hall. The hall was well filled, and the programme presented very pleasing. There was a tent erected in the rear of the hall for the sale of fancy articles, ice cream, candy, totes, etc.

Mr. John Connelly is going to try his luck at expressing.

Miss Mary McNally of Quincy graduated from Bridgewater Normal, Wednesday, June 24.

Mr. William L. Sullivan won a gold medal for French at Boston College.

Mr. Hedges expects to start his branch grocery in Ward 4 by the middle of July.

A painter named McKinley fell from the Willard school building recently and broke his hip. He was taken to his home at Savin Hill, whence he was ordered by Dr. Fildell to the Boston City Hospital. It is said he is a nephew of McKinley's first fame.

Passengers at the Quincy Adams station will now find Mr. Pennington's carriages at their service.

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Mr. Timothy Duggan of Atlantic is quite sick.

Miss Clara Dalton has gone with her friends to Prince Edward Island.

In connection with the tent festival, there will be a watch contest between two young ladies of the city, Miss Annie White of West Quincy and Miss Annie Collett of Atlantic. The money collected by each will be for the benefit of their respective districts.

Rumor says Mr. James Kane intends moving his fruit store to Farnum's block.

Rev. Frank Walsh and Mr. Frank Hart are home from Brighton Seminary for the summer.

The pupils of St. Mary's Sunday School took the final examination of the season last Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Farrell's new house on Willard street is about completed and will soon be ready for occupancy.

Don't fail to visit the tent on July 4. Come and hear the bears. You will find excellent ice cream and cool drinks and a large assortment of beautiful fancy work. Everything in fact can be found there to give people a pleasant Fourth.

THE LABOR WORLD.

AUSTRIA has women hoodlars.

IRELAND has a union of women.

GERMANY has a union of women.

NEW YORK CITY has a Hebrew tinsmith's union.

AUSTRALIAN Italians have a National Union.

NEW YORK colored waiters have a K. of L. Assembly.

FEDERATION sentiment is growing among union railroaders.

CALIFORNIA fruit farmers will be asked to disengage Chinese coolies.

A NATIONAL Union of Architectural Iron Workers will be formed.

MANY of the hotels in Virginia are substituting white for colored waiters.

A PROGRESSIVE law in Spain prohibits Sunday work by persons under eighteen.

The American and European harness makers talk of an international union.

IRELAND has passed a law prohibiting the employment of children under fourteen.

INDIANS at the Carlsbad (Penn.) Government Camp are making wagons and harnesses.

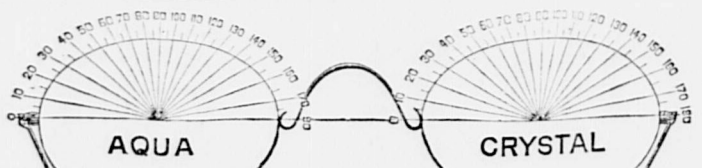
At Garretts, N. C., women wait for fifteen cents a day. Farm hands get \$8 a month.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

The strike of horsemen in Bordeaux, France, has been settled. The company agreeing to the demand for a day's work of twelve hours.

The law passed in the British House of Commons prohibiting the employment of children under eleven years affects 200,000 little workers.

It is nearly all the large retail shops in London, England, the same number of hours as well as work in the morning. Even the black silk dress they wear during their working hours belong to their employer.



EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

In Rubber and Steel Frames, from 25c. to \$2. Solid Gold, from \$3.50 to \$7.

LARGEST STOCK IN QUINCY.

WILLIAMS. - THE JEWELER.

MAMMOTH TENT FESTIVAL!

WEST QUINCY,

JULY FOURTH, 1891.

"Golden Hair and Six Bears."

"Jumbo Jum."

"Oriental Astrologer."

Temperance Drinks, Ice Cream, Fancy Articles,

Toys, Candy, Fruit and Cake For Sale.

Open All Night Before Fourth.

Performance at 2 and 8 P. M.

J. W. McNARNEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

Room 1, Dargis & Merrill's Block.

Saturdays at the office of Cotter & Jenney

20 Washington Street, Boston.

Hancock Street. - Quincy.

John Hall,

Funeral & Furnishing

UNDERTAKER,

EMBALMER,

51 Hancock Street.

Carriages and Flowers furnished.

Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone No. 352.

W. A. HODGES,

BAKER

Hancock St., Quincy.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, Crackers,

Etc., of All Kinds.

Orders for Wedding Cake

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

JEROME S. MACDONALD,

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Real Estate Mortgage and Insurance Broker

Agent for Imperial City of London, German American, and Fire Association of Philadelphia, Fire Insurance Co.

209 Washington Street, Boston.

Room 2, Rogers B. Bldg. Opp. State Street.

GEO. A. DEVLIN,

Civil Engineer

and Surveyor,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

I AND Surveying, laying out of Real Estate, and general work of all descriptions.

Plans and Estimates furnished for improvement of property, and work superintended. Quincy, May 17.

W. E. BROWN,

UNDERTAKER,

PIERCE'S BLOCK,

Cor. Hancock and Washington Streets

Residence: Faxon Avenue,

Telephone Connection.

DR. C. R. ENGLAND,

DENTIST,

19 Chestnut St.,

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone.

Ladies' Shirt Waists

WINDSOR - TIES.

THE LATEST PATTERNS IN

Challie, Gingham & Outings.

ALSO A NEW LINE OF

HAMBURGS.

White and Colored Aprons.

Mull Hats & Lace Bonnets.

HOSIERY, from 10c. to 50c.

The Misses Flynn,

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Our Prices the Lowest,

Our Stock the Largest,

And We are Offering

Special Bargains

Dress Goods,

Hosiery,

Underwear,

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

It will pay you to Call and Examine Prices.

CLAPP BROS.

Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

FOR A GOOD LINE OF

OUTING GOODS,

SHIRT WAISTS,

MILLINERY

Dress Goods,

CALL AT

Mrs. J. J. Phelan's,

17 Copeland Street,

QUINCY.

NOTICE!

To all persons who have ordered with orders when in the employ of other firms, I would say, that I can fill all orders equally as well at the present time, and all orders given will be to my benefit.

Yours respectfully,

W. T. PIERCE, Agt.,

BOSTON MARKET,

No. 14 Hancock St.

TRY A GLASS OF SODA!

WILLARD'S, - SCHOOL ST.

21 FLAVORS TO SELECT FROM.

PURE FRUIT JUICES.

S. F. WILLARD, - Druggist,

No. 27 School Street, Quincy.

To Celebrate the Fourth,

SAVILLE & JONES.

Here you will find a Beautiful Assortment of

Neckwear, Shirts,

Outing Shirts,

Straw Hats,

Tennis Caps, Stiff Hats,

Yacht Caps,

Bicycle Caps.

ALSO, THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Boots & Shoes

Carried in Quincy.

Comprising Shoes for Children, for Women, for Men and Boys. At this season we make a Specialty of Shoes for Summer Wear, for Tennis, Yachting, Bicycling, and all out of door sports.

COME BEFORE THE FOURTH and get what you require.

SAVILLE & JONES.

HAMMOCKS.

Largest Stock!

Lowest Prices!

AT

Frank F. Crane's

No. 4 Chestnut Street.

LADIES' CAMBRIC WRAPPERS.

TEA GOWN STYLE.

For \$1.25 and \$2.00.

Ladies' TEA GOWN GINGHAM WRAPPERS for \$2.00.

Infants' Long Dresses, from 35c. to \$3.00.

Children's Short White Dresses, all prices.

Children's White Aprons, 50c. each.

One yd. wide Flouncings at 50c. per yd.

MISS C. S. HUBBARD'S, 128 Hancock St., Quincy.

Directly Opp. Post Office.

CEO. F. WILSON & CO.,

Groceries and Provisions.

A Good Assortment of

Teas, Coffees, Tobacco, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

Wilson Block, Hancock Street, Quincy.

All those in want of a

GOOD PICTURE,

will do well to call at the Studio of

A. F. BUSSELL,

ADAMS BUILDING, - - - QUINCY.

Open all day on the Fourth of July.

WALTER H. RIPLEY

Guarantees Satisfaction to Purchasers of

Granite Tools of All Kinds.

JOBING of all kinds Promptly attended to.

WORKS: Cross Street, West Quincy, Mass.

N. B.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Box 16.

4TH OF JULY

will not be complete without one of our

Celebrated Outing Shirts,

Prices from 50c to \$5,

And a Pair of

LITERATURE.

There lies in the center of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure.
And if but an atom or larger part
Of this shall endure—
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.
The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls towards heights
above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders
of love—
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have remained it and called it God.
And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great love
source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye,
Though kingdoms may perish and stars may
die.
—[Rand R. Huddleston, in *Pleasure*.]

BLIND DEATH.

BY M. QUINN.

We were hunting among the Black Hills soon after the first rush of home-seekers and speculators in that direction, and one day I left camp on my own hook and wandered away for three or four miles. As I stood resting beside a tree a deer broke cover in front of me and my pistol-shot away. It was a fine buck and he walked into the open as cool and as unconcerned as if no one had ever thirsted for his life.

I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my feet to get up and limp away, and knowing him to be mortally wounded I followed on after. The ground was very rough and covered with cedar thickets, and being a bit excited I pushed ahead as fast as possible and paid little heed to what was under foot. Of a sudden I found myself falling, and as I went down I dropped my gun to clutch at the branches. I went down ten or twelve feet over rocks, struck on my feet, and then plunged forward and brought up beside a big detached rock with a smash severe enough to have killed me outright. I did break two ribs and terribly bruised my hip, and fainted dead away with the pain.

When I came to I was lying on my right side, facing the jumble of rocks over which I had fallen, and I realized at once that I was badly hurt. Just how badly I hesitated to find out, remembering that I was miles from camp and could expect no help. I lay quiet, hoping the pains would sooner go away, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again. Almost in front of me and only about 25 feet away was the mouth of a den in the face of the cliff, and out of this den stalked the largest panther I had ever seen. He stood snuffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was to even utter a call for aid, things turned dark and I almost lost consciousness.

The wind was blowing pretty freely, and, luckily for me, it blew towards me. At first this was not of the slightest importance to my mind, as the beast could reach me with one spring, but I soon had reason to conclude that he was a queer animal. He turned to the left and trotted along over the ground a distance of about 50 feet. Then he wheeled and passed the den by about the same distance. When he had gone over this beat two or three times I discovered what was the matter. As he came towards me the sun shone full in his face, and I saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not have seen a tree in his path.

A blind panther out for exercise—blind death trotting along in front of a man so helpless that he could not have made his voice heard twenty feet away!

You have seen the beast confined in a cage—his limbs stiffened, his teeth broken and his savage nature tamed down by imprisonment and the sight of humanity until he will scarcely snarl at the cane thrust in to stir him up. This one was little, supple, vigilant—a combination of strength and fierceness not possessed even by the tiger. Discovered and hunted had blinded him, but he possessed every other power. Nature gives to the dreaded beast, instinct taught him the lay of the ground. He may have passed over it a thousand times.

Just so far to the east.
Just so far to the west.
A large stone is passed to the right.
A large tree is passed to the left.
Down by a ledge of rocks and wheel about, east to where the thicket begins, and then wheel again.

Grace—litheness—strength—dash! The lower jaw is down, and I have a fine view of the fangs which would rend the hide of a horse. At every footstep the terrible claws clench and grave—claws which would sink to the bone of a man's leg and then strip the quivering flesh off in bloody fragments.

There is a curious fascination in watching the beast as he takes his promenade. I forget my pains as I rejoice over his blindness. Had he been possessed of his customary vision—aye, could he but see ever so little—he would spring upon me, fasten those long, yellow fangs into my throat, and in thirty seconds all would be over. But he is blind. He cannot discover my presence if I remain quiet.
Heaven save me!

A shift of the wind, which here circles and eddies about, has carried him the scent. He stops midway in his promenade, rears up and sniffs the air with savage growl, and my heart beats so that it seems as if he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath is on my face.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! To the right—to the left—straight ahead!
There! He's lost it as the wind eddies about, and now he stands stock still and utters a continuous growl as he waits to catch it again. No, not like a statue. His long tail sweeps the ground in a half circle and his ears work swiftly back and forth. Blind death waiting to rend and bite and tear and kill!

The scent again! He rears up, whirles about three or four times as if on a pivot, and now he points full at me! A tape-line fifteen feet long would cover the ground between us—between where I lie helpless and he crouches down for a spring. If those sightless eyes could be restored, how they would glint and glitter and blaze!

"Growl! Growl! U-r-r-r-r!"
There's something in the sound which chills my blood—a menace—a warning of what is to come, which bids me shut my eyes and utter a last prayer. Why does he hesitate? What delays his spring? Ah! the wind has shifted again, and now his infirmity reasons against his natural ferocity. He has been blind for a year or two, perhaps. He has never left the cave except to move up and down over that one route. If he leaves it—if he springs at me—he may fall over a cliff for all he can tell. Had the scent held a moment longer he might have attacked, but now the breeze freshens up, the peaves around him are blown hither and yon, and seeming to argue that his quarry had passed on and was out of his reach. Blind Death crept back to his cave and entered it with mutterings of savage disappointment.

Well for me that his mate was not at home and that he did not return until I had managed to drag myself out of the neighborhood and secure assistance to reach camp. Had there been eyes to see me Blind Death might now be flinging my cracked and whitened bones about his dark den as he rolls himself in sportive mood. —[New York World.]

Sorting and Cleaning Wool.

The wool comes into the mill dirty, greasy, burry, sometimes washed by the farmer, but generally just as it is sheared from the sheep, a filthy and unwholesome thing, giving little sign of the beautiful white and fleecy substance into which it is soon converted. It must first be sorted, each fleece containing from six to eight qualities of sorts, which the careful manufacturer separates, devoting each quality to the purpose for which it is best suited. No skill in carding, spinning, weaving or finishing can possibly produce a soft or fine piece of goods from a coarse, hard fiber. When a woolen thread is to be spun to the length of 15,360 yards to a pound, or in the case of a worsted thread to twice that number of yards to a pound, everything depends upon care in the selection of the fleece and in the sorting. These sorts are impregnated with a greasy substance called the yolk or suint, caused by the animal secretions and the perspiration of the skin, a compound of potash and animal fat, which must be completely eradicated. The elimination of the yolk, dirt and foreign substances, common to all wools, results in a shrinkage of from fifty to seventy per cent.

Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes today. In the hand washing of wool a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a travelling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the automatic scouring now in vogue. Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks, and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thorough scouring. Thus cleansed the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

Watch Glasses.

It is interesting to know something of the details and labor connected with the production of these handy adjuncts to the laboratory. The glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient metal being taken to give the required thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will cut 6000 glasses in a day. —[Scientific American.]

Cured.

Father (threateningly)—I've a great mind to thrash you.
Little Son—Take a man of your size. Take me!
Father trembles at the thought and sits down. —[Good News.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ODD AND PRETTY SILKS.

The white China silks are seen with beautiful green thistles as large as life and even in heroic size upon their surface. Pink silks have both the green and the white thistles, while yellow, brown and blue ones have the thistle pattern in all the colors named. These are really very pretty, and make up in an exceedingly stylish manner, as they do not require other trimming than their own material; they are also to be recommended on the score of economy. —[New York World.]

ABOUT THE LENGTH OF SKIRTS.

Fashion seems to be vibrating just at the moment as to her coming dictum about skirts. From some European quarters it is reported that the long skirts are on the eve of sweeping themselves out of existence, and in evidence it is quoted that as white hosiery and strap shoes are certainly to be worn, trailing petticoats will have to go. Even fashion, that unreasonable dame, would hardly expect white stockings to be kept wearable with long skirts. But isn't it out of the frying pan into the fire, in any event?

A TOILET SECRET REVEALED.

A malicious maid discharged from the employ of the Princess Frederick Charles has been venting her spleen on her royal mistress by telling the means employed by the great lady to maintain a slim waist in spite of her advancing years. When she has nearly finished her toilet the service of too sturdy maids with large hands are called into requisition. These maids press the sides and front of her corset, while the mistress of the robes pulls the laces with all her strength until the Princess signifies by a little gasp that further pressure is unbearable. —[St. Louis Star Sayings.]

TENNIS COSTUMES.

The favorite colors are cream, light blue, pink and mauve. Stripe patterns will be worn more than checks this summer. The cream-colored stuffs are streaked with bright lines of green, pink, blue or gold. A pretty material in pale pink had narrow stripes of white silk, and a beautiful fabric in ivory white, made expressly for a costume which wanted something exclusive, was patterned at intervals of about an inch and a half with three lines of green. Tennis rackets and balls in blue or red on a light ground look rather smart. For short, loose-fitting jackets there are smooth-surfaced cloths in pretty colors, patterned with small spots in a contrasting shade. Elaborate tennis costumes are usually made of delaine or foulard. —[Brooklyn Citizen.]

THE WOMEN ELECTRICIANS.

Out of the 12,000 patents granted by this and other governments for electrical appliances, not one has ever been awarded to a woman, according to a well-posted electrical engineer, interviewed by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Only one woman in the world ever obtained recognition for her knowledge of electricity. She is an Austrian, and is said by one of the foreign engineers who attended one session of the recent New York convention of electricians to be the best posted woman on electrical science in the world. Yet she never obtained a patent. It is recorded that five applications for electrical patents have been received from women at the United States patent office, but none of them were granted, because they were not original. The reason why women have not attracted any attention in the electrical world is attributed by some of the engineers to their natural timidity, and also the fact that it is essentially an outdoor occupation. Women have as good theory as men upon the uses of electricity, but when it comes to practical demonstrations they fail. Electricity is the only branch of science in which women have not achieved fame. Not one of the delegates to the convention could recall any other scientific pursuit in which women are not engaged.

PRINCE GERMAN STYLES.

German styles are generally notable for their primness, but those adopted for wear by the Viennese matrons are perhaps as chic in their way as the French gowns of the most Parisian. The promenade costumes of our German cousins are distinguished by subdued coloring, straight lines and quiet effects. One gown is of light gray cloth, with vest and broad girde of black velvet. The costume worn by another young woman, whose tout ensemble suggests New York rather than Berlin, is of dark green faille, with velvet of the same shade, while the third of the trio wears an odd combination of gray-blue cloth, with brown velvet, the latter to be used in filling the slashes at the bottom of the skirt and for the lower part of the waist in front, which is shaped to display to advantage a pretty buckle. The panels of the skirt, the yoke and the tops of the sleeves may be braided. An unusually attractive street costume, which is striking without being conspicuous, is worn by a young woman of New York, and is pretty enough to deserve reproduction. The tones are

contrasting gray and red. The background of the figured cloth is of gray vicuña, varied by large spots of Venetian red, the skirt draped over red silk. The sleeves and waistcoat are of Venetian red cloth, and gilt buttons add a touch of brightness. The clip hat, with shaded ostrich plumes and velvet in two or three shades of red or gray, completes the costume. —[Chicago News.]

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE.

The hair dressed a la Reclamer, much like a small "Pompadour," is found very becoming beneath the new and beautiful "picture bonnets" for summer wear. This is an artistic coiffure that positively demands a smooth, snowy forehead, the hair coming to a decided point just at the top of the brow, and a number of airy tendrils and love-locks of hair cut purposely in hit-and-miss lengths, and combed out to lightly veil the temples. The hair at the back is arranged in loose coils, run through with jeweled head-pins. Diamond and other flashing ornaments are certainly more effective in coiffures arranged high. All, however, cannot suitably or becomingly dress their hair thus. The piquant class of beauty is enhanced by it, but it detracts from the classic. A successful compromise with many is to arrange the hair in the "emigrant braid" at the back of the head, thus leaving no portion robbed to dress the other. —[New York Post.]

FASHION NOTES.

Lace boas are out again.
Leghorn hats are to be as fashionable as ever.

The most extraordinary trimmings are seen this season.

Silver finger-boards, even lined with gold, are not proving a very great success.

Saclet powder is sewed up in the seams of the new reception and dinner costumes.

White silk or satin sunshades with a hand-painted panel are among the newest and handsomest from Paris.

A creamy white India powdered with half blown rose buds is a charming conception for a girlish beauty.

Tennis shoes show many improvements made since last season, the elastic cork soles being among the best.

Hammocks for 1891 come in new materials, designs and styles, to meet apparently every taste and every pocketbook.

The turnover, butterfly collar is gradually giving place to something more manly and less Miss Nancys in that line.

Scotch gingham and French satens are to have a run this season. The materials are inexpensive and make up stylishly.

Evening dresses for summer are made of the breeziest and lightest materials, some of which are called a "fashionable fog."

Perfumed stationery has come back as a reminder of a period even less refined than the present. It is not a fashion that is likely to be permanent.

Hand painted sash ribbons are seen. They are much to be admired, but girls who wear 'em must be always uneasy lest they get some spot on them.

After being discarded and left severely alone for many years, plain white stockings are actually coming into fashion again both at home and abroad.

A new bonnet, intended for mid-summer, is made of "knit straw." It is very odd and striking, and has the advantage of being "made in Europe."

Inexpensive but wonderfully pretty robes of India linen come with hemstitched necks, between which appear wide stripes of blue, yellow, red or heliotrope.

Many of the dress materials are so cheap this year that almost any girl can have an elaborate wardrobe at small expense. And the goods are very "collective."

When worn with red or white gowns the long black suede gloves and feather fan of the same inky hue stamp the toilette with a decidedly distinguished air.

Economy in Fuel.

Economy in fuel is one of the hardest things to teach; nothing seems to satisfy the ordinary servant but to pile on coal and to shake and poke to get the fire big, and then pile on more coal. With hard coal one can keep a good fire and still use very little coal. Give it time to burn and keep the draft's right. Use good sense and never fill the fire-box too full. When a small fire is used just to keep things going, have the top slides open and put on a little fresh coal to keep; then when greater heat is wished, close the upper draft and open the lower, and in a few minutes one has a good, bright fire; don't rake out the ashes unless it is necessary to have a hot oven; wait until one needs a hot fire, then clear out the ashes and add coal. A good manager will save half the fuel used by the ordinary maid-of-all-work and have a better fire at that. There should always be hot water in a kitchen, either in a boiler or a teakettle, as often "hot water" is wanted at a moment's notice. —[Chicago News.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAP.

The number of asteroids discovered up to date is 301.

Two new mica mines have been lately opened at North Grooton, N. H. Professor Millosevich has given the name "Unitas" to the small planet, No. 306, lately discovered by him at Rome.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and one-half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

Bricks are enameled by being dipped into a slip composed of finely ground enamel suspended in water. They are then dried and fired a second time.

Sir William Thomson condemns the single-wire system of electric lighting on shipboard on the ground that, in spite of every care, the compasses are affected.

It has been found that the juice of the fig when filtered and evaporated, and then treated with alcohol, yields a white precipitate which is an excellent aid to digestion.

Chloride of ethyl, a colorless liquid of agreeable odor, has been found to be an excellent refrigerant, and has been quite useful in cases of sciatia, neuralgia and toothache.

It has recently been observed that when liquid carbonic acid is allowed to escape into a stout canvas bag in the dark, and by its expansion to freeze into a snowy mass, the effect is accompanied by a pale, greenish light and electric sparks.

The successful manufacture of hardened chrome-steel armor-piercing projectiles having only small cavities, is held by Sir Frederick Abel to be a remarkable illustration of the control which has been acquired over the treatment of steel, to which an exceptional degree of hardness may be imparted without detriment to tenacity.

Mr. Renard, the distinguished French aeronaut, is building a new dirigible airship of over 3000 cubic yards capacity. It is said that the motor is made of aluminum and operates perfectly. The balloon will soon be finished and will be tested shortly. It will leave Meudon and operate between Versailles and Paris.

Dr. Behr, Entomologist of the California Academy of Sciences, has discovered that the timonose is a deadly enemy of the scale bug, green aphids, and other fruit tree pests, the birds feeding upon the eggs of the insects. Plans will be made for acclimating the timonose, which is found now only in large numbers in Monterey County.

A series of experiments has lately been made with regard to the familiar fact that not only dry high temperatures are more easily borne than moist, but dry cold causes much less discomfort than moist cold. Dogs, fasting or fed, being observed in an air calorimeter, it appeared that, in all cases, moist air increased the loss of heat by conduction and radiation.

Mr. Preston, in a letter to Dr. Hertz, the famous discoverer of electrical waves, points out that if the lines of force remain stationary while the magnet rotates, the magnet, being a conductor rotating in the field of its own lines, will become electrified, and show positive electricity at one end and negative at the other. If, on the other hand, the lines move with the magnet, no such effect will take place. Dr. Hertz admits the force of this reasoning.

Why Baby Cried.

The baby sat in his crib on the broad veranda of our southern home on that sunshiny morning.

He played with his little bare toes, and looked wonderingly at the big dog until he grew tired of both amusements. Then his fat face began to pucker up as if the baby were going to cry, just for a change; and his chubby hands pulled impatiently the strap in front of him.

At that moment the sun found a way through the mass of vines and leaves, sending one brilliant, narrow ray across baby's breast. Then the pucker all went away, and a happy smile took its place.

The baby leaned back in his crib, and looked at the long, narrow bar of gold. It pleased him, for he cooed in such a jolly fashion that it brought us all on our tip-toes to see what was the matter.

Then the baby's two chubby hands reached out to the sunbeam and clasped about it. Then baby opened them, and looked to see what it had. Again and again baby reached for the golden streamer, until unrelenting old Time had moved it a few inches out of reach of the chubby hands.

Then baby's face puckered again, his fat hands clutched his strap, and he broke out into yells that brought in the neighbors. —[Puck.]

An Unreliable Man.

"Look out for him," said Hostetter McGinnis, referring to a prominent gentleman; "he is a hypocrite and will play you a bad trick some day, just like he did me."

"What did he do to you?"
"What did he do? I borrowed \$10 of him, and the double-eyed scoundrel tried to make me pay it back. Look out for him, I tell you; you can't rely on him." —[Texas Siftings.]

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Don't Buy Your ICE CHEST OR BABY CARRIAGE,

ANYWHERE,
Without Examining Our Stock.

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No. 86 Hancock Street.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,
DEALERS IN

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red and White Ash, and Cumberland

COAL! :- COAL!

Pressed Hay,
Hard and Soft Wood,
and Split Kindlings.

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Yard on Granite Street, Quincy.
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Post Office Box—19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

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TIMOTHY DEASY,
where they will find a full line of

Spring and Summer Boots and Shoes.
REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
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To Celebrate the Glorious 4th of July, go to
STATION A, WEST QUINCY,
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And Largest Stock to Select from.
Also, Ice Cream and Soda of All Flavors.
F. C. KIMBALL, 15 Crescent Street, West Quincy.

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Choice House Lots in all parts of the city For Sale on easy terms, and money advanced to build. Care of property and collection of rents a specialty.

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DRAFTS FOR £1 AND UPWARDS AT LOW RATES.

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Catholic Publishers, Dealers in Church Goods and Religious Articles.
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Open until 8 p. m. on Saturdays.

WITH A GIRL ON YOUR ARM

You would hate awfully to pull out that blackened old Silver Watch on the Glorious Fourth. There is no need of it, either, when Williams, the Jeweler, can sell you a bang-up Timekeeper in a Gold-filled Case, warranted to wear 15 years, for \$15. Only a dollar a year.

WILLIAMS
112 COPELAND ST.

JOHN H. GOODHUE,
SOUTH QUINCY BAKER

BREAD, CAKE, PASTRY, ETC.,
CRACKERS at Wholesale and Retail.
WEDDING CAKE a Specialty.
25 - WATER STREET - 25

Three Da

VOL. V. NO.

Listen to T

A little corn on a
Caused by the pin
Instead of a three
As time went on
The toe waxed red
It drew from the
Then off to Whitt
For the OLD COL

IT IS SAFE AND SURE DEAR

DIRECTIONS—Apply the Doctor's

five days, wash the feet on the

come off. If needed, repeat.

PRICE

Prepared only b

APOTH

141 Hancock Street

BUY YOUR FLOW

And see that every

"PERF

PRATT &

Summer

CLOT

Here we are in the middle

we have a stock that we had

than carry it over. Take adv

Men's Suits, \$

Men's

Children's Suits, \$2.50

Boys' Long

Prices Reduced to make

GENTLEMEN'S

OUTING SHIRTS, in Chevi

Domit, 50c. to \$3.00.

NECKWEAR in all the Late

STRAW HATS at Half Price

IF YOU AL

CALL AND S

BOYS' SHIRT WA

MEN'S WO

OVERALLS, JU

MAKE NO MISTAKE

The Granite

ADAMS

FASHIONA

WM. J. WELSH,

D. E

FINE CUST

Very Best of Goods

Also, he has made it his busi

\$10.00 a year, or \$5.00 a half

thing done on the premises, and

Durgin & M

McGOY

NEWSDEALER

Fine Imported

Pipes, Tobacco

32 HAN

QUINCY.

BARD'S
HOUSE.

Your
BEST

RIAGE,

Our Stock.
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Street.

d & Sons,

alley Franklin, Red
Cumberland

COAL!

Wood,
Split Kindlings.

Brantree, 68-2; Quincy Point,
Weymouth, 102; East Brin-

DEASY,

Shoes and Shoes.
COMPTLY DONE.

OUTH QUINCY.

4th of July, go to
QUINCY.

AT LOWEST PRICES

et from.
All Flavors.

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and Mortgages.

for Sale on easy terms, and
properly and collec-

Quincy.

Store, West Quincy.

AND!

CKETS:

\$20.

Country.

UPWARDS AT

ES.

LAHONY,

ET, BOSTON.

YOUR ARM

that blackened old

There is no need

water, can sell you a

Case, warranted to

for a year.

AM S
D ST.

DHUE.

Y BAKER

he and Retail,

ING CAKE a Specialty.

BEST - 25

Three Days.

Quincy Monitor.

VOL. V. NO. 5.

QUINCY, MASS., AUGUST, 1891.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Listen to This Wail of Toe.

A little corn on a maiden's grow,
Caused by the pinch of a too-tight shoe,
Instead of a three a number two,
As time went on (as time will do),
The toe waxed red—the maiden blue.
It drew from the maiden a groan or two,
Then off to Whall's Drug Store, fast she flew,
For the OLD COLONY CORN DESTROYER.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE DEATH TO CORNS, BIG AND LITTLE.

Directions.—Apply the Destroyer with the brush, night and morning, for five days, wash the foot on the sixth, and the corn or callosus will generally come off. If needed, repeat.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Prepared only by Joseph S. Whall,
APOTHECARY,
141 Hancock Street, - Quincy, Mass.

BUY YOUR FLOUR OF THE AGENTS

And see that every barrel is marked on the head.

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PRATT & CURTIS.

Summer - Bargains!

— IN —

CLOTHING.

Here we are in the middle of Summer, just between Seasons, and we have a stock that we had sooner sold at no profit, or even at a loss, than carry it over. Take advantage of this and call and see us.

Men's Suits, \$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Men's Pants, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Children's Suits, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

Boys' Long Pant Suits, \$5, \$6 and \$8.

Prices Reduced to make room for New Fall Goods.

OUR LINE OF
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS
IS COMPLETE.
CUTTING SHIRTS, in Cheviots, Sateens, Silk, Fr. Flannel and
Domest, 50c. to \$3.00.
NECKWEAR in all the Latest Novelties.
STRAW HATS at Half Price.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A
TRUNK OR BAG
CALL AND SEE OUR FINE ASSORTMENT.

BOYS' SHIRT WAISTS, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
MEN'S WORKING PANTS, \$1.00.

OVERALLS, JUMPERS, APRONS, ETC.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, BUT VISIT

The Granite Clothing Co.,
ADAMS BUILDING.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

FINEST SELECTIONS OF

WOOLENS

Ever exhibited in Quincy, to be made to order.

GENTS' GARMENTS.

Fit and Workmanship guaranteed, or money refunded.

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing neatly done. Ladies' Tailoring also a specialty.

WM. J. WELSH, - 72 Hancock Street, Quincy.

D. BAMFORD,

FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

Very Best of Goods and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Also, he has made it his business to press Pants, one pair every week, for \$10.00 a year, or \$5.00 a half year. So don't have bad looking Pants. Everything done on the premises, and of the Best.

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

McGOVERN BROS.,

NEWSDEALERS AND STATIONERS.

Also, Dealers in

Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars,

Pipes, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles.

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QUINCY, - MASS.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

SUMMER BOOTS AND SHOES

TO CLOSE THEM OUT,

AT

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,

ROBERTSON BLOCK, QUINCY.

A. P. WENTWORTH, - - - Manager.

WHIPPED CREAM SODA.

RELIABILITY.

A. G. Durgin's Drug Store.

CANNED MEATS AND CANNED FRUITS.

Are wholesome eating during the hot days of summer, and save the housewife labor and roasting over a kitchen fire. We have a large assortment to select from, such as in MEATS:—Corned Beef, Roast Beef, Lunch Ham, Rolled Ox Tongue, Lunch Tongue, Boned Chicken and Turkey, Devilled Ham, Tongue, Chicken, etc.

IN FRUITS:—California Peaches, Apricots, Bartlett Pears, Quinces, Cherries, Blueberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, and many other varieties.

IN VEGETABLES:—Canned Peas, Corn, Squash, Pumpkin, String Beans, Lima Beans, Succotash, etc.

We Guarantee These Goods to be First-Class in Every Respect.

BOSTON BRANCH CROCCERY,
J. F. MERRILL, Proprietor.

GREAT BARGAINS

In All Departments.

QUINCY ONE PRICE CLOTHING CO.

All PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded at all hours, Day or Night, at the Lowest Prices.

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THE CITY DRUG STORE,

Cor. School and Hancock Streets.

A. T. MITTEN, (Registered Pharmacist) Agent.

Formerly in the Prescription Department of T. Metcalf & Co., Boston.

ATTENTION, BOYS!

BUSH HAMMERS, - HAND HAMMERS,

AND ALL KINDS OF STONE TOOLS,

BOUGHT OF

Pinel Brothers,

ARE RELIABLE AND CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

The boys always stand by what they make or sell.

Give them a call and be satisfied. PINEL BROS.

CEO. F. WILSON & CO.,

— Wholesale and Retail Dealers in —

Groceries and Provisions.

A Good Assortment of

Teas, Coffees, Tobacco, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

Wilson Block, Hancock Street, Quincy.

Winkfield Bros.' Celebrated 50c. Shirts.

Children's Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

Great Variety of Neckwear at Winkfield Bros'.

WINKFIELD BROS.,

104 Hancock Street,

Is the Place to Buy. Give Them a Call.

HOW BEAUTIFUL

How beautiful is rest!
After the long and wearying hours of care,
When motionless the fervid summer air,
To feel that toil and striving all are done;
To watch the hills and streams at set of sun,
Type of that land by every nation blest,
How beautiful is rest!

How beautiful is sleep!
After the fever leaves the throbbing veins
To close the eyes all dim with scorned love's
Pains

After the chaos of the restless day
Into the land of dreams to sink away
Where memories of fond youth their visions
Keep—

How beautiful is love—
The heart that beats in harmony with thine,
The smile that lights the soul with rays
Divine.

The song that soothes the soul in pain and
Woe,
The hand that clasps thine own when hot
Sears glow.

The tender tone, like music from above,
How beautiful is love.

How beautiful is hope!
When breaking storm-clouds show the blue
Sky rifts

After the snow melts and the vapor lifts,
When the Spring birds sing and the white
Dove draws near.

To dwell with us, type of the spirit dear,
When rainbow arches crown life's mountain
Slope.

How beautiful is hope,
How beautiful is peace!

When brothers meet in strife that foes abhor
On crimson fields of internecine war,
While fond hearts bleed far over a shudder-
ing land.

As brave souls fly to swell the seraph band,
When triumph tones proclaim that war shall
Cease—

How beautiful is peace,
How beautiful is death!

After all toil and pain and care are o'er,
To close the eyes upon this fading show,
Followed by memories of unending love,
Welcome by guardian angels from above,
How tranquil to resign this laboring breath—
—Julius Noyes Stielney.

A LONG MOMENT.

AN ADIRONDACK ADVENTURE.

It was my day in camp; for it was not
safe, in that quarter of the Adirondacks,
to leave one's possessions very long un-
guarded.

Toward sunset there was a great whir-
ring in the air, followed by an immediate
splashing in the lake, near the camp
shanty.

Looking out, I saw a flock of ducks
some five hundred yards away, swim-
ming and fluttering about as if half mad
at the joy of the new-found water.

For an hour I had been wondering
what new dish I could surprise the boys
with at supper time, and here now was
my very chance, close at hand.

Catching up a shotgun and a few
loaded cartridges I went a little way
down the lakeshore, where my game
would be in easy reach.

So intently were my eyes fixed upon
the ducks that I lost a low-lying snarl
of wiry vines just before me. Catching
my feet in them, I was thrown face down
ward upon the ground so violently that
one barrel of my gun went off, the charge
tearing an ugly hole in my right thigh.

A sickening sense of pain and weak-
ness swept over me, but by making pow-
erful resistance I escaped losing con-
sciousness.

Though no artery was severed a tor-
rent of blood rushed out of my lacerated
member, which I stanchied as well as I
could with shreds and bandages torn
from my flannel hunting shirt.

Then I reflected upon the situation.
In an hour the boys would come to
my rescue, as it was a strict regulation
of ours to get back to camp at sunset.
But to stay where I had fallen until then
was out of the question, for the ground
was covered with myriads of ants which
were already crawling over me despite
my efforts at keeping them off. Soon
they would attack me in earnest unless
I moved—and no man could stand their
torturing apparatus for an hour.

Clearly, I must move at once, in spite
of the danger of fainting.

Bracing for the effort with every nerve
I began crawling back to camp, a fresh
tide of blood eluding my bandages with
each movement.

When half the distance was covered,
I was so nearly exhausted that a halt for
rest was necessary.

Then a new idea occurred to me, and
drawing my revolver I fired three rounds
of two shots each—the signal of distress
which the boys and I had agreed upon
for emergencies, when we first went
into camp.

Soon I heard their answering shots,
less than a mile away and knew that they
would come to me as fast as the dense
undergrowth would permit—probably
reaching me in about ten minutes.

Brushing off the murderous ants, which
were causing me the most excruciating
agony by setting their strong jaws in the
edges of my wound, I again pressed on
toward camp, leaving a trail of blood be-
hind me as I went.

The last ten yards of that difficult
journey I made with bright colors flash-
ing before my eyes, and with loud ring-
ing sounds in my ears, so near I was to
fainting away.

Half way through the shanty-door my
strength gave out, and I could go no
further.

Again dislodging the ants and tight-
ening my bandages I settled myself to
swait the coming of the boys.

What kept them so long?

It seemed an hour since I had signalled
them, the pain made time drag so.

Would they never get there?

Surely it was time I heard them, any-
way; and yet there was no sound of
them.

My throat was dry, and pains—first
dull, then sharp and agonizing—shot
through my wound. Altogether, I had
never before so longed for the presence of
my fellow-beings.

Ah! they were surely coming for you-
der a twig snapped under a heavy foot.
Raising myself upon one elbow, I
looked eagerly in the direction of the
sound to see who the first comer was, and
saw—not a man, but a panther!

The sleek, tawny brute was coming
slowly toward me, his head so low that
his nose seemed to touch the ground as
he came.

Wonderingly I looked closer, and
then I understood his strange movements.

He was following my trail, from the
place where I fell when shot, and was
lapping the blood which marked my
course, as he came.

What my fate would be when he
reached me unless the boys got their first,
it was not at all difficult to guess.

The gnawing of the vicious ants was
now forgotten.

I had no thought now eyes for anything
but the panther.

Weak as I was I managed to keep my
head elevated, first on one arm and then
on the other, so I could watch every
movement of my approaching foe.

Once or twice he paused for a moment
to sniff the air, and then came on, lap-
ping up the blood I had lost, as delibera-
tely as ever.

When he was within ten feet of me I
began counting the seconds which were
likely to elapse before he reached my
wounded side.

I no longer felt the pains in the wound
—I was only conscious of one thing in
the universe—the panther.

Nearer and nearer he came with ap-
parent regardlessness as to how far away
the source of his enjoyment might be.

At last, either a glimpse at me, or a
sudden realization that he was uncon-
fortably near the abiding place of men,
caused him to pause and settle backward
on his haunches, with a slight growl.

A swift undulant quiver ran over him,
as if he contemplated springing at me,
but if this was his idea, he at once
changed his mind, got up and resumed
lapping my blood.

Such light breeze as there was blew
toward me from him, foul with the nause-
ous odor of foid breath.

Again a twig snapped.

Was it the boys?

Oh, if it was only they—if help were
only at hand!

I dared not attempt raising myself to
see, but now so near; and so
I pressed every energy into the business
of listening.

But aside from the slight noise made
by the breathing of the blood-lapping
brute, I could hear nothing.

Nearer and nearer yet came the pan-
ther—now less than two feet away.

Oh, why didn't they shoot, if the boys
were there, as they must be—why did
they suffer the prolonging of agonies
which must have been so palpable to
them?

Once again the panther lifted his head
and sniffed.

Satisfied that no danger was menac-
ing him, he took to lapping once more.

The sun was nearly down. Looking
across the lake I saw its last rays paling
on the western hills.

My hope of rescue waned with it.

Long before sunset time came again I
should be dead. Of that I now felt cer-
tain.

The panther, though, gave me no time
for musing.

He had reached my wounded side.
The bandages interfered with his
pleasure, and with a low growl of im-
patience he lifted a paw and struck them
away.

Then I felt his rough tongue lick the
blood from my torn flesh.

A groan of anguish escaped me, he
hurt me so.

Answering it with another growl, he
lifted his head, poking his foul-smelling
nose into my very face.

It is said that the human eye has pow-
er to intimidate dumb beasts, even in des-
perate quarters; but my eyes, full
though they must have been of the
strength of hopeless despair, had no ap-
parent effect on him.

He seemed to regard me contemptu-
ously, for, drawing in his breath and
giving a little snort in my face, he ac-
tually spat a spray of my own blood
in my mouth and eyes.

"Quick!" whispered a low voice just
outside the shanty.

My heart gave a mighty and joyous
leap. Help was at hand after all.

With a more men- ing growl, the
panther crouched back on his haunches,
his head up and his nostrils quivering,
listening intently.

But only for a moment.

Either disdain or thirst soon overcame
his curiosity.

Again he gave a little snort, leaned
forward and resumed lapping away at
my now vigorously bleeding wound.

Despair reassured its reign.

What were the boys waiting for?

No doubt they were there, for I had
heard not only the snapping of the twigs
but that one whispered word as well.

Couldn't they see that the monster be-
side me was lapping my life away?

Were they afraid—were they mocking
me—why didn't they fire?

That rough, awful, tearing tongue
seemed to lick straight through my quiv-
ering body, into my very heart. The
pain from it made me sick and faint.

Again there were sounds in my ears—
ringing sounds, as of many bells; and
roaring sounds, as of mighty and ad-
jacent waterfalls—and with these swift
and bewildering alterations of vivid
light and total darkness in my eyes. And
through it all the cutting, drawing pain
from that tireless tongue, each second
growing more intense. O God, would it
never end—

Crack—bang!

The noise of a rifle and a shotgun,
fired so nearly at the same instant that
they gave an almost simultaneous report.

Then the pain in my side stopped, and
the panther screamed out and clawed the
earth as if in mortal agony.

There was a confused murmur of ex-
cited voices, the noise of rushing about,
a great jumble of sounds altogether.

Presently some one's hand was thrust
through my shirt and placed over my
heart, and some one's voice said: "We
were in good time—he is all right." And

then so weak was I that with the con-
sciousness of safety came the utter un-
consciousness of all things.—New York
Recorder.

The Lumber Industry.

The condition of lumbering and
saw-mills in Michigan, Wisconsin, and
Minnesota, 1890, has been announced
by the Census Bureau. Only planned
mills operated by lumber manufacturers
in connection with lumber-mills are in-
cluded. For the purpose of inquiry,
lumber-mills include only those which
manufacture sawed lumber as the prin-
cipal product, the term "saw-mills"
meaning all other mills in which logs
or bolts form the principal raw materials
and are manufactured into any kind
of product other than lumber. The value
of forest products, not manufactured at
the mill, in Michigan, Wisconsin, and
Minnesota, 1890, aggregates \$30,425,-
134; value of mill products, \$15,699,-
004; value of re-manufactures, \$21,112,-
618—making an aggregate value of
products in the three States of
\$157,237,816. The capital invested to
produce this value was \$27,152,012;
men employed in forests, 95,211; women,
99; children, 10; animals, 32,491. In
the mills the product required the labor
of 87,939 men, 646 women, and 653
children. The amount represented in
operation of machinery and chemical ap-
pliances, 1890, was \$23,553,334; the
expenditure of steam and water power
was reported as sufficient to lift 3,500,-
000 tons one foot in one minute; 1,262,-
151,130 cubic feet of

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association.

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - W. H. WARNER.

Subscription Agent, - FRANK GILLESPIE.

CHURCH NEWS.

The congregation of Bishop Brady took place Wednesday, Aug. 24th, at the Cathedral.

All children of the parish who are 10 or more years of age, and who have not received their first communion, should attend the instructions given in the churches.

Thursday, Aug. 6th, is the feast of the transfiguration of our Lord.

Sunday, Aug. 24th, was the feast of St. Alphonsus, the founder of the Redemptorists.

Thursday, Aug. 4th, the church celebrates the feast of St. Dominic, instructor of the Dominicans.

Saturday, Aug. 15th, will be the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven. It will be a holiday of obligation. Mass as usual at 5:15 and at 8 a. m.

Sunday, Aug. 20th, will be the feast of St. Rose, the first American Saint to be canonized.

The children will receive first communion Saturday, Aug. 15th, as usual at 8 o'clock Mass.

The Sunday School teachers will have their outing after the parish picnic.

The Parish Picnic.

This event this year will be characterized by several new and attractive features. Among the principal attractions will be base ball matches for a large number of prize and for the championship of Quincy, between clubs of local players from Quincy, West Quincy, Atlantic and Braintree. No outsiders will be allowed, and each player must live in the district represented by his club. Arrangements are being made for several band concerts during the day, in addition to the regular dance music. A greased pig race is to be held and is sure to cause immense fun. In addition to these, the regular list of games and sports will be used. Every member of the parish should feel a personal duty and obligation to be present at this picnic and do all in his power to make it a great success. The picnic will be held on Sunday, August 15th, at Lovell's Grove. Special arrangements are made with the Electric Car Company.

The A. O. H. Picnic.

The annual picnic of the A. O. H. of this city was held at Lovell's Grove, Saturday, July 25. The order paraded the principal street in the morning, preceded by Hood's band of Boston, and made a fine appearance, being about 100 strong and in full regalia. At the grove things were kept lively during the day. The prizes offered for the games were such as to draw some of the best players in the State. The result of the sports was as follows:

One Mile Run—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Manning, Brighton, first, 4m. 51s.; T. Bennett, Canada, second.

440 yard Race—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Tobin, first; E. Desmond, second.

Three Legged Race—Prizes \$3, \$2, \$1. Manning and mate first; Denward and mate second.

Three Standing Jump—Prizes \$3, \$2, \$1. Lynch, So. Boston, first, 25ft. 11in.; M. McNab, second, 26ft. 10in.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Prizes \$3, \$2, \$1. Kilorey, E. Weymouth, first, 4ft. 6in.; J. Flynn, Boston, second, 4ft. 11in.

Running Broad Jump—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Flynn, Boston, first, 19 ft.; M. Kilorey, E. Weymouth, second, 18 ft. 10 in.

Standing High Jump—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. E. Farrell, first, 4 ft. 10 in.; J. Lynch, second, 4 ft. 9 in.

Running High Jump—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Kilorey, first, 5 ft. 9 in.; J. Lynch, second, 5 ft. 7 in.

Putting 16 lb. Shot—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Donovan, first, 34 ft. 11 in.; D. Keiliber, second, 34 ft. 5 in.

Pole Vault—Prizes, \$3, \$2, \$1. Lynch, first, 9 ft. 10 in.; Manning, second, 9 ft. 7 in.

BOYS' GAMES.

One-quarter mile run—Prizes, \$1, 50c. Ring, first; Gertin, second.

Three Legged Race—Prizes \$1, 50c. Flynn and Mullane, first; Ring and Slade, second.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Prizes \$1, 50c. Flynn, first, 4 ft. 13 in.; Flynn, second, 3 ft. 9 in.

Running Broad Jump—Prizes, \$1, 50c. Flynn, first, 14 ft. 2 in.; Dunn, second, 13 ft. 10 in.

The Irish pig was won by T. Healy of Weymouth, prize \$3. The picnic was the most successful the order has given, and all who attended enjoyed a good day.

The Betterment Act.

A simple order was introduced at the last meeting of the City Council, which thoroughly illustrated the strategic tactics practiced by some of its members.

The order read quite innocent; it only proved that all streets and ways laid out or widened in the city shall be under the direction of the Commissioner of Public Works, according to the provisions of a certain chapter of the Public Statutes. When the chapter passed, it was, in a very large measure, jumped out of the straw. It was found that the chapter was what is known as the "Betterment Act."

The acceptance of this law has been a hobby with some of our property owners for several years, but was repeatedly set upon by the citizens of Quincy. In some cases the act may work to the advantage of the city, but in many places it would be ruinous to poor men who are shutters on the highways. This conviction, in the minds of the public, has been the cause of the decided opposition the measure has always met with from the people.

It is possible that this opinion is incorrect, but before making such a radical change in the policy of a community, a full and fair discussion of the question on its merits should be had. The number of meeting, such as the one held through the City Council in a hurry, at the close of a session, and so near the end of the year, is in itself suspicious.

If the betterment law is for the benefit of all the citizens, it can be demonstrated; if it is for the benefit of a few real estate owners, it should be rejected. In any case, an act involving so many interests should not be smuggled through the council.

Political.

It is rumored that Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., will be the candidate on the Democratic side for mayor. An election would be an easy matter, and Mr. Quincy might take a rest and prepare for Congress in '92, as most likely he will be the candidate, and by the complexion of the district it is a sure go then. As for Representative Burke, it belongs to him for a second year, and he will be sent back to the House. For a first year man he has made a good record, and putting it in the words of an old member of the House, "He has been a hard worker and alive to the legislation that came before the House, and made a host of friends. He has been a true friend to the wage-worker and has tried to alleviate their grievances. Being true to the citizens of Quincy on the water question, he worked hard to secure the legislation they so much desired, and as the ledger puts it, he did himself proud and worked hard for his constituents. He fought their battle alone, and came very near securing the point; so the citizens should be in the compliment, which we know they are only too willing for one that stood up bravely and fought for their rights, by re-electing him to the House."

CITIZEN.

The action of the City Council in calling a special meeting for the acceptance of the Sewerage Act seems to be incurring an unnecessary expenditure of money, since this matter could be brought before the people in November, costing them only a few dollars for printing ballots. But now it will cost them four hundred and fifty dollars or more for this special election. Our streets are in need of an improvement, and the Council should not spend it in such a foolish manner. But some think that politics might enter into this question. We are unable to understand that any of our citizens should think of politics in the acceptance of this act. There may be a difference of opinion in regard to the plan and the estimated cost of the system proposed. So it is not a political way that our citizens will meet this question, but in a financial way, looking to the benefit or detriment that may be derived, and as each taxpayer is a stockholder in this corporate body, it is a question that interests all, and one that should be met with good judgment. Certain portions of our city are in need at the present time of some system of drainage, and when private resources fail to keep those portions in a healthy condition, and free from what is called a nuisance, it becomes necessary for the great public to adopt something to alleviate and abate those nuisances. Whether the proposed system is too costly or whether a less expensive one can be devised, is a question for the citizens to decide. If we look at the future, that is if Quincy continues to grow as she has in the last five years, there will not be a distinct but will need a system of drainage which should be met with good judgment. There is no other alternative. The bill provides that the city pays one-third and the abutter pays two-thirds. The people that are going to derive the benefit should pay for it and not the man that lives outside the centre of a district. Probably there are a number aspiring for the commissionership, and his honor may be eager to make the appointment this year.

LOCALS.

Mr. John C. Ring has nearly completed a double house on Washington St. The Quincy Co-operative Society, whose store was located in Hardwick's Block, So. Quincy, has come to grief. A keeper was placed in the store, and the society are endeavoring to settle their bills as best they can.

Great Variety of Neckwear at Winkfield Bros'.

Lovell's grove is unusually lively the present season, picnics being held there nearly every day during the past month, including Sundays.

The fountain being erected by the Village Improvement Society in the square is nearly completed. The cutting and setting has been done by McKenzie & Patterson in a first-class manner. It is safe to say that it will surpass anything in the state for beauty and stability.

Children's Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

Stephen Pierce, the genial clerk at Winkfield's drug store, sprained his ankle while enjoying his outing with the clerks on Grocers' Day.

The match game of ball for a purse of \$50, between the Stone cutters and clerks, came off at the Hall street grounds, West Quincy, on Grocers' Day, July 30. Each trade was represented by a good team, but it could be easily seen that the hopes of all were centered on the batteries. The clerks put forth Reardon, Gurney and Ring, while the Stone cutters depended on the Duffy Bros. of Nicol & Morehouse's team. The game was hotly contested, and won by the Stone Cutters by the score of 10 to 6. Another game is talked of for Labor Day.

Mr. Richard Cole has been appointed financial secretary for St. John's C. L. & A. and can be found at the hall most every evening.

Mr. James P. Denward, who is working at Milford, paid a visit to his many friends in this city, July 25.

Mr. Cornelius Moynihan has received a paralytic shock, but we are pleased to state that it is not serious, and he is on the mend.

The employees of Craig & Richards' Granite Co. had their annual outing to Nantasket beach, July 25.

The board of health is showing commendable energy in prosecuting the work of clearing the brooks. A public hearing was recently held to hear objections to a proposed action of the board. The abutters were only too well pleased that something was to be done, and instead of objecting, gave their opinions as to where and how the evils could be remedied.

Winkfield Bros' Celebrated 50c. Shorts.

The house of Mrs. B. Reardon was burglarized last week. A few minor articles were stolen and the doors left wide open.

"Partner for Life" was presented at Faxon Hall on the evening of July 22, by the H. M. Pitt Comedy Co., including Miss E. C. Coffey and Mr. John W. Rose of this city. The cast was exceptionally strong and the piece as played ranks among the best ever given in the city. The hall was well filled by an appreciative audience.

Drake's shoe factory was closed the greater part of last week owing to a little difficulty in the treading department. Wm. Welch, one of the treads, refused to teach a boy to crease the vamp of shoes as it was outside of his business. He was therefore told to go and pick up his kit and go. He chose the latter course and the other treads did the same, thereby causing a stoppage of work. The matter was referred to the executive board of the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union, and was settled by the men being ordered back to work.

Children's Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

The present season at Winkfield Bros' is the best in its history. Flying horses have lately been erected and will be a great attraction in the future, especially to the children.

The Willard School is rapidly approaching completion. All the work of a public opening is "sarcastic, and is made with a view of reproaching the city officials who are accused of delaying the work. "The least said, the soonest mended," is a true axiom, and the best way to dispense with any public ceremonies other than throwing open the building to public inspection for a few days. It is well worth a visit.

Since our last issue, West Quincy has lost one of its oldest residents, Mr. Edward Flanagan. Though adding for some time his death was quite sudden. He was 75 years old, and left this world fortified by the last sacraments of the church. May his soul rest in peace.

Buy Your Boots and Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

On Tuesday, July 21, the members of the juvenile choir and the altar boys belonging to St. John's and St. Mary's churches enjoyed a day's outing at Nantasket Beach. The Vine Cafe, of which Mr. O'Connor is proprietor, was the objective point. All rehired a good dinner and were much pleased with the day's enjoyment.

Mr. Michael Shea, for some years a resident of West Quincy, died at the Carney Hospital on Tuesday, July 14. He was buried the following Thursday from St. Mary's Church.

The Monroes send their sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Reinhardt in the death of their little son Charles.

Miss Mary Monahan of Crescent street, has a new upright piano.

The St. Mary's C. T. A. Society held their first dance after returning to their hall on Friday evening, July 24. Mr. N. B. Grignon served the refreshments, and Jerry Callahan the drinks, in the lower hall.

Buy Your Boots and Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

An Italian named Biagiotto has opened a bakery in Smith's Block.

Mr. John Cashman purchased for \$3250 the large dwelling house recently auctioned at Brewer's Corner.

The Putnam Nail Co. of Neponset are giving their employees the two first weeks of August for vacation.

Thursday, July 30, was Grocers' Day. The several grocers of this city, together with those of East Milton, spent the day at the Glades in Cohasset. A trolley coach conveyed the party and a general good time was enjoyed.

Mr. John Farrell, the West Quincy letter carrier, will enjoy a week's vacation the middle of the month. Mr. William Bird will act as substitute.

On Grocers' Day the clerks played a game of base ball with a fine company of stone cutters. The winners of the hammer were too much for the clerks and gained the purse of \$50.

Mr. Bernard Donahue is to build a new house on Common street.

Mr. James A. White has moved into his new home on Miller street.

Only a few more Patent Leather Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

Mr. Frank Markman and wife of Boston have moved to the Leavitt estate on Willard street.

Mr. Cornelius Lyons of Atlantic, who for some time past has made his home in West Quincy with his sister, Mrs. Bernard Donahue, died suddenly on Wednesday, July 29. He took a hemorrhage while at work and had to be helped home. He expired in a few moments.

Miss Sarah A. Malone of Quincy Point is at Winkfield Bros'.

The last issue of the Patriot contained a want ad. for a lady bank clerk. A good chance for somebody.

Bargains at Winkfield Bros'.

The firm of Walter Baker & Co. of Milton are to build two additional factories for the manufacture of chocolate. They are to be six stories high and constructed of brick and will be situated on either side of Neponset river at Milton and Dorchester.

The children of the parish of the age ten years are preparing for their first communion, to take place Aug. 15.

There is a building being erected on the corner of Common and Copeland streets, to be used as a hall. It is to be in charge of Mr. George Donahue and his sister, Mrs. Rossiter. It is rumored that a dressmaker and milliner are to be domiciled there.

Mr. John Duggan has had a new electric car built. The motor is on the floor of the car instead of beneath it. It is being tested on the Manet Beach road.

Only a few more Patent Leather Shoes at Winkfield Bros'.

Mr. Michael Dolan of Atlantic sailed for Ireland on Monday, Aug. 3.

The families of Mark Clougherty and James Daley, recently residing in Atlantic, have moved to South Boston.

The old engine house of Atlantic, recently situated on Hancock street, Atlantic, has been removed to the corner lot near the Atlantic station. It is being fitted up for a paper store and will be used by Mr. Stocker.

Nellie Fallon of Common street has gone to the White Mountains on a two weeks' trip.

Mr. Mary Galvin of West street is seriously ill.

Miss Mabel Penick of Rogers street will spend the coming week in Medway, Mass.

On Wednesday, Aug. 19, the annual parish picnic will take place at Lovell's.

Don't Buy Watches

ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

IF YOU DO YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY SEVERAL DOLLARS MORE FOR IT.

WILLIAMS, the JEWELER,

WILL SELL YOU ONE

From His Ample Stock, at the Lowest Price.

No. 112 COPELAND STREET.

Grove. Don't fail to give it a looking hand.

Bargains at Winkfield Bros'.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love never gives any small gifts. What the baby learns it never forgets. A man is old twice as long as he is young.

Love can be misunderstood, but never overestimated. Uncharitable criticism is throwing mud at everything you don't like.

The sluggard usually prefers going to the dogs rather than the ant.

One of the hardest things on earth to do is to tell a miser that he is one.

You can tell by the looks of a man's ears how much he knows about music.

A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book.

When you want a hard master, work for a beggar who has just become rich.

People will forgive anything sooner than forgetfulness of their own importance.

Oh, what a bitter thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

The way to enjoy the blessings of this life is to earn them. They seldom come otherwise.

A slim waist isn't an unfailing sign of effeminacy. Consider the audacious, virile wisp.

If you would please a woman, praise her children; if you would please a man, praise him.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

It is the busy bee among mortals who fully appreciates the elusive harmony of "Home, Sweet Home."

It is astonishing how much you can find out about human nature by charging ten cents admission.

The thing that is the most dangerous to every man is that which does the most to make him selfish.

The fly is a quaint humorist. He can tickle a man in more places at once than the best paid funny man going.

The spider's hospitality is unquestionable. He always has a guest room in his table is always beautifully supplied.

The man who knows he was one kind of a fool yesterday often has a suspicion he is some other kind of a fool to-day.

The New Light Ships.

We are going to have new and improved lightships soon in some of the most important places along the coast. Three of them are now in process of construction at the Harrison Loring Works in Boston, and they will cost about \$70,000. They are to be built of steel and wood, and will be powerful vessels. The first one completed will replace Captain Pritchard's old red home off Sandy Hook.

The new ship will be 112 feet long on the water-line, will have a beam of twenty-seven feet eight inches, and a draught of eleven feet. She will have two lantern masts sixty-seven feet high and sixteen inches in diameter. She will have revolving lights—the first ever used on an American light vessel. The lights will be arranged by means of a steam-windmill, which will rotate the crew of the dredged operation of heaving up the chains to sight the bridges. A number of these new ships will be built, and put in prominent positions now occupied by old craft. One is to be put in a new situation at Nantucket Round Shoal to meet the increased demands of shipping in that quarter. Others will be placed off Cornfield Point in Long Island Sound, where there is now an old one; off Bush's Bluff Shoal, in Hampton Roads; off Fenwick Island Shoal, on the coast of Maryland; off Flying-pot Shoals, near Cape Fear, and off the shoals at Martin's Industry, near Port Royal.—Herald's Young People.

Schools for the Blind.

The statistics recently issued by the Census Department on the various details of public education in this country contain no more interesting data than those for the schools for the blind. Comparatively unknown lines, the data on schools for the blind are a case in point. According to a series of tables just published by the United States Department of Education in 1890 to 1890 was \$268 per pupil, the better facilities afforded in the decade just closed brought the cost up to \$288. The number of schools shows a gratifying increase, there being 2931 reporting to the department.

While it must be born in mind that the apparent increase in the decade is due to some extent to the increased facilities for the reception and education of the blind in the schools provided for this purpose, it is none the less true that public spirit and benevolence has largely been at work in impressing upon these unfortunate the need of a better equipment for life. The advances made in this respect in the United States compared favorably with those of the older communities across the water, if, indeed, they may not to-day be said to be the model for universal emulation.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

England's cotton output is increasing.

The seventeen-year-old boy Fratte, who turned the wrong switch and sent a train on the Manchester (England) Canal Railway over an embankment, causing the loss of eleven lives, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The magistrates who disposed of the case strongly censured the company for employing boys at switches.

COME AND SEE

What We Offer You

THIS WEEK.

IT WILL PAY YOU!

CLAPP BROS.,

Largest Dry Goods Store

IN QUINCY.

CALL AT

BOSTON MARKET

Get Our Prices.

Quality is First-class.

Prices Low for Cash.

W. T. PIERCE, Agt., - 14 Hancock St.

John Hall,

Funeral & Furnishing

UNDERTAKER,

EMBALMER,

51 Hancock Street.

Carriages and Flowers furnished. Calls and orders attended to. Telephone No. 328.

J. W. McANARNEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

Room 1, Dargin & Merrill's Block.

Saturdays at the office of Cotter & Jenney 200 Washington Street, Boston.

Hancock Street, - Quincy.

GEO. A. DEVLIN,

Civil Engineer

and Surveyor,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

LAND surveying, laying out of Real Estate, and general work of all descriptions.

Plans and Estimates furnished for improvement of property, and work superintended.

Quincy, May 17.

THE LABOR WORLD.

We have 1,000,000 railroad men. Mexico has no shoe factories. CHICAGO wants a labor temple. CHINESE are leaving California. NEW YORKERS work eight hours.

CHICAGO has 1100 longshoremen. NEW YORK has an Italian labor paper. BROOKLYN engineers run a labor bureau.

The German Government runs lace schools. CHICAGO has a railway employes' hospital. CHINESE matting workmen get five cents a day.

TURKEY'S working day is as long as the sun shines. BIRMINGHAM (Ala.) miners get forty-five cents a ton.

LIVOLIN (Neb.) unions will build a \$40,000 labor palace.

The Nebraska railroads will fight the new eight-hour law.

The Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators has 80 unions.

NEW YORK Hebrew trades unions have a naturalization bureau.

LOUISVILLE colored men struck against working with Italians.

The Steam Railroad Men's Union, of New York, has 5000 members.

ITALIAN employes of New York sweaters have decided to do no more work at home.

THERE are twenty-six engineers and sixty firemen always on board the City of Paris transatlantic steamship.

CORPSE about lack of hands for farm work came Central Georgia, from the West, but particularly from New England. Good farm hands are being sent everywhere, but they seem to be missing or unwilling to work.

A new law in India the employment of women and children is not allowed before 5 o'clock in the morning or after 5 o'clock in the evening, and no woman shall be actually employed in any factory in any one day for more than eleven hours and no child under seven years of age.

The report of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture shows that it pays best to raise chickens, as they return \$250 per acre. Sweet potatoes come next at \$122.

DR. HENRY T. HELMOLD, the famous leech man, who is said to have made \$1,000,000 from the sale of his patent medicine, has been taken from his home at Long Branch and conveyed to the insane asylum at Trenton, N. J. He is now in a straight jacket, a ravaging maniac.

The seventeen-year-old boy Fratte, who turned the wrong switch and sent a train on the Manchester (England) Canal Railway over an embankment, causing the loss of eleven lives, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The magistrates who disposed of the case strongly censured the company for employing boys at switches.

A Handsome Hand Mirror GIVEN AWAY!

WITH EACH CAKE OF

ARBUTUS TOILET SOAP

S. F. WILLARD'S Drug Store,

27 SCHOOL ST., QUINCY.

SAVILLE & JONES,

THE SHOE STORE

Large Stock. Great Variety.

Reasonable Prices.

SAVILLE & JONES,

ADAMS BUILDING.

and Mirror
WAY!

LET SOAP

Drug Store,
QUINCY.

JONES.

ORE

eat Variety.
Prices.

JONES.

INC.

PIANOS!

CKERING,

NE GILBERT.

W PRICE.

New Goods, at

Crane's

at 25c.

at 25c. Pair.

BARD,

Post Office.

OHUE.

Y BAKER

and Retail.

ING CAKE a Specialty.

EST - 25

Shirt Waists

AND

WINDSOR TIES.

LATEST PATTERNS IN

Ginghams & Outings.

AND A NEW LINE OF

AMBURGS.

White and Colored Aprons.

Hats: Lace Bonnets.

ERY, from 10c. to 50c.

Misses Flynn,

Mancock St., Quincy.

ME S. MACDONALD.

AUCTIONEER,

State Mortgage and Insurance Broker

Commendable.

All grades of soap with the high character of purity of the soap, prepared by the California Fig Syrup Company. It is made from the highest quality of sugar, and is not only pure, but it is a cure for the system, and it is a cure for the system, and it is a cure for the system.

There are ailments that only young women of pure health and beauty can make them properly out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore both if taken in time.

A Striking Contrast. It is a fact that the full, healthy, and happy woman of today is a rare sight. The average woman is a pale, thin, and sickly creature. The reason for this is that she is not taking the proper care of her health.

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PRECIOUS PALMS.

Many Uses Found for a Vegetable Gift of Nature.

It Furnishes Food, Drink, Clothing, Beds, etc.

"One of the most valuable gifts of nature to man is the palm, of which the many varieties serve a number of important uses," said Chief Gardener Saunders of the Department of Agriculture to a Washington Star reporter. "A Hindu poem enumerates eight hundred purposes to which the Palmyra palm alone is put. Among other things it supplies paper for writing upon, an intoxicating drink called 'toddy,' large quantities of sugar fruit and a vegetable for the table when the plants are young.

"Palm wine is also obtained from the juice of the sago palm, which yields excellent sugar candy when boiled. The pith of the trunk forms a large part of the food of the natives in many parts of India. Ropes, brushes and brooms are manufactured from the fiber of the stalks.

"On the high mountains of New Grenada, as high up as the lower limit of perpetual snow, grows the wax plant. Its tall trunk is covered with a thin coating of a whitish waxy substance, giving it a marbled appearance, which is scraped off and forms an article of commerce. It consists of two parts of resin and one of wax, and when mixed with one-third of tallow, it makes very good candles.

"Another wax palm grows in Brazil. The young leaves are coated with wax, which is detached by shaking them, and melted, to be finally run into cakes. It is harder than beeswax and is utilized for candles. The upper part of the young stem of this tree yields a kind of sago.

"The talipot palm of Ceylon has gigantic fanlike leaves, which when fully expanded form a nearly complete circle thirteen feet in diameter. Large fans made of them are carried before the men who colonized New England. No one with eyes in his head can fail to see the New-Englanders of today is laying the foundations of a mighty state, though he may not be able to believe that one of his descendants is likely to sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

"In some parts of the country a pronounced aversion to the taste of olive oil prevails as the outcome of more or less childish remembrance of sundry nauseating doses insisted upon by the domestic Eucalyptus. If a little ginger essence or two or three drops of the oil of cloves were added to the ordinary dose of castor oil, or if it were put into a glass of plain soda-water with the clove or ginger, the nauseous odor and taste would be largely overcome and the warning effect of the ginger would counteract any griping caused by the oil. No other domestic remedy is so generally welcome in the usual family ailments; none so absolutely harmless under all circumstances as castor oil; so it behooves the housewife to know how to administer it. If it can be drunk with the nostrils closed, without breathing, there will be little perceptible taste, if any.

It is just to this unpleasant medicinal memory that many an American traces his dislike for the great food-regulator, salad, and its admirable equalizing dressing of oil and vinegar, which promotes the digestion and assimilation of other kinds of food; and because it is useless against an inherited dislike or appetite we choose the other method of offering a substitute for the distasteful substance in the form of salad dressing without oil.—[Chicago News.]

A Lady Who Shoots Well. The chief feature of the recent Bisley (England) rifle meeting was the shooting of Miss Leale, the only lady who is a member of the National Rifle Association. Miss Leale was contesting for the Graphic cup. The first-class shooting of Miss Leale excited the admiration of the best marksmen. At 500 yards (seven shots) Miss Leale adopted the prone posture. Her sighting shot, made in order to judge what allowance should be made for the wind, counted four. Miss Leale's first shot toward the aggregate was a bull's eye. This was quickly followed by two others. Miss Leale then made a "magpie" and an "outer," finishing her score with two bull's eyes, making a total score of thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five.—[New York Mail and Express.]

Wonderful Clocks. An ingenious enthusiast claims to have invented a clock which is driven by the sun's rays, and is supposed to be the nearest approach to perpetual motion. Another one says he has invented a still more wonderful clock, which is driven by the natural electricity from the earth itself. One is said to have been made for a well-known English judge, who is supposed to admire the invention very much.—[New York Recorder.]

From the "Pacific Journal." A great invention has been made by Dr. T. J. Jones of New York. He has discovered a new way of curing the most stubborn cases of skin disease. The cure is simple and effective, and it is a cure for the system, and it is a cure for the system.

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The Python and the Boy.

A story of unusual voracity and daring on the part of a python has reached us from Muka, says the Sawal (Borneo) News. At Judan, a village six miles from Muka, a man and his son, aged from ten to twelve years, were sleeping in their house, inside a mosquito curtain. They were on the floor near the wall. In the middle of the night the father was awakened by his son calling out. The lamp was out and the father passed his hand over his son, but found nothing amiss, so he turned over and went to sleep again, thinking the boy was dreaming.

Shortly afterward the child again called out, saying a crocodile was taking him. This time the father, thoroughly aroused, felt again and found that a snake had closed his jaws on the boy's head. He then tried to open the reptile's mouth and released the head of his son, but the beast drew the head of his body into the house and encircled the body of the father. He was rescued by the neighbors, who were attracted by the cries for help of the terrified couple. The snake which killed the boy was found to be about fifteen feet long. The head and forehead of the boy are encircled with punctured wounds produced by the python's teeth.

An Earthly Paradise. Professor George M. Grant, writing of New Zealand in Harper's Magazine, says: "One is tempted to ask, for what other spot has the Almighty done so much? For nowhere is labor so sweet, or recreation more shared in by all classes. Every township has its park, race-course and play-ground; the cities have these and everything else that can be imagined. Picnics are universal. The long summers and bracing winters make open air amusements delightful. Sports are taken up eagerly, from coursing matches over rough ground and pig-stalking, to cricket, football and volunteering.

From the beginning generous provision was made for schools and colleges, the people—in the South Island especially—having the spirit of the men who colonized New England. No one with eyes in his head can fail to see the New-Englanders of today is laying the foundations of a mighty state, though he may not be able to believe that one of his descendants is likely to sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Salad Dressing Without Oil. In some parts of the country a pronounced aversion to the taste of olive oil prevails as the outcome of more or less childish remembrance of sundry nauseating doses insisted upon by the domestic Eucalyptus. If a little ginger essence or two or three drops of the oil of cloves were added to the ordinary dose of castor oil, or if it were put into a glass of plain soda-water with the clove or ginger, the nauseous odor and taste would be largely overcome and the warning effect of the ginger would counteract any griping caused by the oil. No other domestic remedy is so generally welcome in the usual family ailments; none so absolutely harmless under all circumstances as castor oil; so it behooves the housewife to know how to administer it. If it can be drunk with the nostrils closed, without breathing, there will be little perceptible taste, if any.

It is just to this unpleasant medicinal memory that many an American traces his dislike for the great food-regulator, salad, and its admirable equalizing dressing of oil and vinegar, which promotes the digestion and assimilation of other kinds of food; and because it is useless against an inherited dislike or appetite we choose the other method of offering a substitute for the distasteful substance in the form of salad dressing without oil.—[Chicago News.]

A Lady Who Shoots Well. The chief feature of the recent Bisley (England) rifle meeting was the shooting of Miss Leale, the only lady who is a member of the National Rifle Association. Miss Leale was contesting for the Graphic cup. The first-class shooting of Miss Leale excited the admiration of the best marksmen. At 500 yards (seven shots) Miss Leale adopted the prone posture. Her sighting shot, made in order to judge what allowance should be made for the wind, counted four. Miss Leale's first shot toward the aggregate was a bull's eye. This was quickly followed by two others. Miss Leale then made a "magpie" and an "outer," finishing her score with two bull's eyes, making a total score of thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five.—[New York Mail and Express.]

Wonderful Clocks. An ingenious enthusiast claims to have invented a clock which is driven by the sun's rays, and is supposed to be the nearest approach to perpetual motion. Another one says he has invented a still more wonderful clock, which is driven by the natural electricity from the earth itself. One is said to have been made for a well-known English judge, who is supposed to admire the invention very much.—[New York Recorder.]

From the "Pacific Journal." A great invention has been made by Dr. T. J. Jones of New York. He has discovered a new way of curing the most stubborn cases of skin disease. The cure is simple and effective, and it is a cure for the system, and it is a cure for the system.

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CONSERVED FRUIT.

Conserved fruit is prepared as follows, and the home-made preparation is far more tasty than the confectioner's. Peaches should be peeled when very ripe and cut in thin slices. Cherries should be stoned and the finest flavored fruit chosen. Allow one-half pound of granulated sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil the sugar to a syrup; add the fruit, a little at a time, and cook till tender; take out the fruit carefully and lay on flat dishes in the sun to dry; cover with wire gauze or some thin substance to protect the fruit from insects. When thoroughly dry put away in large covered jars.—[New York World.]

ROSE BANDOLINE FOR THE HAIR. Rose bandoline for the hair is made of gum tragacanth, six ounces, or (to make a less quantity) one and one-half ounces; rose water, one gallon, or two pints; attar of roses, one-half ounce, or one drachm. Steep the gum in the water for a day or so; as it swells and forms a gelatinous mass, it must from time to time be agitated. About forty-eight hours after squeeze it through a coarse, clean linen cloth, and again let it stand for a few days; then press through the cloth a second time to insure uniformity of consistency; when this is the case, the attar of roses is to be thoroughly incorporated. Almond bandoline is made as above, substituting attar of almonds in place of roses.—[Detroit Free Press.]

WASHING WHITE LACES. White laces are so much more likely to be soiled than black that special directions are frequently given for washing them, basting them on a bottle, soaping them well, boiling them in clear water, rinsing them, and finally hanging them up on the bottle to dry. It is as common to find explicit directions for washing black laces. A correspondent sends the following: "Dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in a half-teacup of soft water. Add a teaspoonful of spirits of wine. Squeeze the lace three or four times through this water, then rinse it. Have ready a cup of liquid, the result of boiling a black kid glove in a pint of water till it is reduced to a cupful. This produces a soft, starch-like liquid. Wring the lace through this as dry as you can, and spread it out smoothly on a cloth laid over a hard board. Spread a second cloth over it, then another board, and add weights. Keep it in this press for two days and it will be fresh and new."—[New York Tribune.]

RECIPIES. Frosting without Eggs—Take fine powdered sugar, add a little cold water, mix to a smooth paste, flavor with lemon extract, spread on a cake. Sweet milk can be used instead of water.

Fried Tomatoes—Cut ripe or green tomatoes in two or three pieces, mix a handful of Italian meal with some pepper and salt, dip the tomatoes into it and fry in butter, with care not to scorch. Lay the slices upon a hot dish, make a gravy of a cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls corn starch, little butter and salt and pour over them.

Rice Padding—To every quart of milk take three teaspoonfuls raw rice, three teaspoonfuls sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of flour. Boil rice until soft, with a trifle of salt, add to milk, which has been in baking-dish where it would warm, then sugar, flour wet with a little water. Bake until the milk is creamy. As soon as skin forms on top break it up with a cooking spoon; repeat this two or three times.

Whipped Cream—Take one quart of thick sweet cream which is one day old, put in a dish and set in pan of broken ice, beat with egg-beater. When it gets thick on top, skim off and put in a separate dish, then beat again, skimming off the top as often as it gets thick. When it is all thick, sweeten and flavor to your taste; serve in custard cups or sherbet glasses. This is very nice for dessert served with cake.

Curried Eggs—Fry two sliced onions in butter, then add a teaspoonful of curry powder and fry this also a moment or two. Then pour into a saucepan with a pint of rice broth, that all stew until the onion is tender, that add a small cup of cream and a little flour and butter and simmer all for three minutes; cut six nice, fresh hard-boiled eggs into quarters and put into the sauce until thoroughly hot, but do not boil. Serve immediately.

A Precocious Monarch. King Thautai of Annum is one of the youngest monarchs in the world. He is ten years of age, very precocious, and fully conscious of his position. He is solemn and thoughtful, disdains childish sports, and spends all his time in the seclusion of his palace studying, conversing with aged counselors and poring over books and manuscripts. He is learning Chinese and French, and shows remarkable aptitude in the acquisition of foreign tongues. He is very arbitrary and exacting, and his teachers stand in great awe of him.—[Once a Week.]

A Peasant's "Check." Prince Englehard, an aide-de-camp of the late czar of Russia, was once sent by the latter with an invitation to Konisarsoff to dine at the palace. The former peasant was, of course, very much pleased, and said to the prince: "Well, my boy, I am very happy to receive this invitation from his Imperial Majesty, and here are fifty kopeks' vodka (whisky) money for you."—[New York Recorder.]

Love never gets its growth.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Goodness makes all people beautiful.

A lie always carries a dagger in its hand. The sin that dies the hardest is pride. A soft answer has saved many a hard fight. When people get rich they forget how to give. No man is good who behaves simply because he has to. Culture can not destroy sin. All it can do is to hide it. It doesn't make a small man any bigger to lift him up. Some people never look up as long as they can stand up. Love would never have to weep if it could always be understood. It is hard to tell how small a live snake must be to be harmless. The truth we hear amounts to nothing unless we resolve to live it. Unless a man lives as high as he shouts, the less noise he makes the better. How straight we would all walk if we knew how many eyes were watching us. One of the poorest men to be found anywhere is the rich man who never gives. If there is much sunshine in the heart, some of it will be sure to get into the face. The influence of a little child is sometimes strong enough to lift a family up. It is hard to get people to see that anything is wrong upon which they have set their hearts. To find out that you love the wrong thing is to find out that you have the wrong kind of a heart.—[Indianapolis (Ind.) Ram's Horn.]

Do Some Plants See? Lady Boughey, Miss Thornhill and maids of England, registered at the Richelieu yesterday, and went out to the stock yards before the ink of their names had dried. Lady Boughey is a prepossessing, amiable lady. She has been traveling around the world, and is especially devoted to botany. Talking about her pet subject she said: "Do you know that plants can see? Well, they can. Darwin in his book on plants ventures an opinion that plants have eyes, and I have proved to my own satisfaction that he is correct. When in Japan, a few weeks ago, I was sitting under a shady tree looking at a bright convolvulus. Its tendrils were leaning in a direction opposite to me. While dreaming I was startled to see that they were turning toward my tree. I remained quiet. In an hour the tendrils had all turned so they faced me. This was early. After breakfast I told Miss Thornhill of my discovery, and we went out in the yard to further inspect the plants and their movements. To my disgust the tendrils had turned their backs upon my tree. We got a little stick and placed it a foot from the nearest branch of the plant. In a quarter of an hour the tendrils bent down and the side ones curved their tiny necks until they reached the stick. In two hours they had completely entwined it. It was on the side away from the light, and if the plants had not the faculty of sight they never would have seen the stick and moved toward it."—[Chicago Herald.]

The Strange Case of Gratio Kelleia. Gratio Kelleia himself, a Maltese man, was born of parents who possessed the ordinary number of fingers and toes. He had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. His wife possessed the ordinary number of digits. Four children were born to this couple. Salvatore, the eldest boy, had the six-fingered condition of his father represented in full. George and Andre resembled the mother, but the hands and feet of the former were slightly deformed. Marie, the daughter, had also five fingers and toes on each hand and foot, but her thumbs were developed somewhat out of proportion. As regards the second generation—all the children having married partners with natural hands and feet—of Salvatore's four children, three showed the six-fingered condition. George had two girls with six fingers and toes, and a third girl with six fingers on each hand and six toes on the right foot, but only five toes on the left, and finally a boy with the natural number of digits. Andre had many children, but all had normal hands and feet; and of Marie's family a boy had six toes, while her other three children showed no departure from the natural type.—[Harper's Magazine.]

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CLIPPINGS.

Russia talks of running the drug stores.

Uncle Sam has 1,000,000 French Canadians. A machine gums 20,000 envelopes in an hour. Illinois now pays two cents a head for English sparrows. Henceforth Mexico will give no cash subsidies to railroads. The population of Chicago is, in round numbers, 1,200,000. The commissioner of taxes in Philadelphia receives \$4000 a year. The beet sugar industry promises to become prosperous in California. It costs the American people about \$1,000,000 a year to stop their teeth. Illinois still leads the list of pensions granted, with Indiana a close second. In New York the register receives \$12,000. He has a staff of 77 persons. Philadelphia claims the largest cold storage warehouse in the United States. The San Francisco Board of Health refuses to admit Chinamen to the city hospital. A part of No-Man's-Land has become part of the territory of New Mexico. Since 1838 there have been 610 suicides in France, Germany and Austria combined. Harvest reports in Russia are to the effect that there will be no grain for export this season. The profits of the Monte Carlo gambling tables are estimated at \$6,000,000 a year. The total annual billion production of the United States is, in round figures, \$100,000,000. In New York the county clerk, who is also clerk of the supreme court, receives \$15,000 a year. For sixty years Dresden in Germany has manufactured the gas used for its public and private lighting. A leper has been discovered among the paupers at Lisburn, a flourishing town in the North of Ireland. The oldest surgeon in the world is said to be M. W. Salmon of Cambridge, Eng. He was born in March, 1790. Henry Tschudi, aged 17 years, is the first blind person to pass the examination of the American College of Musicians. "Guide to Health and Etiquette," is a beautiful illustrated book. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., send it free for two 2c. stamps. The ladies appreciate it.

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Mountain Pines.
See, on the mountain top afar,
Those lofty pinnacles that reach
So near to heaven that a star
Burns like a taper bright in each.
There, changeless all the seasons through,
That green cathedral lifts its spires,
The first to catch the mountain dew,
The last to hold the sunset fires.
Within its aisles no sound is heard
While Summer's service decks the nave;
Its altar knows no priest, no bird
Sings from the emerald architrave.
But when, wrapt in her shroud of snow,
Beneath the roof lies earth asleep,
A mournful music, measured, slow,
Wakes in the summit of yon steep.
That solemn throng of Winter brings
The heart to ponder thoughts divine;
It is God's harp strikes the strings
Stretched on the forest harp of pine!
—[Frank D. Sherman, in Boston Transcript.]

My Little Apache Chum.

Never go clumping with an Apache. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstances, and I was a tenderfoot then, anyway. This is how I clumped in with my little Indian:

I was swinging my red and blue clubs under the pepper tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Mexicans, and most of the Americans thereabouts, had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I wanted was a ruddy glow.

My red and blue clubs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy glow came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper tree and blow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture. So it grew slowly.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and as I turned about I saw a small, brown head dart behind a cactus-lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my face, and commenced sleep, with one-half closed eyes on the rock and the big cactus shrubs. No use. You can never get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my club swinging, and saw the wide-open eyes and gasping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for him to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one shirt garment was a cotton sack, with holes cut through it for his head and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging an open hand that did not grasp the flour sack, as I had intended it should.

Where was the wee savage?

Like a lizard he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I thought, as I looked at the prickly cactus; but I did not know then how Apaches put up with such small irritations. Not wanting to give the boy unnecessary torture, I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again, I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club swinging under the pepper tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon me, and the sun lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tads steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sand-drifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot air.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection, the golden orange, or the meaty peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jack-knife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red and blue clubs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I. His talk was a ridiculous mixture of English, Spanish and Apache, and his voice was throaty. But I understood him.

Indian-like, he said little. It was, therefore, easy to get along with him. He would sit for hours on a high stool, listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sander. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it awoke his imagination; but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountains spoke with his fingers to me and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a bad one either. The humming of the wires overhead were the voices of the people with ponderous fingers, but they were not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station. "That tenderfoot's a queer one," they said.

The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts—no, not if he were 6-year old.

"He'll eat everything the tenderfoot's got," they pleasantly averred. But he did not.

When Tads left the station of an evening his little brown feet pattered straight over the road to the wickiups a half mile away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the huts.

"Pity vell" was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?" Then he would shrug his shoulders in a way that wrinkled the three Xs into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what they were beforehand.

One day while he was meandering about the place, grunting quietly to himself, he upset one of my battery jars.

"Tads," I cried angrily, for the desert's breath was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone vitriol, "you are a little beast! Skip out of here or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads, and he kept howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from the wickiups and gathered him in her arms. She was his mother. She had eyed me suspiciously, and walked away with her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely there on the desert. The wires wailed so heart-brokenly while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he had crept into my heart to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather—I sometimes used a quill pen, he it remarked—and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to draw out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling, I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can You See the Fat Ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be white man, heap sure," he declared in his bull-frog voice, after he had accomplished his wonderful feat.

Great distress racked Tads' soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted their mustangs to go over the hills. The Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last they hauled him forth from under my bunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail was his screams; of no avail was his cry. "Me yanter to stay wid him; me yanter to be white man!"

Apache papas are unbending and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind him a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself, and we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn."

Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next ten years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper tree had grown, to be sure. In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with half a dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners, who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the youngest, who was a perfect demon, the soldiers said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday," said the Sergeant to me, "just after one of them had given him his breakfast, too. He's a young one, not more than seventeen, I should say, but he's the worst red devil I ever saw."

Gazing at the boy, a strange feeling came over me. The stolid face was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the Sergeant; "what do you call yourself, young one?" he asked, giving him a not too delicate poke with the toe of his boot.

"Me? My name is Tads!" grunted the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild imp who has been over the Mexican border so long, don't he?" asked the Sergeant.

But I said nothing. —[The Argonaut.]

In the examination of the poisonous machinery of insects and reptiles it is apparent that the destructive principle is the same in all, and that the fang in all possesses a hollow through which the poison flows into the wound the moment the incision is made. The sting of the scorpion is precisely like the fang of the rattlesnake and performs its deadly work on the same mechanical principles.

Animal Voices.
In an interesting paper on the voices of animals, J. P. Hodgdon, an English elocutionist, stated that in the mammalia the general structure of the larynx is like that of man; the power and character of the sound depending on the different degrees of development of the vocal chords and the peculiarity of the structure of the vocal organs. The timbre or quality of voice is remarkably distinct in the different classes of animals, and also varies in those of the same class. Lions and tigers with their magnitude of chest, make a roar that fills the ear with a sense of horror, the depth of voice giving to the mind the idea of an enormous being.

The horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale, without even omitting a semitone, being one of the most musically voiced of animals. The ass brays in a perfect octave, and one of his ejaculations has been copied by Haydn in his seventy-sixth quartet with great success. The bark of dog is an instance of a voice acquired by domestication, much as the trotting of the horse is an acquired movement. An ape, one of the Gibbons, produced an exact octave of musical sounds, ascending and descending the scale by half-tones, so that perhaps it alone of brute animals may be said to sing. The howling or preacher monkey of South America has a voice that can be heard two miles. The giraffe and armadillo are voiceless, with no vocal chords.

The chirp of the long-eared bat is said to be the most acute sound produced by any animal, and only five out of six persons can hear it. In reptiles the larynx is in rudimentary condition. The crocodile and cayman make a roaring sound. One kind of frog has a sound bag, evidently acting as a resonance chamber, on each side of its mouth. The tortoise gives a mere snuffling sound. Snakes have no vocal chords, but produce a hissing by expulsion of air through a narrow opening in the glottis. Most fishes are mute. Insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers and bees, have been considered more musical than singers, most of their sounds being caused by friction of their wings or legs together against their body or by vibrations of their wings. A grasshopper of Brazil may be heard half a mile, which is "as if a man with a big voice could be heard over the world."

Edible Birds' Nests.
Edible birds' nests form an important article of commerce between the islands of the eastern archipelago and China, where they are considered to be quite a luxury. They are the nests of a species of swallows, not unlike the bird with which we are familiar; it is about four inches and a half in length, with a great expanse of wing. The nest, which is small, is found in vast numbers in the great rock caves which abound in some of these eastern islands; they are formed of gelatinous substances, nearly transparent, and now believed to be a species of sea-weed. The nests, which are so numerous as to be adhering to one another, are collected by means of ladders and ropes; it is after the young are hatched that the nests are thus taken. In the Chinese market they are sold at such a high price that they can only be purchased by wealthy persons. They are used to thicken rich soups and are considered to be a very nutritious food. Each nest weighs about half an ounce. —[Chicago News.]

Bakers in London.
There are fourteen thousand bakers in London, of whom five thousand are foreigners, mostly Germans. Foremen bakers get from \$5 to \$8 a week, second hands from \$4 to \$5 a week, third hands from \$2 to \$3 a week. The hours of labor range from 12 to 15 hours a day, and on Saturdays from 20 to 23 hours. Most of the small bakers act as their own foremen. The majority of the bakers houses are miserable underground cellars, overrun with roaches, mice and other vermin. The cellars are so ill-ventilated and so unhealthy that the bakers are subject to a number of special diseases, all of which may be communicated to the consumers of the bread they make, for they are mostly diseases of the skin, and the bakers in these dens, as a rule, work stark naked from their waists up, and there is generally no accommodation of any kind for washing except in the kneading tubs. —[New York Recorder.]

Speed of Animals.
The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day. A worm crawls over five inches in fifty seconds, a lady bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour, an elk can run a mile in one minute, an antelope can run a mile in a minute, the wind mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that, an eagle can fly fifty-four miles in an hour, while a canary falcon can even reach 750 miles in the short space of sixteen hours. —[New York Advertiser.]

The Secret of Beauty.
Miss De Plain—Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?
Family Physician (confidentially)—Be born pretty. —[Good News.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
FEATHER TRIMMING FOR FANS.
There is a new fancy for attaching natural flowers to one side of a feather fan, and yellow roses go most effectively with fans of black ostrich tips. The flowers are attached by a fine invisible wire, and dangle most artistically. White fans are no longer as popular as formerly unless delicately painted and with pearl sticks of a rosy white hue or deep coral, which certainly adds to the beauty of a rose-colored fan, upon which spangles or even pearls may be seen. A fan is one of the necessities nowadays, and it is required to match the gown. —[Chicago Post.]

FASHIONS ARE PLAIN THIS YEAR.
Here is an item for our lady readers sent over from Paris: "The tendency of fashions this year will be exceedingly plain. In former years it was customary to use great amounts of cloth in making a dress, nine yards of double-width goods being the usual quantity. The fashion this year is succinctly outlined by a prominent French manufacturer, who said: 'Five yards of cloth will make a dress, and two and one-half of that goes on the ground, which means that the dress is so exceedingly plain it will require but little cloth and much of that forms a train, which will be a feature of the style.'" —[New Orleans Time Democrat.]

HOW TO WEAR GRAY.
Every woman wears gray because it is fashionable, and so it behooves the woman who is a sallow blonde to know that her gray dress ought to have a rich cardinal or crimson plastron or a big, soft fichu of red chiffon. The reddish blonde need not read this article. She can wear gray pure and simple without modification.

The brunette should take heed that her gray dress has a touch of pink or old rose near her face, or, if it becomes her better, of yellow.

No girl who is dark should ever put blue with gray.
No girl who has not a rose-leaf skin should wear cream and gray.
Never wear a gray hat unless you face it with the tint that is most becoming. If you heed these hints you will probably confess them wise. —[New York Recorder.]

HOW LITERARY WOMEN DRESS.
"Did you see that editorial of Kate Field's about the way literary women dress?" said a literary lady to a New York reporter. "It maintained that they do not merit the careless classification as a lot of dowdies, which they so often get at the hands of the writers for the press."
"There may be some truth in that, but it is certainly a fact that the woman who follows any steady occupation—let it be literature or what you will—dresses under great difficulties. A woman's wardrobe needs constant care, which can be given only when her interests are entirely of the domestic order. She cannot even take to herself a helpmeet to sew on her buttons, as can a man in a similar position. Of course, if a woman simply dabbles in science or literature her appearance will not suffer. She can write a sonnet one day and trim her bonnet the next, but woman's clothes require serious thought, and when that is all given elsewhere her occupation, or rather her preoccupation, will be visible in her garb." —[Chicago Herald.]

MARRYING PROPENSITY OF TELEGRAPH GIRLS.
The Western Union company complains that the innate propensity of telegraph girls to get married is a source of constant disarrangement and change in their offices. Just as soon as a woman gets broken in thoroughly and can handle a heavy wire almost as well as a man, if she is bright or pretty or has anything attractive about her she falls in love with some telegrapher and marries. In most cases the women quit work and go to housekeeping, while the husband has to thump the key twice as hard to stave off bankruptcy. This, however, makes no difference; not a single one seems to be deterred by the experience of her predecessor, and the old story perpetually repeats itself. In point of fact, the business of matrimony seems to flourish better in telegraph offices than in the bureaux where men and women are supposed to meet their fate at so much per head; and so seriously is the routine of the telegraph offices disturbed thereby that the companies declare they would give up women operators altogether in the large offices if it were not for the sake of economy. —[Chicago News.]

BROKEN CHINA CRAZE.
One of the latest "fads" of woman is the broken china craze, says the Housekeepers' Weekly. The china dealers are begged to save all pieces of broken fancy china and colored glass, while mothers send their children into the streets and by-ways to pick up all the broken pieces they can find. There are many articles made from these odds and ends. An acquaintance of mine has made a table, which is a marvel of ingenuity, and has been exhibited many times at fairs. But as the decoration of a table would be quite a piece of work, I will

explain how a common pie plate may be made beautiful. Get from the tin shop one of the shallow, tin pie plates about eight inches across. Cover it to the depth of half an inch with putty, nicely molded on. Then press into putty your small pieces of china, arranged in such a manner that the colors will be pleasing to the eye. When this is done, with liquid gold paint the spaces between the irregular pieces of glass, etc., may be covered, and behold! you have an exceedingly odd and pretty ornament for decorating the children's nursery, or even the dining-room. When Bridget breaks the bowl or platter which belonged to great-grandmother, save the pieces and put together in this way, which may not be useful, but is surely pretty.

FASHION NOTES.
Turquoise jewelry continues fashionable.

The honeyuckle is a popular design in silver.

The daintiest brooches are those which take the form of flowers.

A pretty turquoise necklace seen was formed of stars and crescents.

Russet leather belts are worn with men's yachting, outing, tennis, etc., suits.

New prisms in silver take more than the bright finish with pierced borders.

Gray and lavender crepe de chine, broadened in self colors, are worn for second mourning.

White wool crepon gowns have panels, yoke and corset of heavy cream guipure lace.

A very handsome spoon seen recently was of gold, with a handle designed in open work.

Windsor scarfs of silk, crepe or grenadine, tied in a loose bow, are worn by young men.

The dog flower is an effective design in silverware when chased on a bright-finished surface.

White gloves are popular with all sorts of gowns, and are worn especially with cotton ones.

A tea set wrought in Indian chasing and having all the pieces in low bulbous form is a thing of beauty.

White silk chiffon spangled with brilliant and draped over silver silk is an idea that finds favor in gowns.

Women in deep mourning wear white frocks, but they choose the cold, lawn-like white of thin silks and crepes.

Black China crepe gowns for ladies in deep mourning are trimmed with milliner's folds of silk and chiffon ruffles.

Finger rings showing three rows of gems, five in each row, give, when on the finger, the impression of three five-stone rings.

A parasol supplied to a bride is of pale yellow netting with a few yellow flowers and a stained ivory handle of Japanese design.

Pretty black silk dresses are striped with satin and bouquets of flowers, and are made up with a garniture of lace or edging of narrow jet.

Accordian plaiting seems likely to be fashionable again, for the very latest style of costume is made entirely in accordian plaits of very fine woolen.

Black chiffon frocks are worn with white dresses. Black chiffon bretelles, edged with velvet ribbon, are worn with gowns of white or blue or pink or gray.

Many of the silks are like crepe in texture, and in all of these the same clever and delicate combinations of colors are to be found, either in the fashionable pouponard patterns or in fine stripes.

The newest brocades have large conventional patterns of scrolls and foliage, zig-zag and curved stripes, interlaced cables and ribbons, and large designs of fan palms with a thick cord-like design.

The twisted ribbons are a great improvement on the stiff little bows that have been so fashionable as a pattern on brocades; the ribbons are shaded and outlined, and are generally in satin on a shot silk ground.

Nature's Razor-Strap.
There are now blooming in St. Augustine sixteen plants of the agave Victoria regina species, or what is commonly called the century plant. A towering column rises out of the centre plant to the height of sixty feet, but it is often relegated to the rubbish heap as worthless, for the reason that, as a thing of beauty, it has no farther charms for the eye. Yet many thousands of the shaving people of the Old World utilize this shaft of the plant. They make use of it as a razor-strap. Mr. W. Chambers, proprietor of the East Coast Railway line, has had one in use for many years, and it shows not the slightest defect from wear and tear. The strap is made by taking the shaft of the agave and cutting it into lengths of twelve inches; these are split into four, or as many "quarters" as possible, allowing for each piece a sufficiency of the pulp or heart of the stalk to present a surface of not less than one inch, on which to strap a razor. The heart hardens in time and presents a fine, soft and naturally lubricated surface for stropping a razor. —[Florida Times-Union.]

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A little corn on a nail. Caused by the pinch of a shoe. Instead of a three-day cure, As time went on (as it does) The toe waxed red-hot. It drew from the nail. Then off to the doctor! For the OLD COLORED

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A little corn on a maiden's grow,
Caused by the pinch of a too-tight shoe.
Instead of a three a number two,
As time went on (as time will do),
The toe waxed red—the maiden blue.
It drew from the maiden a groan or two.
Then off to Wall's Drug Store, fast she flew,
For the OLD COLONY CORN DESTROYER.

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LIFE AND DEATH.

"I reign beyond the bourne of fate and time;
Through all the present I echo of the past;
All things that are and are in my least, I climb,
From star to star and quench them all at last;

I blast the blooms of promise with a breath!"

Vaunts Death.

"I am the spirit in matter—the All-searcher;
I'm driven like surf by one deep, moving force;

Even in the grasp of Death my hope I nurture.

Enslaving love is both my end and source.

Peace is my handmaid and my thrall is strife!"

Chants Life.

—Green Langstroth Bells, in Independent.

HE GOT IN AT BRUGES.

Mr. Portman Brown was a prosperous, elderly gentleman, of quiet ways and fixed habits. A small circle of familiar friends supplied all his social needs, he concerned himself little with the rest of humanity, belonging to the class who can live side by side in the same street with a fellow-creature all their lives without so much as knowing them by sight.

Among Mr. Brown's fixed habits was a yearly tour to London. But he did not take it, like most people, in the summer months, but in the early spring. Regularly, as the first week in March came round, he went abroad. A common-place tour, in beaten tracks, following the usual routine of travel in steamers and trains, and lodging at palatial hotels. No adventure had ever broken the uneventful record of these tours for over a quarter of a century; no more exciting incident than an unusual overcharge at some hotel had come within Portman Brown's personal experience.

In 18—, when March came round, he made the usual preparations for his yearly tour in his usual way.

On the evening before his departure, an old city friend, Mr. Goldsmith, dined with him at his house in Harley street. When about to leave, Goldsmith drew a small case from his pocket. "I brought this with me on the chance that you were going to Cannes. You do me a great favor by giving it into my brother's hands there. It contains a brilliant of such rare value that I could trust it to few. It will give you no trouble, being so small; there will be no risk, as no one will know you have such a thing with you."

"Anything to oblige a friend," said Brown, lightly. "I would take the Koh-i-noor as a traveling companion under the same circumstances."

The two men were standing at the study window, the blind of which happened to be up. While in the act of placing the case in his pocket, Brown's eyes wandered to the street. At the moment the light from a lamp in front of the door struck on the face of a man who was passing—or had been standing there!—a peculiar dark face, with straight black whiskers.

The man moved on.

Brown drew back hastily.

"None of your people knew that you were giving me this commission!" he inquired of Goldsmith.

"Not a soul, my dear fellow; the matter is entirely between you and me. My head clerk alone knows of the existence of the brilliant."

"What is he like?"

"Like you, like me. Respectability itself! What are you thinking of?"

"Like a white whisker!"

"Grey as a badger's—white ever?"

But, bless my soul, what is the matter? What do you mean? Have you seen any one?"

"A man was standing there by the lamp post as you handed me the jewel case. He was apparently looking at us, and might have heard what we said."

"Then he must be in the street still," said Goldsmith, throwing up the window and putting his head out; Brown did the same. The night was bright. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere—the street was quite deserted.

"A neighbor or a neighbor's butler. He has gone into some house," Goldsmith withdrew from the window. "In any case, no one could have overheard, nor, I should think, have seen us. As for my clerk, Travers, I trust myself an honest man, but I don't hesitate to acknowledge that he is the honestest of the two. Your imagination is playing you tricks. I didn't know you were given that way. Perhaps you would rather not take charge of the brilliant?"

But Brown would not hear of this. Already shamed over his hasty and somewhat ridiculous suspicions, he dismissed them abruptly.

"Not for worlds would I give up the charge," he said. "I'm not such a fool as I seem. The man probably is one of the new neighbors; there are a good many newcomers in the street."

Portman Brown set out next morning for Lucerne via Brussels and the Rhine, staying a few days at Ostend on the way. He took his place in the comfortable of a first class carriage in the express to Brussels with a mind as free from care and uneasiness as an elderly gentleman ever possessed. A life of plain, undiluted prose had, up to this, kept his imaginative faculties in complete abeyance; lunies, hysterics, murderers, etc., as possible fellow-travelers, had never entered his mind. As a rule, indeed, his fellow-travelers no more excited his interest or notice than his near neighbors at home. On this occasion he was just conscious, in leaving the station for Ostend, that an elderly couple were the other occupants of the carriage; he merely gave a passing glance from his newspaper at the man, a stranger who got in at Bruges and sat down on the opposite seat.

Nearly an hour had passed before Brown laid down his newspaper, and when he did he was horrified to see in the traveler who got in at Bruges the dark-faced man who had excited his suspicions when he started from London.

At Brussels Brown dodged the dark-faced man.

Never within the whole course of his experience in foreign ports had Brown passed a more wretched night; the morning found his nerves in a sad state. He, who had never before known himself the possessor of nerves! The fidgety man who made fussy arrangements about starting by the first train for Lucerne, and whose eyes had a way of casting furtive—not to say apprehensive—glances around, was strangely unlike the self-satisfied, phlegmatic Briton who had arrived the evening before at the Three Kings.

The success of his manoeuvre in leaving Brussels made him repeat it, and, besides, he was in a perfect fever to get to the end of his journey, and rid himself of the charge of the diamond. His spirits rose considerably as the hour of the train's departure drew near without any appearance of the "shallow" in the black whiskers!

The position in which Brown now found himself might well have appalled the bravest. He was alone in a railway carriage, with a scoundrel who had followed him from London. Brown had utterly abandoned himself since last night to the most complete relaxation of the mind. The object in this scoundrel's view was the capture of the valuable diamond, which was at that very moment on Brown's person. A long journey lay before them, and Brown was unmoved. At the review of the situation his heart sank; he drew back instinctively into the corner. His eyes suddenly met those of the other man; a deep flush suffused his face, which seemed to find reflection in the other's. Brown hastily looked up at his neighbor and affected to read; the man opposite simultaneously did the same. A transparent unreality on both sides. Brown's furtive glances invariably caught—quickly withdrawn though they were—those of the other man levelled on him. While this went on the slightest change of position, the least movement in the opposite corner, made Brown start. Might it not herald the approach of danger? A spring, a rush, the attack!

The tension was terrible; to remain inactive almost impossible. Brown had an inspiration, as a man in extremity sometimes has. Though he was not armed, he would pretend to be. That might do something; produce hesitation, or delay, at least. Accordingly, he deliberately assumed a bold, even threatening demeanor. Casting a truculent glance across the carriage, he plunged his hand into his pocket, affecting to grasp an imaginary revolver. To his intense delight the ruse took immediate effect.

The man opposite gave an unmistakable start, and shrunk back into his corner. So far, so good. But how to keep up the pretence? What to do next? At this crisis the whistling of the engine suddenly distracted Brown. Good heavens! He had forgotten the engine! The train was coming to it now! His eyes, with a quick, involuntary movement, sought the lamp. It was not lighted!

Entrapped! Doomed! The wildest thoughts rushed confusedly to his brain. With a shriek the train plunged noisily into the tunnel, into darkness. The din and rattle outside contrasted sharply with the silence within the carriage. Crouched in his corner, Brown, his hearing sharpened to agonizing acuteness, listened for a stir, a rustle, the sound of human breathing drawing nearer to him. Every moment fancy detected a step, a stealthy, cat-like movement. His imagination, after the neglect of a lifetime, was now taking ample revenge. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable were its wild flights. Every railway murder of which he had ever heard flashed upon him with all the ghastly details. The spring upon the victim, the struggle, the death-stroke, the body thrown out on the rails. How idly he had read of these things happening to other men! But now to realize himself as the victim; his body! Absolute panic seized upon him; hardly knowing what he was doing, he tried softly to open the door. It was locked, however. His movements must have been heard, there was a stir at the other end of the carriage. The fatal moment had come, the assassin was advancing to the attack. In the extremity of his terror Brown sank swiftly on the floor and crawled under the seat.

For what length of time he crouched there, half stifled, scarcely daring to breathe, Brown knew not. Agony cannot measure time. A sudden and extraordinary rush of air made his heart first stand still, and then sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins. The far door was swinging open! Something had happened. And what?

His straining ears detected no sound but the outside rattle and roar of the train through the tunnel; within all was silence. He remained listening in intense excitement and amazement until the hope which had hardly dared to stir in his breast grew into vigorous life. He was alone in the carriage! He was saved! Deliverance had come miraculously—why and how he knew not!

The tunnel was coming to an end; light began to stream into the carriage. Suddenly and slowly Brown peeped from under the seat. He was quite alone. The man had disappeared.

The fact of his escape was, at the time, enough for Brown. Afterward, in thinking over the adventure, he surmised that the man, deceived by his (Brown's) attempt to turn the handle of the door, had followed in supposed pursuit.

At the station, just outside the tunnel, Brown—alighting almost before the train had stopped—changed his place

for one in a crowded second-class compartment. A few hours later the brilliant was safely transferred from his charge into that of Goldsmith's brother at Lucerne.

The rest of his tour was uneventful; he neither heard of nor saw his persecutor again.

Brown's adventure made quite a sensation on his return to London. He was the hero of the hour in his circle. Whether or not he related the circumstances exactly, as here set forth, need not be mentioned. His friend Jones, among others, gave a dinner party in his honor. Brown, with his usual punctuality, was the first of the guests to arrive. "By the way," Jones said chaffingly to him, as the two stood chatting together on the hearth-rug, "you must look to your laurels to-night, Brown. Do you know Leroy, your neighbor in Harley street?"

"Never saw the man in my life. What's the joke?"

"A real adventure! In Switzerland, too, and culminating in a tunnel—no sure that it wasn't the Olden one!"

"Dear me! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"In his case it was a lunatic, not a robber. He was shadowed at hotels and trains. You must hear the story from his own lips; he's dining here to-night. The climax is here. Shut into a railway carriage alone with a lunatic, aforesaid lunatic armed with a revolver. A long tunnel, an extinguished lamp, the lunatic crawling in the darkness to the attack, an escape by the skin of the teeth. Leroy has sufficient presence of mind to open the door and pretend to get out, in reality crawling under the seat instead. The ruse saved his life. He supposed that he fainted in the stifling air, for when he was next conscious, the train had left. Often and he was alone in the carriage, from which all traces of the lunatic had disappeared."

Jones was so engrossed in telling the story, he did not remark its curious and startling effect on Brown.

Just then the door was thrown open, and the footman announced "Mr. Leroy."

Jones, springing forward with effusion to greet the new comer, led him gushing up to Brown.

"You two must know each other," he said.

And they did. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides. With a gasp, Brown stared in speechless wonder on the man with the black whiskers, while Leroy stared back at him, encountering the gaze of the lunatic—London Truth.

Ducks as Fire Extinguishers.

Once at a large house in the country the chimney took fire. The flames spread to the woodwork in different parts of the house, and although the fire was extinguished at each place it caught, it still burned in the chimney, and from time to time spread in some other direction. The fire grew hotter and hotter, and threatened to burst the chimney. It was hard to reach, and there seemed no way of putting it out.

The gentleman who owned the house was fond of fowls, and possessed some valuable ones. A boy who stood by looking at the fire saw the danger, a bright idea struck him. He ran to the duck pen and started the sleeping ducks by seizing by their legs as many of the largest as he could carry. The ducks squawked vigorous protests, but were hurried off. A ladder was called for, and before any one realized what he was going to do, the young fellow mounted to the roof, and made his way to the chimney.

Flames and smoke were pouring out, but the boy went as near as he dared, and by a dexterous motion tossed a duck down the narrow shaft. It disappeared, fluttering and squawking. The flames subsided a little, and the smoke grew denser. The boy threw down another duck, and after a minute another. The cloud of soot and dust carried down by the flapping wings of the ducks smothered and checked the fire with such good effect that the advantage gained was easily followed up, and the fire soon put out without further damage.—Harper's Young People.

Soap-Bubble Parties.

Soap-bubble parties are decidedly popular. And if you intend having one, there is a pretty idea for you. Of course the bowl stands on a table, over the bowl build a large arch of flowers; have it high enough and broad enough that the soap bubbles can float under it. There are partners in blowing bubbles, and together they must stand or fall—carry off the first prize with honor or the booby prize with ignominy. The ladies select their pipes from one basket, the gentlemen theirs from another, and the gentle maiden recognizes her hero by her colors, which will adorn his pipe. When the contest begins the fair dame blows a bubble, and her knight attempts to blow it under the floral arch; then the knight takes his turn at the pipe, while his companion tries to wait the frail bubbles under the flowers. The prizes are awarded to the couple who blow the best bubbles and succeed in getting the greatest number of them through the triumphal arch.—New York Advertiser.

Queer Names.

A gentleman in Boston has made a collection of odd names, and has some curious ones on his list. Here are a few: Sapphire Guanybag and Macey Murey Merrey Massey, of Boston; John Fandhighilgenberger, of Philadelphia; Appiepie Johnston, of Pittsburg; Echo Hainose, of Chicago.

Dickens gave queer names to his men and women, and often took great pains to find a name to suitably fit some character. It is said that he found most of them in old London dictionaries. This is probably true. Truth is, always stranger than fiction. No story you read can be more wonderful than the story some of our old names tell you if he would.—Harper's Young People.

"Savin' Mother."

The farmer sat in his easy chair. Between the fire and the lamp's glare, his face was ruddy and full and fair. His large small nose in the chimney nook seemed the lines of a picture-book. His wife, the pride of his home and heart, looked at him with a smile and the tart, laid the table and stepped the tea, dainty, softly, silently.

Tired and weary and weak and faint, she bore her lot without complaint, like many another household saint. Content, all selfish bliss above, in the patient ministry of love.

At last, let keep the clouds of smoke "There's taxes to raise, an' 'n't best to pay, And of there should come a rainy day, To could be mighty handy, I'm bound to say, I have summat' put by. For folks must die."

An' the funeral bills, and gravestones to pay— Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh. Besides there's Edward and Dick and Joe To be provided for when we go.

So I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd be savin' of wood 's ever I could; I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of lye, And run up some candles once in a while; I'd be savin' of coffee an' tea, For sugar is high.

And all to buy, And order is good enough for me. I'll be kind an' careful about my clothes, And look out sharp how the money goes; Extra trimmings— 'S the badge of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey, And eggs as good as gold, 's the money. And as for the carpet you wanted new, I guess we can do the old one dur; And as for the washer an' sewing machine, You'd better get rid of 'em sick an' clean.

What do they know about women's work? Do they educate women was born to shrink? Dick and Edward and little Joe, Set in the corner in a row.

They say the patient mother so, The cessies cranks to and fro; They say that her from was 'best' and thin, The tongue grey, her cheeks sunk in; They say the quiver of lip and chin; And then with a warble he could not smother,

Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother: "You talk of savin' wood and lye, An' 'n't want a new, all the while; But you never talk of savin' mother?"

—(Harrisburg (Penn.) Telegram.

SAVED BY A DRESS.

Miss Callie McGee of America had an experience a short time ago that she will not forget and in which she showed rare courage and presence of mind in the face of the greatest danger.

America is a small hamlet situated in Lee County, in the wilds of Eastern Kentucky, and consists of two dwelling houses, a country store and postoffice.

Miss Callie had been teaching school in the "Bear Creek" district, which lies on the waters of Bear Creek. In going to and returning from school each week she is obliged to pass over Bear Wallow Mountain—so called by the early settlers on account of the great number of bears that formerly made it a resting-place in their migrations from the Chimney Mountains to the Cumberland. For several years past, however, no bears have been seen, and the inhabitants have long ceased to apprehend any danger from these animals. One Saturday Miss Callie started for her home, for the purpose of passing the Sabbath with her mother. She was accompanied by her little niece, who is only three years old.

The road between Bear Creek Valley and America is lonely even for a mountain road, and from the base of the mountain on the one side to the foot on the other—a distance of three miles—there are no signs of human habitation. While slowly climbing the mountain, on the further side from this place, the child trampled upon a snout, then, and, childlike, she screamed in her agony. While Miss Callie was trying to pacify her she was suddenly startled by a rustling of the bushes at one side of the road, and upon looking around discovered a large black bear stepping slowly and cautiously into the road about forty yards in her rear.

For a moment Miss McGee stood gazing at the bear, too terrified to seek safety. Then, catching up the child in her arms, she fled rapidly up the steep mountain side. Casting a terrified glance backward over her shoulder, she was appalled to see the bear look into a lumbering gallop and start in pursuit. The child, frightened at the unusual actions of her aunt, was screaming at the top of its voice, and the bear apparently redoubled its efforts to reach them. Panting and gasping for breath, she at length reached the top of the mountain almost exhausted, and upon looking back discovered the bear still in pursuit and rapidly decreasing the distance between them, being now scarcely twenty yards behind her.

Occasionally the bear gave an angry snort, as if enraged at being balked of his intended prey. His heavy, labored breathing was now distinctly audible to her ear, and she realized that her strength was failing, and that it was impossible for her to continue her present pace much longer. Cursing the child still more closely to her bosom, she made one more desperate effort to outpace her pursuer. While continuing her flight, the child's hat, with its gay ribbons and flowers, became accidentally disarranged and fell to the ground. After running a hundred yards or more, Miss McGee ventured to look back once more, and her relief may be imagined when she saw the bear biting and tearing at the hat lying on the road.

Miss McGee said that at sight of this she instantly recovered presence of mind, and coolly began to calculate on her chances of escape and her best method of procedure. She knew that the nearest house in which she could seek safety was still nearly two and a half miles distant, and the chances of meeting any one able to assist her on that lonely mountain road were very few. She knew that she could not keep up her present rate of speed much longer, so she moderated her gait, although she still made good time.

She had gained perhaps two hundred yards on the bear, when upon looking around she discovered him again starting in pursuit, having succeeded in demoralizing the hat. She now rapidly proceeded to divest the child of its sash and threw it down in the road. Upon reaching the spot in the road where the garment was lying the bear again stopped and proceeded to destroy it before continuing his pursuit. Miss McGee made good use of the time lost by the bear, and when he again started in pursuit she was a good distance ahead. As he again neared her she threw the child's dress down into the road, and again the attention of the bear was attracted, and a few precious moments gained.

She continued this method, coolly waiting each time until the bear had nearly overtaken her, then dropping some article of wearing apparel into the road, until the child was entirely divested of clothing, then she began upon herself. She was already with- in less than a mile of a dwelling and began to feel confident of her ability to delay the animal until she reached it. Her gloves were first sacrificed, and gained a few minutes' respite from pursuit. Her hat went next; then blouse, and last of all her dress skirt. The latter succeeded in holding the attention of the bear until she reached the house of Mr. John Miller and was once again in safety, although almost destitute of clothing.

The bear, attracted by the squealing of some pigs in a pen near the road, made no effort to effect an entrance into the house, but left the road and went to the pen for the purpose of procuring a pork dinner. Mr. Miller was not at home, and the bear's chances for securing a young porker seemed to be good, when Miss McGee took down a Winchester that was above the door, and, despite the entreaties of Mrs. Miller, the plucky teacher proceeded to the pen. As the bear saw her approaching he reared upon his hind legs, and stood ready for fight. Miss Callie quickly brought her gun into position and fired, the ball passing through the animal's heart, and he fell dead. He proved to be a "whopper," and tipped the beam at 287 1-2 pounds.

Strange Position in Death.

During the late Civil War a detachment of United States soldiers foraging around Goldsborough, N. C., came suddenly upon a small band of Southern troops who had dismounted. These latter immediately jumped into their saddles and all scampered away except one, after being exposed to one round of firing. The soldier who did not escape was seen standing upright, with one foot in the stirrup of his saddle. In his left hand he held the bridle and the horse's mane, while his right hand grasped his rifle near the muzzle, the stock being on the ground. The horseman's head was turned toward the right shoulder, apparently watching the approach of the enemy. Some of the Union soldiers were preparing to fire again, when their officer ordered them to stand and to make the dead man a prisoner. The man was then ordered to surrender, but he made no answer. When he was approached it was found that he was stone dead, and perfectly rigid in the attitude described above. It took considerable of an effort to force his left hand to release the horse's mane and to remove the rifle from the right hand. When the body was laid upon the ground the limbs preserved the same position and the same inflexibility. The man had been struck by two balls fired from Springfield rifles. One of these had entered to the right of the spinal column and had made its exit from the body near the right hip. The other had left a slight indentation in the saddle and then dropped to the ground. The horse remained unhurt, having stood the fire because tied to a tree by a halter.

The following is another incident: At the battle of Williamsburg Dr. T. P. Reed examined the body of a United States zouave who had received a ball in the forehead just as he was climbing over a low fence. Like the Goldsborough case above, this man had preserved the last attitude of his life. One of his legs was half over the fence, while his body still remained behind. One hand was raised level with his forehead with the palm forward as if to ward off some imminent danger. —(St. Louis Republic.)

Making the Most of Opportunity. "Suppose you come dine with us tomorrow?"

"Wouldn't the day after do just as well?" inquired the poor relation.

"Certainly, but where are you going to dine tomorrow?"

"Right here. You see, your wife was kind enough to ask me for the occasion." —(Fliegende Blätter.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

GOWN FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

A gown that is to be worn in climbing and tramping about the mountains has a bell shaped skirt of blue serge. Over this worn a bright red and white striped waistcoat closed with small pearl button buttons. Then, the jacket is of serge like the gown, lined throughout with red satin, and having its collar and cuffs of dark blue velvet. The hat is a soft felt one of dark blue, something like the beef-eater shape, and has a high bow of scarlet standing up just in front. The parasol is also of scarlet. —(Brooklyn Citizen.

AN INNOVATION IN SERVANTS.

The innovation of more women servants and fewer men servants is a spreading one among the English gentry. This is especially noticeable in the large country establishments where, heretofore, retinues of powdered and padded-cavaliers have been kept. In some instances the entire household of servants has been changed to women who are reported to be more satisfactory and capable in many ways than their brethren in livery. An English lady of title who employs two maids as door openers, dresses them in a uniform of light grey stuff, bright red aprons, French caps of the same color, and courier lags at their sides. An alternate livery worn by them was black dresses, white aprons, and gay ribbons. —(New York Times.

GRAY HOLDS ITS OWN.

Gray is not declining but growing in popular favor, and white is much the vogue. White China silk is the material par excellence for afternoon carriage dresses, and with them go all the dainty white accessories that could possibly be combined in any one toilet. A white silver belt, a silver chetaine, from which dangle a dozen silver ornaments, silver buckles, silver jewelry, a silver tongue with silver ornaments and leaves upon it, silver buckles upon the white suede shoes, silver stiching upon the back of the gloves and a silver-handled whip are also seen upon the beautiful and fortunate woman who drives her own pretty team along the highways. —(St. Louis Republic.

A QUEEN ROUNDLY SCOLD.

The favorite pastime of the Queen of the Belgians and her daughter, who have both been staying at Ostend, is shell hunting on the sands. One day last week they extended their quest as far as Newport, and in order to reach home before dark were compelled to stop the railway train and take refuge in a first-class compartment occupied by a buxom German lady and her husband. The ire of the former being excited by the presence of a small dog carried by the Princess Clementine, he roundly abused them in German, expressed her doubts as to whether they had really taken first-class tickets, indulged in uncomplimentary remarks on their attire, and finally bounced out of the carriage with the avowed intention of taking a cab to her hotel so as to avoid the contamination of such vulgar company. The Queen, who delights in traveling incognito, was greatly amused at this adventure. —(Chicago Post.

ART OF HAIR DRESSING.

There is a decided change in the art of hair dressing. Everything inclines to airiness, and all the heaviness is banished completely. The present fashion in hair dressing allows the parting to be seen. Fringes are to give way to a certain extent. The hair is not to be worn plain, but curled on either side of the parting, being carried back to the far crown of the head. These waved bandeaus assimilate well with the favorite Grecian style, but the back of the hair is still dressed high, and is likely to be so as long as the high collars and ruffs keep in fashion. A pretty collar is the Etagere, which is composed of four or five horizontal rows of rolled curls filling up the interstice at the back of the head; the "fairy fringe," which can be worn with this, falls in soft curls and forms a point in the center of the forehead. It accords equally well with Grecian knots and twists replaced by a bunch of curls, and both are frequently surrounded by a silver jeweled, gold or silver bandeau. —(New York Press.

WHAT ENGLISHWOMEN WEAR.

It is stated, on excellent authority, that Englishwomen intend to wear winter dresses next season than any time that have been in fashion for some time. Hitherto reproaches have been heaped by Continental sisters at the head and feet of feminine England. The emancipation of the former having been satisfactorily accomplished, our ladies intend that the latter shall also be given a fair chance of holding their own; consequently much attention is to be devoted to their daintiness and becomingness.

Pointed toes will not go out, though square toes will come in, a sensible compromise by which two separate styles of feet can be suitably fitted. Boots will be built higher than heretofore, and will be laced inside the buttoning to secure neatness of fit around the ankle. Shoes, however, will be much more worn than boots. Our

climate is fatal in a short time to the appearance of what are technically known as fancy shoes for outdoor wear. The newest are made with a high tongue over the instep.

A buckle, which may be as antique, handsome, and as costly as possible, is placed on a strap which buttons across below the instep. Other shoes are cut quite low at the toe, and are secured to the foot by a single strap. With all these, it is almost needless to add, the prettiest and most delicate silk stockings will be worn to match the costume. —(London Times.

A GOOD HAIR WASH.

A good hair wash is made by taking pure white soap and warm water and making half a pint of soap suds of this. Apply upon rising in the morning, but before applying it brush the whole scalp well while the hair is perfectly dry with a good stiff bristle brush. Scrub back and forth with a will, letting none of the surface escape. When brushing the top and front lean forward so that the particles will fall. After this operation strike the ends of the bristles on the hearth or on a board; next pass the coarse part of the comb through the bristles; next brush or flap the hair back and forth with the hand until no dust is seen to fall. Then with the balls of the fingers dipped in the soap suds, rub the hair into the scalp and about the roots of the hair; do this patiently and thoroughly. Finally rinse with clear water and absorb as much of the water from the hair as possible with a dry cloth. Then, after allowing the hair to dry a little more by evaporation, but not to dry entirely, dress it as usual—always, under all circumstances, passing the comb through the hair slowly and gently, so as not to break any off or tear out any by the roots. By this operation the alkali of the soap unites with the natural oil of the hair and leaves it perfectly clean and beautifully silken, and with "cold water washings" of the whole head, neck and ears every morning it will be found that the hair will dress as handsomely as if diled to perfection, with the great advantage of conscious cleanliness, giving, too, the general appearance of a greater profusion of hair than when it is plastered flat on the scalp with variously scented oils or fat, which is the common custom. —(Detroit Free Press.

FASHION NOTES.

The veil is as blue as the sea this year.

Blue deatin is suitable for hammock pillows.

Medici collars and girdles of jet are worn.

Band passmenteries are made of steel and jet.

Hair ornaments of silver ornamented in enamel are now seen.

A silver tulle sailor hat has a tiny brim edge of sweet pea-blossoms.

A shirred hat of palest lilac crepon is newly covered with perfumed violets and foliage.

An addition to trifles for the toilet table is a pin tray in silver fashioned as an open portmanteau.

The choice of many for hairpin ornamentation is a fan like piece formed by interlocked loops of gold.

Fashionable hats are made almost entirely of crepon, tulle, shirred nets, chiffons and snowflake gauzes.

A white enamel bow knot thrust through by a diamond-tipped pin has made its appearance as a scarf pin.

A fancy indulged in is an oval brooch formed by two gold wires spanned by a row of choice diamonds.

A beautiful hairpin is in the form of a sword in its scabbard, with the handle produced in white enamel and gold.

A notable addition to gold brooches is a peculiarly formed leaf spreading above a semicircle of pearls, from which a diamond is pendent.

There never before was a time when as many diamond earrings were worn as now, and those possessing them wore them on more numerous occasions.

A link cuff button is formed of a gold arrow and a heart set with diamonds joined by the link. Another has a horseshoe set with small diamonds and a plain gold nail.

A pale stem green tulle hat for garden-party wear is trimmed with hawthorn blossoms and dew-covered wood mosses, the slender open sprays of the moss nearly covering the airy crown.

To Avoid a Rose Cold. Did you ever hear of rose cold? Well, there are some people so constituted that they are affected with a violent sneezing fit when they inhale the odor of a rose. Others are attacked by a sort of asthma. I knew a lady once who fainted at the smell of a pineapple. Oh, the best way to cure it is to get away from the neighborhood of the flower, of course, but people who are liable to rose cold should always carry a vinaigrette containing aromatic vinegar, or else a bottle of smelling salts, whenever they go into company during the rose season. The inhalation of either will, in nine cases of out ten, counteract the effects of the rose. —(Philadelphia Inquirer.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BORAX WATER FOR DRESSES.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. Cashmere or any wool goods may be washed with a little borax in the water and the color not be injured. They should not be rubbed on the board, but only between the hands, and hung on the line to dry without wringing. If treated in this way and pressed on the wrong side as soon as dry enough they will look like new. —(Washington Star.

A LASTING FRUIT CAKE.

How to make fruit cake that will last a year or more is important to every housekeeper. One pound of currants should be washed and drained thoroughly; one pound of raisins should be likewise treated and then chopped finely after the pits have been taken out; chop also half a pound of citron. Leave this fruit until the last. Make the cake part as follows: Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, add one cup of butter, one of molasses, half a cup of some milk, and spices to suit the taste. Stir six cups of flour in this mixture, and then add fruit, mixing another half-cup of flour at the same time to prevent settling. —(Boston Cultivator.

BED-COMFORTABLE.

In making bed-comfortables at home it is best to use the new patent cotton-batting, which comes in layers stitched in place by machine. This cotton saves all the annoyance so often experienced in using the old-fashioned rolls of batting, as the outside covering can be so easily laid upon it. From three to four rolls of the batting are needed for a comfortable two and a half yards long and two wide. The ready-made comfortable are, as a rule, too small, except to throw over the foot of a bed or for a single bed. The spreads are usually tacked with worsted, the rows being about nine inches apart. The edges are turned in, stitched, and then button-holed over the edge with worsted that matches that used for the tacking. The prettiest summer comfortable have silkline on one side and cheese-cloth on the other. The colors are chosen to match the coloring of the bedroom. A silkline with an ecrú ground is a better choice than white when it can be suitably used. —(New York Post.

RECIPES.

Corn Fritters.—Mix with one pint of grated corn four table spoons of sweet milk and four of flour; salt to taste, then fry like oysters.

Egg Kisses.—One-half pound of sugar and the whites of four eggs Beat them thoroughly until very stiff, then add the sugar. Bake slowly on ungreased paper.

Chicken Croquettes.—Boil until quite tender two large fowls or not less than five pounds each. Remove the bone, and mince very fine. Add one pint of cream, one-half pound of butter, salt and pepper. Shape oval in small glasses or molds, and when cold fry in hot lard or butter.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.—Put one and a half cups of tapioca into one pint of cold water. Let stand until dissolved. Then place it on the fire and remain until cooked, stirring slowly all the while. Then sweeten and flavor to suit your taste. Place in a dish six or eight apples that have been pared and cored. Pour the tapioca over, and serve when cold with cream.

Pineapple Ice Cream.—Slice two large pineapples in thin layers, scatter between the layers two pounds of powdered sugar and let them stand three hours. Then chop and cut fine and strain through a sieve into three pints of cream, beat this gradually and freeze. It is improved by reserving a few pieces of pineapple until the cream is half frozen. Then cut into bits and add with a pint of whipped cream. Very delicate.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take ripe raspberries, put them in a pan, and mash them with a large wooden spoon or masher. Strain the juice through a jelly bag, and to each pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar and one quart of vinegar. When the sugar has dissolved place the whole over the fire in a preserving kettle, and let it boil a minute or two and skim it. When cold bottle it, cork it well, and it will be fit for use.

Creamed Walnuts.—The white of one egg and an equal amount of cold water, one teaspoon of lemon or vanilla. Beat until thoroughly mixed, then beat in confectioners' sugar, sifted, until the dough is stiff enough to mold. Break off pieces the size of a nutmeg, roll them till smooth and round. Press the halved walnut meats on each side, letting the cream show slightly between the meats. One egg will require about a pound and a quarter of sugar.

The Beauty of It.

Helen (exhibiting photograph)—What do you think of it, Sue?

Susan—It's splendid; it couldn't be better.

Helen—But does it look like me?

Susan—Not a particle. That's the beauty of it, you know. —(Boston Transcript.

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VOL. V. NO. 7

Listen to The

A little corn on a
Caused by the pinch
Instead of a three
As time went on
The two waxed red
It drew from the
Then off to Wally's
For the OLD COLOR

IT IS SAFE AND SURE DEATH

DIRECTIONS: Apply the Dressing
five days; soak the feet on the sixth
come off. If needed, repeat.

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VOL. V. NO. 7.

QUINCY, MASS., OCTOBER, 1891.

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Listen to This Wail of Toe.

A little corn on a maiden's toe,
Caused by the pinch of a too-tight shoe,
Instead of a three a number two,
As time went on (as time will do),
The toe waxed red—the maiden blue,
It drew from the maiden a groan or two.
Then off to Whall's Drug Store, fast she flew,
For the OLD COLONY CORN DESTROYER.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE DEATH TO CORNS, BIG AND LITTLE.
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Also, he has made it his business to press Pants, one pair every week, for \$10.00 a year, or \$5.00 a half year. So don't have bad looking Pants. Every thing done on the premises, and the Best.

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

MCGOVERN BROS.,
NEWSDEALERS AND STATIONERS.

Also, Dealers in

Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars,
Pipes, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles.

32 HANCOCK STREET,

QUINCY, - - MASS.

RECEIVED,

And are prepared to show to our patrons and
the public, the largest and best selected stock of

FALL AND WINTER BOOTS AND SHOES

To be found in Quincy.

BOSTON PRICES. ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,
ROBERTSON BLOCK, QUINCY.
A. P. WENTWORTH, - - Manager.

HOLIDAY PICTURES!

Now is the time to have your Photos made
for the Holidays.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

RUSSELL

MAKES THE BEST WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

ADAMS BUILDING, HANCOCK STREET.

We Have a Very Large Stock OF OLD WHEAT FLOUR

Which we now have to be first-class goods. We sell no
Flour except that which we can guarantee after a very
thorough test to be the very best that comes to this market.
The CORRUGATED brand we have sold for ten
years, and the quality never was so good as it is today.
We would advise early purchases in order to secure all
Old Wheat, as New Wheat Flour will shortly be in the
market. Flour delivered free in any part of the city.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,
Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Where Did You Get that Hat?

WHY, AT THE

QUINCY ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE.

They Keep all of the Latest Styles
at Low Prices.

ALL PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded at all
hours, Day or Night, at the Lowest Prices.

THE CITY DRUG STORE,
Cor. School and Hancock Streets.

A. T. MITTEN, (Registered Pharmacist) Agent.
Formerly in the Prescription Department of T. Metcalf & Co., Boston.

ATTENTION, BOYS!
BUSH HAMMERS, - HAND HAMMERS,
AND ALL KINDS OF STONE TOOLS,
BOUGHT OF
Pinel Brothers,

ARE RELIABLE AND CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

The boys always stand by what they make or sell.
Give them a call and be satisfied.

PINEL BROS.

GEO. F. WILSON & CO.,
Groceries and Provisions.
A Good Assortment of
Teas, Coffees, Tobacco, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

Wilson Block, Hancock Street, Quincy.

WINKFIELD BROS.,
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Try Us on Your Next Pair.

HARVEST SONG.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye reaper bands,
With all your ripened stores;
Such bounteous measure nature yields;
What could heart ask for more?

With earth's broad lap abrim with food,
The azure skies above,
The heavens whisper, "Earth is good!"
Earth answers, "Heaven is love."
The winds that wander from the West
O'er fields afar or near
Find plenty nowhere manifest
In richer stores than here.

The golden rick, the bursting bin,
Of solid corn and new
Are streams of wealth which set this way,
And soon shall overflow.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye ripened fields,
The joy your bounties measure yields
The joyful whole round earth.
—Dart Fawcett, in Harper's Bazar.

MADAGASCAR JACK.

BY CEPHAS N. WATKINS.

"Look out for a big sperm whale with
the stump of a harpoon in his hump, and
about fifty fathom of line towing
astern!"

"Ay! Look out for Madagascar Jack.
He's a rogue. Ye may know him by the
hoss-shoe mark on his head. Give him
a wide berth; he's a man-killer."
We had to do, to deliver letters and
have a chat with the crew of the old
whaler, *Cleopatra*, of New Bedford, then
commanded by Captain Tabor.

The *Cleopatra* had been three years on
the Indian Ocean grounds, and was
homeward bound when we fell in with
her. She had eighteen hundred barrels
of oil under hatches, and more than
fourteen thousand pounds of bone, to the
crew told us. Ours was then a "clean
ship." She was named the *Drayle*, and
was outboard for the same waters.

I was then a young man of twenty
years and was a boat-steward on board
the *Drayle*, Captain Lawton, of New
Bedford.

Captain Lawton had sent a boat aboard
the *Cleopatra* with the letters, and we laid
by for an hour or two, giving the
Captain and crew home news and getting
information from the whaling grounds.
It was pleasant weather, and the vessels
were brought within easy hail of each
other.

I remember they told us of a "new
island," or at least of one not down on the
chart, in east longitude about fifty-eight
degrees, twenty minutes; south latitude,
twenty-two degrees, fifteen minutes; and
as our boat was pulling back to the ship
and we were about to part company, the
second mate of the *Cleopatra* stood at
and told us about the whale. Then one of
the men, forward, added the remark given
above.

Whalers in those days often warned
each other of "fighting" or "rogue"
whales. In the earlier days of the whale
fishery comparatively little difficulty was
experienced in taking the Leviathans of
the deep. In their dying throes they
sometimes stove in or capsized the boats,
but rarely made a direct, persistent
attack upon them.

At last, however, the constant per-
secutions of man seem to have developed
aggressive traits in the harassed cetace-
ans. Boats, and even the whale-ships,
were savagely attacked and sometimes
sunk by whales.

While the more prudent and, gener-
ally, the older skippers were inclined
to avoid dangerous whales, there were
always bold spirits among the younger
men, particularly the young mates, who
desired to distinguish themselves and
their ships by capturing a "rogue" for
to clear the seas of one of these de-
stroyers was justly ranked as a great ex-
ploit.

It was from the *Cleopatra* that we first
heard of "Madagascar Jack," and after-
ward the *Drayle*, which we fell in with
near Mauritius, gave us further tidings
of a certain cork whale with an iron in
his back and a white scar on his head.

But the *Drayle* did not meet him, for
with much else in the way of whales, in-
deed, during the first year after, and
sailed for home two years afterward
with a light fare.

My next cruise was in the *Acacia*, of
Sag Harbor, Captain Harlow, which re-
turned on account of the illness of the
Captain and was withdrawn; and it was
not till three years after, when I was on
the *Oreol*, Captain Wyford, that I first
saw "Madagascar Jack."

We went through Sunda Straits and
cruised on the Indian Ocean grounds for
eight months. There we took twenty-
one hundred barrels of whale oil, but
thus far not a cask of sperm. Wyford
was an elderly man who did not now
enter a whale-boat himself. Some, in-
deed, hold that the master ought never
to enter one. But we had a second mate
who made up in pluck and daring for
anything the Captain lacked.

I have cruised in a good many ships,
but never saw Cliff Andrews's match as a
whaleman.

One morning during the tenth month
of our cruise a whale was sighted in a
mist soon after daylight. In fact,
we heard him spouting before we saw
him. But the Captain would not order
the boats down till the men had their
breakfast, and the delay chafed
Andrews.

We ate our breakfast in a few min-
utes, and two boats were lowered.
Meantime the whale, after blowing a few
times, had gone down to feed.
The Captain said that we should not
see him again for an hour; but we
pulled off to the spot where he had last
been heard blowing, and then lay by on
our oars.

Mr. Cummings, the first mate, was in
one boat and Andrews in the other. We
listened and watched for a long while,
and meantime the mist lifted a little,
showing the surface of the sea was still
dim.

Andrews declared that we had lost the
whale, "like a pack of dufl-eaters who
must needs stuff themselves with breakfast,
whatever betided," but while he was
frustrating, the whale suddenly breached,
scarcely a cable's length from where we
lay.

He had been down a long time. His
big, square head broke water like a small
mountain; and he blew heavily as he
turned. We saw his head distinctly.
There was a semi-circular whitish mark
on it, six or eight feet across, and as he
rolled we saw the stump of an old iron
in his back and another in his side.

"Madagascar Jack!" I exclaimed.
"That's the whale that killed the mate
of the *Drayle*."

"Ay, Madagascar Jack!" echoed sev-
eral voices from the other boat. A de-
scription of this whale was current among
whalers in these waters.

"Till Madagascar-jack him!" exclaimed
Andrews. "Give way—sharp."

He stood up, harpoon in hand, and at
the whale's second spout we laid the boat
alongside him.

"Another shot, boys!" whispered the
mate. "Put me just past his hump."
He darted the harpoon and buried it to
the hilt, shouting, "Down to your
oars!"

Feeling the iron, the whale sounded
and ran off perhaps seventy-five fathoms
of our line, not more, when the strain
suddenly stopped.

"Back water!" muttered the mate.
"He's coming up! Hand me that lance,
blacksmith. Haul line for'ard!"

Suddenly we felt a tremendous shock
unfathomable, and next moment we were all
turning somersaults in the air. The
whale had breached with a vengeance.
In the swashing and confusion of the
moment, I cannot say exactly what hap-
pened; it was every man for himself.

I struck out for the boat of the first
mate, Mr. Cummings's. Our own boat,
badly shattered, had fallen back bottom
up.

Three men contrived to dock them-
selves astride it, and Andrews appeared
to have caught a grip on the shank of
one of the ironed-in whales. He held
on there for some minutes.

The whale meanwhile moved slowly
forward, nousing for the boat; then,
suddenly, with a single creak of its
great jaw, crushed it to fragments.

The three men astride it dived off in
time to avoid the blow and swam for us;
but still Andrews held fast to the har-
poon, or to the line at the whale's side.
One poor fellow had disappeared.

There were now five of us with Mr.
Cummings, and his boat was crowded.
How to rescue Andrews from his perilous
situation was now our only thought.

We dreaded to attract the whale's at-
tention, and dared not approach. Andrews
could swim like a fish, as we knew, and
at length Cummings hailed him.

"Better take a header under him and
then swim for us!" he advised.

"Put in! Put in, man, and fasten to
him!" Andrews shouted back, "You're
not goin' to show the whiter feather,
be ye?"

"It's not my duty," replied Cum-
mings, "with a boat loaded down to the
gunwale! If you want to get back to
the ship with us, make haste!" he again
hailed.

Andrews let go the whale, which was
still thrashing the fragments of the boat
in pieces, and swam off to us. But he was
very angry.

Cummings headed for the ship. Most
of the men were badly scared.

Meantime the Captain had ordered out
another boat. We met it coming off.
Andrews, wet as he was, jumped in and
took command.

"I'll kill that whale, or that whack-
kills me!" he shouted. "But if there's
any man here who can't swim, or is
afraid, he had better go into Mr. Cum-
mings's boat."

Four of the crew lost no time in tum-
bling out; but two of us, who had been
with Andrews before, took their places.
Andrews seized an oar and we started to
pull back to the whale.

The first mate, by the Captain's advice,
put his wet men aboard and then fol-
lowed slowly after us, to pick up, he
said.

"Boys," cried Andrews, as we neared
the whale again, "I'm goin' to put another
iron in him. If he makes for us jump
overboard, swim a few strokes and then
treat water!" We wore round the whale
and got within half a ship's length of
him, when he settled a little, rose with
a half breach, and came straight toward
us again.

We as rapidly backed water and tried
to shoot off; but in a moment the furious
Leviathan was close astern of us, and
threw out his terrible jaw.

"Jump!" shouted the mate; and we all
went overboard.

For some reason the whale missed his
blow at the boat and rushed by, going in
the direction of the ship. As we swam
we could hear the shouting on board.

Cummings got his boat to lee of the
ship. The whale coursed back and forth,
exhibiting unmistakable evidences of
angry defiance. They feared that he
would run them aboard.

On our part, we saw that our boat re-
mained unharmed, and returned to it;
the last but one of us was climbing in,
when the mate again shouted: "Jump!"

He's coming!"

I took a long header out, on the side
next the ship, and as I rose, I heard a
crash behind me. The whale had re-
turned and made an end of the boat this
time.

We all swam in the direction of the
ship, and Mr. Cummings's boat stole
cautiously round the bows and picked us
up.

Meantime, "Madagascar Jack" was
thrashing the fragments of our second
boat to pieces; there could be no doubt
as to his fighting quality. We had already
lost one man and two boats, and the
Captain deemed any further effort to kill
him unwise and extra hazardous. So
thought most of the men.

But the second mate held out and ex-
claimed:
"Is there a man who will go with me
for a set at that old man-killer, or will
ye see me go alone?"

The Captain did not exactly forbid it;

and three of us, Coles, the blacksmith,
a boat-steerer named Preston, and I, vol-
unteered to accompany Andrews to make
a third attack on the whale.

We pulled around the bows in Mr.
Cummings's boat and heard the whale
at a little distance, near where he had
stove the last boat.

A few drops of rain were falling, and
the mist had settled again instead of
clearing.

"Ship your oars and take the paddles,"
said Andrews. "Dip easy."

He picked up the boat's lance instead
of the harpoon. "If we can creep up
where I can get a good set, him just
behind the hump, it's all I ask," he con-
tinued, under his breath.

Immediately we espied the black back
of the monster through the mist, not
half a cable's length away. He seemed
to be lying there as if on the watch for
us. Then, after a moment or two, he
thrashed the floating splinters of the boat
again.

With hearts thumping hard, for we
felt it to be a matter of life and death,
the boat was propelled forward on the
left side of the whale, and glided past
his flukes. Andrews planted his foot on
the rail, and seized the lance pole in both
hands.

The whale moved slightly forward;
but the boat continued overhauling him
for several seconds, till we were nearly
abreast his shoulder.

Then the mate lunged at him with a
will, burying the lance in his side.

He had struck the "life," the lance
entered so deeply, that Andrews went
half overboard with it.

The whale squirmed spasmodically,
then started forward, staying in the
broadside of the boat before we could
edge off. We jumped out and dived as
deep as possible, to escape a second
blow.

I swam under water for twenty or thirty
yards, and when I rose and got the
brine out of my eyes, I saw the whale
making off. Andrews and both the
others had risen near me, and a moment
after we all saw blood flying from the ani-
mal's spiracles.

"Madagascar Jack" was "done for at
last. He lagged around for ten or fifteen
minutes, however.

They could not see us from the ship;
but they had lowered another boat, and
on Andrews's triumphant lance, came and
picked us up.

This whale made eighty-five barrels
of sperm oil; and we had, moreover,
the satisfaction of having rid this ocean of a
dangerous "rogue."—*Yacht's Companion.*

Testimony That Perplexed a Lawyer.

A case was being tried in a country
court. A horse had been stolen from a
pasture, and the evidence all pointed to
a certain doubtful character of the neigh-
borhood as the culprit. Though his
guilt seemed clear, he had found a law-
yer to undertake his defence. At the
trial the defendant's attorney expended
his energy in trying to confuse and
frighten the opposing witnesses, espe-
cially a certain farmer whose testimony
was particularly damning. The lawyer
kept up a fire of questions, asking many
foolish ones, and repeating himself again
and again, in the hope of "decoying the
witness into a contradiction."

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that
you can swear to having seen this man
drive a horse past your farm on the day
in question?"

"I can," replied the witness, wearily,
for he had already answered the ques-
tion a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of
the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or
any 'middle's.' I want you to tell the
jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't al-
ways carry a gold watch with me when
I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house,
haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just nine-
teen minutes past 10."

"You were in the fields all the morn-
ing?" went on the lawyer, smiling sug-
gestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this
field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the
clock in your house it was exactly nine-
teen minutes past 10?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused and looked tri-
umphantly at the jury, at last he had en-
trapped the witness into a contradictory
statement that would greatly weaken his
testimony. "I think that will do," he
said, with a wave of his hand, "I am
quite through with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat
and started to leave the witness stand;
then turning slowly about, he added:
"I ought perhaps to say that too much
reliance should not be placed upon that
clock, as it got out of gear about six
months ago, and it's been nineteen min-
utes past 10 ever since."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Providing Water for Wayfarers.

The providing of water for thirsty
travelers has long been held a religious
duty in the East. By the doors of the
little-domed houses, covering the tombs
of Mohammedan saints, are often to be
found large jars of water, with a vessel
to lift the cooling liquid to the lips of
the passer-by. Many travelers must have
seen the curiously figured earthen jar
beside the door of the little well at Ma-
g-dala. The villagers keep it constantly
replenished with fresh water from the
lake, each service to wayfarers being es-
teemed very well pleasing to the saint,
whose last resting place is thus honored.

There are certain fanatical religious sects
in Syria who may never drink from a
vessel which has once touched the lips
of a stranger, yet seldom will they re-
fuse a drink of cold water to the traveler,
although they must immediately destroy
the vessel from which he has drunk.—
Boston Transcript.

Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association,

Entered at the Post Office at Quincy, as Second Class Matter.

Advertising Agent, - W. H. WARNER,

Subscription Agent, - FRANK GILBERT.

CHURCH ITEMS.

Sunday, Oct. 4th, was the feast of the Holy Rosary. It was celebrated throughout the whole Catholic world, with great solemnity.

Monday, Oct. 5th, was commemorated the feast of the great St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscans.

St. Bridget's day will be Oct. 8th. This holy woman is especially notable for her intense devotion and her meditation upon the passion and suffering of Our Lord.

October 9th is the feast day of St. Denis the Areopagite, a judge in the city of Athens. While he was still in the darkness of paganism and ignorant of Christianity, he was so astonished at the miraculous obscuring of the sun at the hour of Christ's crucifixion that he exclaimed: "Either the God of Nature is suffering, or else the world is being destroyed." When St. Paul the Apostle came to Athens, St. Denis heard his doctrine, acknowledged its truth and co-operation with right reason, and was baptized. Together with Sts. Rusticus and Eleutherius, he was beheaded in France, whither they had gone to preach Christ crucified.

Oct. 10th is the feast of St. Francis Borgia, who was Duke of Gandia. While still a youth, he was a member of the royal court of Charles V. of Spain, and afterward was administrator and governor of Catalonia. While in charge of the funeral cortege of the Empress Isabella, he looked at her face which had been most beautiful in life, and he was so overcome by the ravages which death and decay had wrought that he realized at once the vanity and nothingness of earthly things, gave up all his honors and dignities, and joined the Jesuits. In this act he was initiated by many prayers and afterwards by the emperor James, who abdicated his throne and retired to a monastery in order to save his soul which he considered as infinitely greater value than all his royal possessions. St. Francis, by his great talents and virtues, was deemed worthy to be elevated to the highest offices of the society of Jesus, which he filled with wonderful prudence and sanctity.

Oct. 13th the church honors the memory of St. Edward, king of England. For ten years he was banished from England by the incursions and devastations of the Danes. He resided in Normandy, where a beautiful part of his life was the admiration of all. He was frequently heard to say that he would rather be deprived forever of his kingdom than to gain it by shedding the blood of his people. After the Danes had been driven out, he was recalled and received with the greatest joy, and immediately set about repairing the damage done by the invaders. On account of his intense charity he was named the father of the poor and of the orphan. He died full of merit and virtue.

The feast of St. Luke, the Evangelist, comes Oct. 18th. He was a doctor in Antioch, a very learned man. He was the special friend and companion of St. Paul. He wrote the gospel that bears his name, and also is the author of the "Acts of the Apostles." He lived a celibate for eighty-four years, and was finally buried in Constantinople, whither his bones were carried from Achia by the Emperor Constantine.

The first day of November each year is called All Saints' Day, because then the church honors the countless multitudes of holy men and women who are not enrolled by name on its calendar. It is very obvious that it would be impossible to assign in each year one festival day to each of the innumerable throng of human beings who have faithfully served God during life.

Nov. 24th will be the feast of "All Souls." On this day throughout the whole world the August sacrifice of the altar is offered for the relief of the souls in purgatory. It is one of the most beautiful of the doctrines of the church, one of the most consoling to feel that, after our homeless, perhaps sinful and selfish life, for whose transgressions we know our poor merits are not able to atone, when we are helpless to longer win grace or remission, as long as the world shall endure, prayers for us will be offered on the feast of All Souls. No matter how soon our nearest and dearest may forget us, the church proves her title to be our Holy Mother, by requiring her priests in every Mass they celebrate, to make an earnest commemoration of the dead who have died in the Lord, and on this day she commemorates all the Masses in the whole world to be offered especially for the relief of the souls of all the faithful departed. Relatives and friends must die, our name and race may be blotted from the earth, nations may perish, but the grand old church shall remain until the end of the world praying for you and for us, a loving mother whose care and affection does not cease with our death. She guards, loves and prays for us, conducting even to the throne of God.

The Sewer Act.

The citizens, by a vote of nearly two to one, have put a veto on the sewer question for the present. One of the objections to the sewer was the manner of bringing it before the people. Many considered that the calling of a special election at this season was a put up job, the friends of the measure expecting a light vote, hoping to spring a trap on the people and jumping the question through. If this was their idea they were sadly mistaken, because the opponents of the sewer turned out. It was mistaken policy to call a special election for so important a measure at any time, but when we are so near to general elections, it looked suspicious to say the least. The question of a sewer, involving so great an expense to the city, has not been discussed by the people of Quincy as fully

as it should be. A few theorists in the city council have talked the matter in a kind of fashion of their own. They got the matter through a legislature that knows very little about the circumstances of Quincy, and attempted to rush it through by smart practice. It is well that the project failed; the people who must pay the bills will have an opportunity to look into the merits of the sewer act, and decide on what they think will be best for the interests of the entire city. The rebuke of the election will not be lost.

LOCALS.

The repairs to the basement of St. Mary's Church have been completed and make a great improvement. It was dedicated on the first Friday to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and will be known hereafter as the chapel of the Sacred Heart.

Do you trade with Winkfield Bros? The month of the Rosary is again with us. Let us attend the special devotions held in the church, and endeavor to recite the Rosary daily.

Miss McCormick has resigned her position as teacher in the Willard School, and accepted one in Wolcott. Miss Haley of Maine is the new teacher.

Do you trade with Winkfield Bros? The concert given under the auspices of St. Mary's C. L. & A. M. R. Society in their hall on Tuesday, Sept. 24, was well attended and fully appreciated.

A few more of those Black Derby Hats for a few days at Winkfield Bros? The Chemical Co. of Atlantic held a dance in Music Hall, Atlantic, Friday evening, Sept. 25.

A slight fire in West Quincy's hose factory on last Saturday caused quite an excitement among the employees.

A few more of those Black Derby Hats for a few days at Winkfield Bros?

Mr. Michael Dolan of Atlantic has returned from his trip to Ireland, much improved in health. The watch contest between Miss Annie Gilbert of Atlantic and Miss Mary Shea of South Braintree, was decided Sunday, Oct. 4, in favor of Miss Gilbert.

Winkfield Bros' prices are all right. A new altar is being built for the basement of the Sacred Heart Church of Atlantic.

The teachers of St. John's Sunday-school, save "The Old Homestead," and the Atlantic teachers the "County Fair" recently.

Winkfield Bros' prices are all right. The Newport Bowling Club were victorious in the regatta of the N. E. Bowling Association on Labor Day. This was something extraordinary, as the members are all young. The prize was four globe-shaped silver butter dishes.

You can be suited in footwear at Winkfield Bros? Mr. David Hurley of the Lowell fire department spent Saturday and Sunday with his mother on Willard street. Miss Florence Farrell, returned with him to Lowell.

Mr. E. Paradise and Miss Josephine Rogers were married in St. Mary's Church, Monday, Sept. 28, by Rev. J. F. Cullen.

You can be suited in footwear at Winkfield Bros? Sunday-school and high mass will recommence in the churches of the city on Sunday, Oct. 4.

The new switch-house in Atlantic is nearly completed. The works will be constructed in such a manner that one lever will turn all the switches, thereby saving the tender many steps.

Our 50c. line is elegant - Winkfield Bros. Mr. James O'Dowd is building a tenement over his store for his family.

Much interest is being manifested in the Cuniff land case of Atlantic. If Mr. Cuniff is obliged to move his house he will be using another man's land.

Our 50c. line is elegant - Winkfield Bros. Supt. White has issued an order that all firemen going to and from fires will be allowed a free car ride.

Miss Nellie Stanton of Boston, an employee in the dress making department of Jordan's, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Hussey.

Have you bought your Winter Underwear? Try Winkfield Bros. Eighty-six children who had never attended school before entered the Willard this term.

The flying horses, for some time past the children's attraction at West Quincy, have left the city.

Have you bought your Winter Underwear? Try Winkfield Bros. Quincy contains 2655 voters, divided as follows: Ward 1, 543; ward 2, 447; ward 3, 491; ward 4, 598; ward 5, 309; ward 6, 267. But little interest was shown in voting for the sewer. Less than half of the voters of the city were at the polls.

For passage tickets or drafts on Ireland, call on Flynn & Mahoney, 18 and 20 Essex street, Boston, for low rates.

My thoughts steal over to old Erin's shore To my father and mother dear; And I've sent money to Flynn & Mahoney, And soon I will greet them here.

A Mystery Explained.—For the past two weeks an unusually large number of new, black derby hats have been seen on our streets; but when one learns that these have been bought at Winkfield Bros. for 49 cents, the wonder is that everyone does not buy one.

A New Monopoly.

The establishment of trade societies in America has been a standing grievance among the capitalists of the country. Those engaged in manufactures were the loudest in their complaints against what they called conspiracy against capital, and an infringement on the rights of the citizen. All the influence that money could buy, was brought to bear on state and national legislation to declare the system illegal.

In some states, notably Massachusetts and New York, the monopol power had sufficient influence to twist the old feudal law of conspiracy to their purpose, and succeeded in some instances in punishing men belonging to these societies and branding them as criminals. But these gentlemen never practice what they preach. When their own learned professions are interested, each has a code of laws which are rigorously enforced, that effectually prevents any layman from competing with the initiated in their particular trades. The druggist must pass through an apprenticeship before he can open a store; the doctor must pass an examination before he can affix "M. D." to his name; the legal gentleman must go through a course of spouts before he is called to the bar. In England he must eat a certain number of bad dinners in some dingy house at the expense of "fans of Court" before he can wear a wig and address "My Lord."

These regulations are all right in principle, but it is only common sense that they should apply to the stone-cutter and the shoemaker, as well as to the lawyer and the doctor. We have lately been informed that one of the most outrageous combinations of this kind exists in Quincy, one which prevents any competition in a most important branch of the manufacture of our city: a combination that makes this business a regular "closed shop." By one of the by-laws of this society a man must pay \$500 as an entrance fee before he can become a member. If he does not pay this amount none of the "body" will deal with him, and he cannot do business.

This rule effectually blocks any attempt of a young man, just becoming an employer, unless he has a large bank account. Five hundred dollars is a considerable sum to take out of a young man's capital when he starts in business, and few if any can afford to pay out so much money for which he has no security.

If this combination is so much of a conspiracy, it bears too strong a resemblance to the ugly thing to be pleasant. This matter concerns the public at large, the people of Quincy have a right to know why such an exorbitant entrance fee is demanded, and for what purpose the money so collected is expended.

Ward 1.

The extreme modesty of our fellow-citizens of Ward 1 is proverbial, but the people of that locality seldom fail to be surprised by the amount of money they are asked to contribute for the benefit of the city. The Ledger recently claimed that the people of Ward 1, and as a matter of course, advocates the claims of the empire ward to the lion's share of the public expenditure, notwithstanding the fact that the centre district has been for many years the poorest in the city. The Ledger only claims that the old town government, when under the new system the other localities in the city had begun to receive a portion of the benefits so long denied them, "Old Slow" kicks if the earth is not given to Ward 1. The Centre has all the best business, the best main depot, postoffice, public library, Adams academy, court house, lawyers' offices, the fountain and Mr. Henry H. Faxon. But Ward 1 wants more. It is proposed that six thousand dollars be expended on sidewalks, to be divided in equal portions among the six wards in the city. The Ledger only claims that Ward 1 must have more than its share on the ground that it pays most taxes. This is common sense inverted. It would do the work where the people are rich, and do not need it, but curtail the expenditure, and neglect the section where the people are poorest, and the outlay would do the most good. Don't be too covetous in Ward 1.

SOME OTHER WARD.

Widening of Water Street. Another attempt is being made to carry through the City Council the improvement on Water street by widening it to forty-five feet. On sober second thought many members of that body have changed their minds on the subject, and there is a strong hope that at least forty-five feet will be accepted as the width of the street.

The steady and bitter opposition to this matter from certain parties; the quibbling resorted to by street and retard this vital improvement, compared with the zeal and energy which have been used to forward other measures, is extremely significant. We hope that common sense will govern the council in disposing of this matter, and that the fourpenny policy which seems to prevail in the minds of some of our councillors when Ward 3 is concerned will be set aside, and the money spent on widening Water street will not be thrown away in widening to only 40 feet. No man of common sense in the city should vote for less than 45 feet.

Decency in Politics. The present political campaign in Massachusetts is a good illustration of the old adage that "Politics make strange bedfellows." Not content with discussing the real questions on which parties differ, the Republicans are endeavoring to revive the defunct Know-nothing party, and return to power under the banner of Ned Buntline and the Angel Gabriel. From some of these agitators one expects nothing better, but we are surprised to find a gentleman like Henry Cabot Lodge, who has a character to lose, enrolling himself under the black banner, and we cannot help expressing our deep regret.

It would be a sorry sight to see Booth or Forrest performing the part of a clown in a circus. It seems strange to see Henry Cabot Lodge on the stage, acting a character which is a combination of "The Escaped Nun" and Dr. Fulton.

Mr. Lodge, the part does not suit you.

J. W. McANARNEY, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block, Saturdays at the office of Cotter & Jenney 209 Washington Street, Boston.

Hancock Street, - Quincy.

Don't Buy a Watch ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

IF YOU DO YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY SEVERAL DOLLARS MORE FOR IT.

WILLIAMS, the JEWELER,

WILL SELL YOU ONE

From His Ample Stock, at the Lowest Price.

No. 112 COPELAND STREET.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Some clergymen discourage wedding rehearsals.

Every kind of plumage is in request for hat trimmings.

English women have returned to the square-toed shoes.

Brides are no longer dressed. They are simply "gowned."

Queen Victoria puts in her spare time playing the crochet needle.

The ladies of the Vanderbilt family own lace valued at \$500,000.

Cuban women dress their hair with fire bugs and emerald eyed crawling insects.

Jackets are as universal a fashion as plain skirts, and are on the whole easier to wear.

Tiny little bonnets made of tulle may be constructed in five minutes to match any gown.

Swedish ladies have earned for themselves the reputation of being excellent swimmers.

The University of Michigan has determined to add women professors and lecturers to its faculty.

The elongated basque bodice or coat is now modified to meet the requirements of short women.

Black lace over white lace is very beautiful in effect, especially in the evening, with diamond ornaments.

"Koulik serge" is a new autumn dress fabric and color green and Roman blue are two popular dyes of the goods.

Without doubt the Princess shape will be largely worn this winter, for it so closely follows the prevailing fashion of dress.

Genealogical trees seem to have an absorbing interest for New York woman, and the demand for literature and documentary evidence is insatiable.

Mrs. Will. M. Carleton, the poet's wife, went as a missionary to British Borneo when scarcely twenty years old, and remained there several years.

Miss Enid Vandell, of Louisville, Ky., is at work in the modelling department of the World's Fair, making the models for the eight carriages for the women's building.

Flower curtains are used for bridal pairs to stand before while receiving congratulations. They are of some dull neutral tint, upon which flowers are thickly strewn.

The chief caterer of fashionable society in Washington is a woman, who occupies a most unpretentious little shop. She has served every President since the days of Harrison's grandfather.

The new painters are unwearied in their efforts to find favors among tall, slim ladies. Their intended purpose of setting off a slender waist to advantage is greatly aided by peasant corsage completed by a full blouse.

Felt hats for wearing with traveling attire can be had in attractive shades of gray, pink, green, fawn, terra-cotta and blue. They are trimmed with velvet bows and wings in a constraining color, and perhaps a paste buckle.

The Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, Scotland, is about to be opened to women students. This important concession was lately announced at a meeting of the Scottish Association for the medical education of women.

Mrs. Diaz, wife of the President of the Mexican Republic, has been appointed at the head of the committee of women representing the women of the Republic at the Chicago World's Fair.

The Swedish Government has been petitioned by the women of Sweden for official permission to become apothecaries. Permission was very recently granted, and now each apothecary in Sweden has one or more women pupils.

The Roumanian woman barrister, Mile. Sarmila Bilescu, who took the degree of Doctor of Law at Paris last spring, for the purpose of opening the profession to women in her own country, has lately been admitted to the bar in Bucharest.

Sweden boasts but one woman physician, who, however, enjoys a large practice in Stockholm. It takes nine years to qualify, which may account for the small advantage taken of the right to practice, granted nearly twenty years ago.

A woman in Portsmouth, England, has been for some time past teaching navigation to the young men in that seaport. Many of her pupils have successfully passed the Board of Trade examination and have obtained licenses as mates and skippers.

The Queen of the Belgians is one of the most active among the active lady sovereigns of Europe. It is said of her that she never sits down except when playing the piano, or harp, both of which instruments she plays with a "touch of the master hand."

Lady Tennison is known as the composer of some charming music, although age and ill health have rendered her unable of late to do much in that line. At the recent celebration of the Laureate's eighty-second birthday, at Frieswick, his words were sung set to his wife's music.

Ostrich-feather sleeves are a novelty promised for evening dresses this winter. They reach only to the elbow, and are made of the fluffy curled tips sewed lightly to a foundation sleeve of lace or net. Black sleeves are to be used with light gowns, or the sleeves may match the dress in tint.

Says the New York Telegram: "California is fast becoming the fruit growing section of the United States, and there is no place on this continent that offers such inducements to young men of brains and some money. The money is necessary, for no man can start from nothing and hold his own."

Fall and Winter Stock NOW READY.

BLANKETS,

COMFORTERS,

YARNS, HOSIERY,

AND

UNDERWEAR!

Prices Guaranteed as Low as the Lowest.

We have some ODDLOTS

CLAPP BROS.

Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

RELIABILITY!

DURGIN'S Drug Store.

You can get your Prescriptions prepared promptly and accurately at all hours of the day and night. Prescription work a specialty.

You can buy all Patent Medicines at the low cut prices.

All goods at less than regular prices.

DURGIN'S Household Preparations

Cough Balsam warranted a sure cure of the money refunded. Durgin's Sarsaparilla, the best Blood Purifier, large bottles 50 cents.

Beef, Iron and Wine, Calisaya and Coca, Pile Ointment, Diarrhoea Mixture, Toothache Drops, Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, Wine Coca, etc., etc.

RELIABILITY!

WILLIAMS' PATENT

Stonecutters' Spectacles.

EVERY NUMBER IN STOCK TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Read the Testimonials below and see what the Quincy Stonecutters say about them.

WEST QUINCY, Aug. 26, 1891. Mr. T. L. Williams:

Dear Sir,—I have tried your Patent Stonecutters' Spectacles a thorough trial, I am satisfied that they meet every requirement. They are neat, light, and, what is more important, all else, effective.

Yours respectfully, BART ROONEY.

QUINCY, Sept. 11, 1891. Mr. T. L. Williams:

Dear Sir,—I have tried your Patent Stonecutters' Spectacles, and would not part with them for many times their cost, if I could not procure another pair.

Yours truly, Wm. J. WILLIAMS.

WEST QUINCY, Aug. 26, 1891. Mr. T. L. Williams:

Dear Sir,—I find your Patent Spectacles just what I have wanted for a long while. The old method of wearing two pairs of spectacles at once—one to protect the other—was, to say the least, very uncomfortable, and even then they did not always answer the purpose. I am sure they will find a ready sale among stonecutters and others who may have occasion to wear them.

Yours respectfully, RICHARD W. DENTON.

SOLD BY WILLIAMS the JEWELER, Patentee and Sole Proprietor, 112 Copeland St., West Quincy.

GEO. A. DEVLIN, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

LAND Surveying, laying out of Real Estate, and general work of all description. Plans and Estimates furnished for improvement of property, and work superintended. Quincy, May 17.

DON'T HAVE A HEADACHE, BUT USE BROMIDE CAFFEIN, Only 50 cts. a Bottle.

DON'T GET NERVOUS, WHEN YOU CAN TAKE BROMO CELERY, - Only 50 cents a Bottle.

FOR SALE AT WILLARD'S DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, QUINCY.

SAVILLE & JONES, THE SHOE STORE

Large Stock. Great Variety. Reasonable Prices.

SAVILLE & JONES, ADAMS BUILDING.

Outing -:- Flannels!

In Fall and Winter Shades, in Plaid and Plain, at 12 1-2c.

Cheviot Shirtings in Stripes and Plaids.

At 10c. and 12 1-2c.

C. S. HUBBARD'S,

158 Hancock St., opp. Post Office.

JOHN H. GOODHUE, SOUTH QUINCY BAKER

BREAD, CAKE, PASTRY, ETC.

CRACKERS at Wholesale and Retail.

WEDDING CAKE a Specialty.

eg. BREAD and BROWN BREAD Every Sunday Morning.

23 - WATER STREET - 25

For a Good Line THE MISSES FLYNN

—OF—

Fall and Winter DRESS GOODS

At Low Prices, call at Mrs. J. J. Phelan's,

17 Copeland Street, QUINCY.

DR. G. R. ENGLAND, DENTIST,

19 Chestnut St., QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone

CALL AT BOSTON MARKET

Get Our Prices.

Quality is First-class.

Prices Low for Cash.

W. T. PIERCE, Agt., - 14 Hancock St.

W. E. BROWN, UNDERTAKER,

PIERCE'S BLOCK, Cor. Hancock and Washington Streets

Residence: Faxon Avenue.

Telephone Connection.

W. A. HODGES, BAKER

Hancock St., Quincy.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, Crackers.

Etc., of All Kinds.

Orders for Wedding Cake PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

CLIPPINGS.

Uncle Sam's is the wealthiest nation.

It cost \$507,940 to win a Chicago street.

\$10,122,055,000 is invested in our railroads.

Kansas is the banner debtor State of the country.

McKeesport, Penn., has iron telegraph poles only.

Berlin, with 1,315,000 people, has only 50,800 dwellings.

The wine grape yield in California this year is said to have been enormous.

The Marlborough House stables alone cost the Prince of Wales \$80,000 a year.

The Swiss colony of New York has presented the city with a Helvetic national flag.

There are 1937 foreign students at German universities; 361 of them are from Russia, 263 from Austria, 222 are Swiss, 117 English and 436 Americans, mostly from the United States.

How's Your Liver

If sluggish and painful, invigorate it to healthy action by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

POULTRY MAKE HENS LAY

WOODEN COMFORT

There are some few pieces of furniture which seem to breathe of comfort.

HEADACHE,
Only 50 cts. a Bottle.
RHOUS,
Only 50 cents a Bottle.
AT
G STORE,
(INC.)

JONES.

ORE

at Variety.
Prices.

JONES,
INC.

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ARD'S,
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OHUE,
Y BAKER

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NG CAKE a Specialty.
SET - 25

MISSSES FLYNN

the public to call and
their new line of

& Winter Goods.

new line of Starlight
Yarn and Worsteds
shades. Children's
and Saques and Bon-
Bicycle Caps in all
Linen Ties and Bu-
earfs. Small Wares,
lowest prices.

ock Street, Quincy.

E S. MACDONALD,
UCTIONEER,
ate Mortgage and In-
urance Broker

perial City of London, Ger-
anion, and Fire Associa-
of Philadelphia, Fire
Insurance Co.

ington Street, Boston.

Rogers B. Hilding, Opp.
Black Street.

m Hall,

al & Furnishing

ERTAKER,
MBALMER,

inck Street.

Flowers furnished.
tly attended to.

A. HODGES,
AKER

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ke, Pastry, Crackers,
of All Kinds.

er Wedding Cake

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CLIPPINGS.

Trade San's is the wealthiest in
the city. His net worth is a Chicago
man's \$307,540 to widen a Chicago
man's \$122,000,000 is invested in our
country.

House is the banner debtor State of
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MAKE HENS LAY
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WOODEN COMFORT

There are some
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be made of comfort.

Head Rocker
is one of them. You
know before you
try it that it is
going to be com-
fortable. It is a
new experience in
comfort that awaits you. Chairs
no longer. You can search the city and
find no more comfortable a model. You
can search round for reasons and not find
the which explains it.

The time to measure its comfort is at eight
in the evening. Tired with the labor and
agony of the day, you settle back upon its
cushions and spell your rest with a cap-
tivating letter.

We have the latest assortment of these
chairs in this country. You will say that
you never dreamed that there were so many
styles.

Paine's Furniture Co.
48 CANAL ST., (South side Boston
A Maine Depot,
BOSTON, MASS.

"German
Syrup"

The majority of well-read phys-
icians now believe that Consumption
is a germ disease. In other
words, instead of being in the con-
stitution itself it is caused by innum-
erable small creatures living in the
lungs having no business there and
eating their way as caterpillars do
the leaves of trees.

The phlegm that is
congealed up in those
parts of the lungs
which have been
gnawed off and destroyed. These
little bacilli, as the germs are called,
are too small to be seen with the
naked eye, but they are very much
like just the same, and enter the
body in our food, in the air we
breathe, and through the pores of
the skin. Thence they get into the
blood and finally arrive at the lungs
where they fasten and increase with
frigid impunity. Then German
Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills
them, expels them, heals the places
they leave, and so not only
soothe that in a short time consump-
tion becomes germ-proof and well.

A Germ
Disease.

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the skin. Thence they get into the
blood and finally arrive at the lungs
where they fasten and increase with
frigid impunity. Then German
Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills
them, expels them, heals the places
they leave, and so not only
soothe that in a short time consump-
tion becomes germ-proof and well.

gnawed off and destroyed. These
little bacilli, as the germs are called,
are too small to be seen with the
naked eye, but they are very much
like just the same, and enter the
body in our food, in the air we
breathe, and through the pores of
the skin. Thence they get into the
blood and finally arrive at the lungs
where they fasten and increase with
frigid impunity. Then German
Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills
them, expels them, heals the places
they leave, and so not only
soothe that in a short time consump-
tion becomes germ-proof and well.

AN ELEPHANT RANCH.

The Novel Scheme of an Enter-
prising Californian.

He Proposes to Raise Ele-
phants for Various Uses.

It was several years ago that people
ceased to be surprised at anything
which California does. It has come
to be accepted without question that
everything in either the animal or the
vegetable kingdoms will thrive there.

It must seem the most natural thing in
the world to get any kind of fruit
from California, even if it never be-
fore grew outside the limits of Far
Cathay, and as for animals, California
is expected in a few years to produce
so many ostrich feathers that it will
not pay the African growers to set an
ostrich. Therefore the proposition of
America Newbury of San Gabriel, Los
Angeles County, awakens no surprise.

What Mr. Newbury proposes to do,
as we learn from an interview in
the Los Angeles Mirror, is to raise
elephants in Southern California. He
is enthusiastic on the subject and says
that he will have an elephant ranch in
operation inside of one year. Mr.
Newbury does not propose to grow
circular elephants, but rather elephants
which will be useful. The ornamental
elephant, Mr. Newbury explains, is
all right, and when he puts his first
flock on the market he will have no
objection to selling to circus-men
if they will pay enough, but he points
out that elephant raising can never be
made a leading state industry in Cali-
fornia if growers have to depend on
the circus and menagerie demand.

Some practical use must be found for
elephants, and Newbury feels con-
fident that this will be a simple matter.
When his first herd is maturing he will
educate the public up to elephants.

In the first place, Mr. Newbury
points out that elephant meat is an ex-
cellent article of food. All African
explorers speak highly of elephant
steaks. The full-grown elephant
weighs about 7000 pounds, and Mr.
Newbury estimates that he can count
on some 3000 pounds of first-class
meat from each animal. In twenty-five
years he expects to see elephant meat
for sale in all markets. Steaks as big
as bed mattresses will hang up on all
sides, and French elephant chops with
handles on them six feet long will lie
on the counters. Elephant hides, he
thinks, will be found valuable for
leather, slightly thick, per-
haps, but it can be split. Then there
is the ivory, always in good demand.
The clip of wool from an elephant
will, of course, be small, but there were
formerly woolly animals of the elephant
kind, and he does not see why careful
breeding may not revive the species. Fine
all California elephants' wool clothes he
considers a possibility of the future. But it
is not alone in these ways that Mr. Newbury
expects to be able to teach California
to profit from the elephant. It is a
powerful and intelligent animal, and as
a beast of burden will be as suc-
cessful in California as in India. It
can be readily broken to harness
and can draw enormous loads. Nor
does he despair altogether of the eleph-
ant as a driving animal. He thinks
it not unlikely that the California
trotting elephant may be evolved as
the American trotting horse has been.
Californians may yet call out: "Keb, sir!
keb! Nice closed keb and rapid eleph-
ant!" Of course as a saddle beast the
elephant has already proved his
superiority in the Orient. Its gait,
however, at present is irregular, but
Mr. Newbury sees no reason why it
may not be taught a graceful canter
and a swinging gallop. But the most
practical place where the eleph-
ant can be put to immediate use-
fulness, Mr. Newbury considers to be
the orange groves. "In picking
oranges," says Mr. Newbury, "the
trained elephant would be a great suc-
cess. He would come as a boon to
orange growers. He could readily
reach all over the tree with his trunk
and carefully pick the fruit and place
it in a bag hung around his neck, or in
a basket tied on his back. He could
pick more oranges in a day than ten
men, and would never strike for big-
ger wages or flirt with the hired girl.
If I were asked to name in the world
the hope of California for the future,
I should answer, "Elephants, elephants,
elephants."

As we intimated in the first place,
California has produced so much that
it is marvellous that it would be rash
to predict anything but success for the
new elephant project. We conceive
that Mr. Newbury may be a little too
enthusiastic about the elephant as a
trooper, but on many other points he
may be well within bounds. We hope
that he may be able to give his idea a
fair trial. —[New York Tribune.

A Sometime City Now a Corn Field.
Hindustan, Martia County, Ind., in
1820 was an important manufacturing
and trading post. Eastern capitalists
owned all the business and the town
was settled by Eastern people. In
1828, when it was made the county
seat, it had a population of 6000. An
epidemic, thought to be cholera, car-
ried off the people by scores. The town
was soon depopulated, and where once
the town stood is now a field of corn.

The Boers of South Africa.

The Boer farmer personifies useless
idleness, writes Lord Randolph
Churchill. Occupying a farm of
from six thousand to ten thousand
acres, he contents himself with rais-
ing a herd of a few hundred head of
cattle, which are left almost entirely
to the care of the native whom he
employs. It may be asserted, gener-
ally with truth, that he never plants a
tree, never digs a well, never makes a
road, never grows a blade of corn.
Rough and ready cultivation of the
soil by the natives he to some extent
permits, but agriculture and the agri-
cultivist he holds alike in great con-
tempt. He passes his day doing ab-
solutely nothing beyond smoking and
drinking coffee. He is perfectly un-
educated.

His simple ignorance is unfathom-
able. And this, in sublime composure,
he shares with his wife, his sons and
his daughters, being proud that his
children should grow up as ignorant,
as uncultivated, as hopelessly unpro-
gressive as himself. In the winter
time he moves with his herd of cattle
to the better pastures and milder
climate of the low country yield and
lives as idly and uselessly in his wag-
on as he does in his farmhouse.

The summer sees him returning
home, and so on year after year, gener-
ation after generation, the Boer
farmer draws out the most degraded
and ignoble existence ever experienced
by a race with any pretensions to
civilization.

I have, I must admit, met some per-
sons in government circles and else-
where of Boer or Dutch birth who are
entirely excluded from the scope of
these remarks, whose manners were
polite and amiable, who were anxious
to show kindness and hospitality, and
whose conversation was distinguished
by original ideas and liberal senti-
ments.

These, however, are but bright ex-
ceptions. I speak of the nation as a
whole, as I think I have seen it. I
turn my back gladly on these people,
hastening northward to lands possess-
ing, I hope, equal wealth, brighter
prospects, reserved for more worthy
possessors and entitled to happier des-
tines. I rejoice, after all that I have
seen in the Transvaal, that the country
and the people of the Matabeli and
the Mashona have been rescued in the
nick of time, owing to the genius of
Mr. Rhodes and the tardy vigor of
the British government, from the
withering and mortal grasp of the
Boer. —[New York Herald.

Pillows.

The use of a pillow is not a matter
of mere blind usage. It has a phys-
iological basis. We sleep, for the most
part, on the side, and without a pillow
the head would be uncomfortably and
harmfully lower than the body.

It will be remembered that Jacob,
when fleeing from Esau, took a stone
for a pillow. He needed something
for the purpose, and nothing
better than a stone presented
itself. Such practices are common in
Africa at the present day. Bishop
Taylor probably found it convenient,
if not necessary, to take up with them
in his travels in that land; for on his
return to this country, he rejected the
soft pillows of his friendly hosts, and,
sometimes at least, substituted one of
books.

Some people rest the neck instead
of the head on hard pillows. In Africa
extraordinary headrests make this
practice necessary, and many a civil-
ized woman has been compelled by a
somewhat similar coiffure to forego
both the pillow and the recumbent
position.

A consideration of the physiological
reason for pillows will suggest their
proper thickness. They should merely
bring the head to the natural level.
Some pillows are much too thick. By
bending the neck unduly, they inter-
fere with the outflow of the venous
blood from the head. The pillow that
just fills up the space above the shoul-
der best suits its end.

Again, pillows of feathers are ob-
jectionable. While they furnish the
needed support for the head, they are
too heating, as they have a remarkable
capacity for holding and accumulating
heat.

It should be remembered that more
blood, and hence more heat, goes to
the head than to any other part of the
body. Head-heating pillows are
against the wholesome maxim, "Keep
the feet warm, but the head cool." There
is nothing better than the hair
pillow.

Further, the pillow is for the head
not for the shoulders. To rest the
shoulders on the pillow defeats the
very end for which it is used.

Finally, special care should be taken
of infants in this matter. We have
seen their heads sunk deep in the
softest and thickest of pillows, and
their faces, as a natural consequence,
covered with great beads of perspira-
tion. It is no wonder that children so
treated die. —[Youth's Companion.

Invitation Accepted.

Mr. Saphead—I've got a fad, too,
don't ye know. I collect old and rare
Volins. Come around and see 'em.

Musician—Do you play?

Mr. Saphead—Bless you, no, not a
note.

Musician (enthusiastically)—I will
come. —[New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Mexico has a rock that serves as a
weather prophet by changing color
with every approaching change in the
weather.

It has been estimated that the
amount of gold in coin or ornament
in the world is about 613 cubic yards,
and that it would fit in a room twenty-
feet each way if in a solid cube.

A shoemaker at Manchester, N. H.,
has an order for a pair of shoes which
are to be twenty-one inches long and
eight inches across the ball of the foot.
They are for a North Carolina clergy-
man.

The largest gas meter in the world
belongs to the South Metropolitan Gas
Company of Salisbury, England. It is
about 256 feet in diameter and is
capable of holding 8,000,000 cubic feet
of gas.

Two Florida men killed an alligator
and left it upon the bank. Returning
soon after they found 25 alligators
around their dead companion, and
soon they carried him into the water
and some distance from the shore.

A babe born recently at Waterbury,
Conn., weighs less than two pounds.
When born it weighed one pound and
two ounces. Its length is that of a
common lead pencil. The child, at
last accounts, was in perfect health.

There is an "Ohio Beauty" cherry
tree in the old Bassford orchard in
Brown's Valley, Cal., which bears
from 11,000 to 15,000 pounds of fruit
every year. The trees so large that
a scaffolding has to be built around it
so that the cherries can be picked.

The students at Eton College, Eng-
land, at length number 1000. It has
long been the ambition of the head
masters to see this number reached,
but it was only last month that the
admission of a new student raised the
number to 1000, to the great delight
of Dr. Warre.

In all Napoleon had 19 horses killed
under him from Arolda to Waterloo.
Marshal Blucher claimed to have lost
the same number in his campaigns and
General Forrest of the Confederate
army, according to Mr. Lawley, had
no less than 30 horses shot under him
during the Civil War.

Misfortune follows the disintegrat-
ing Great Eastern down to her small-
est parts. Lately while one of her great
paddle-shafts was being lightered down
the Mersey the wash of a passing
steamer upset the lighter, and as the
crew clamored aboard another boat
the shaft sank to the river's bottom.

The value of picturesque apparel for
a travelling preacher is highly ap-
preciated by Johannes Gutzwiller, who
is making so many converts in Ger-
many. He wears a chapel of green
leaves upon his head, trousers of white
wool, and a loose gown of the same
material, held in place about his waist
by a girdle.

How Bears Get Honey.

There are a good many black bears
in the larger swamps of South Caro-
lina, and these fellows frequently
roam over the pine forests in the sum-
mer and autumn in search of bee
trees, where patches of ripening corn
are not convenient. When a bear has
found a tree containing a swarm of
bees, he will climb without loss of
time to the orifice, and proceed to
gnaw it until it is enlarged sufficiently
to admit one of his paws and then his
feast begins. It must not be supposed
that he is permitted to do the gnawing
unmolested. The bees attack him
fiercely about the head, but he goes
right on with his business, pausing
only occasionally to rub the insects
off against the bark of the tree when
they crowd on too thick, and the rest of the time
seeks relief from their torture in
short, savage growls or grunts, varied
by an occasional squeal. When he
can get one of his paws into the or-
ifice, he rakes out the comb in great
chunks and swallows it greedily, bees
and all. As a rule, there is very little
left of bees or nest when he has fin-
ished the job. Occasionally hunters
have come across a bear in the act of
robbing a bee tree and taken Bruin
home with them.

In New Hampshire the boys and
youths have a good deal of sport by
baiting the bees in the woods with
honey and following them up to their
trees, which are then robbed in a man-
ner similar to that described above. —
[New York Times.

The Elephant's Memory.

The elephant has an excellent mem-
ory. It recollects friends well and it
rarely forgets an injury. It is rec-
orded of one that it smashed a cocoanut
upon its driver's head, and smashed
the man's head at the same time, be-
cause the lazy, thoughtless fellow had
broken a cocoanut on its skull the day
before. A quartermaster engaged in
superintending the removal of baggage
in the camp by means of an eleph-
ant,

Sobriety Oblige.
If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the weaker deers belong;
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
To you with your free hand to give,
To you with your free hand to give,
Than I, who, gl'less, smileless, stand
With barren life and hand.
The wisdom's law, the perfect code,
By love inspired,
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.
The tender throat is bid to sing,
The rushing stream the whole must move,
The beaten steel its strength must prove,
The given unto the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.
—[Carolina Perry, in the Argosy.]

THE MAN KILLER.

BY M. QUAD.

We had almost reached the source of the Nerubadda River, in the Province of Bengal, India, when we heard of a man-eating tiger which had terrorized a space of country as large as any two counties in the state of New York. The Bengal tiger is held up by showmen and others to be the largest and fiercest animal in India. While this is not a fact, as all tigers are alike in disposition, and when full grown do not differ much in size, our informant put this animal down as something of a wonder. It was, he declared, the largest tiger ever seen in that district, and the animal was positively without fear. There were five native villages in the district where he roamed, and in five months he had killed and devoured over 40 people. He had finally grown so bold that most of the people had fled from the district, while the area of cultivated land had been reduced by two-thirds.

No foreigner can understand the feelings of a native of India towards this dreaded animal, the tiger. Fear and superstition and helplessness are all mixed up, and between them the beast has his own sweet way until some white man comes along and offers to rid the district of the terrible pest. The idea of whole villages being abandoned because a tiger was prowling around strikes one as absurd, but such had been the case there, and not the slightest effort had been made to kill the beast. He had become so emboldened that he would enter a village by daylight, select his victim and drag away with the poor wretch, unmindful of the inhabitants raised by the terrified villagers who had escaped his teeth and claws.

Next morning, after receiving the news, we broke camp and marched across the country to one of the villages, arriving there about mid-afternoon. We found the entire population shut up in their cabins and in mortal terror, as the beast had broken into a cabin and killed three persons. One of these—a man—had been dragged off to the thicket, leaving a plain trail.

The village consisted of about eighty huts which were scattered over two acres of ground. To the west of it was a densely wooded country, and the thickets came down to within a few rods of the huts. The tiger had his lair in this forest, and always came down along a nullah or creek, which was dry at that season.

It is a fact that has been verified a hundred times that a man-eating tiger somehow discovers the presence of white hunters about. This fellow had been in the habit of walking into the village daily for two weeks, but we knew that he need not be expected on the first night of our arrival. We watched for him at three different points, but everything was quiet as if he had fled the neighborhood. Next day we laid our plans. The tiger might come by the nullah again, but it was more than probable that he would take some other route. I was to occupy a hut at the head of the village, the Judge one in the centre and the Colonel was to be introduced so as to cover the usual approach.

The tents were very primitive affairs, being made of light poles and having thatched roofs. The one I occupied belonged to the family recently slaughtered by the tiger. Though knowing the great risk they ran, they had left a window at the back end unguarded. The animal had leaped in through this hole, which was eight feet above the earth, and, after killing the man, had attacked wife and child simply from a desire to slay. He had gone out of the window holding to the man's body, and had even walked through the village carrying the dead in his mouth as a cat does a mouse.

During the day they told us several stories, showing the remarkable boldness and ferocity of the beast. On his first appearance in the neighborhood he had waylaid three women going to the spring for water. This was about an hour before sundown. He killed two and terribly clawed the third before she got away. He did not drag the bodies away or eat any portion of them, and that was proof that he killed for the sake of killing and was far more dangerous than the average man-eater.

The day being cloudy, the tiger would probably visit the village a little earlier than usual, if at all. At 4 o'clock we ordered all the people to

retire to their tents, and soon thereafter the three of us took up our stations, each of us having a man to keep us company. My hat was broadside to the thicket, but the door faced the other way. There was a large window at one end about eight feet from the ground, and door and window were well secured. Several port-holes had been made in the walls, and I felt that I could give a good account of the tiger should he appear in my neighborhood. It cleared off at sunset, and a full moon came up to make the village light as day. While I watched at the back of the hut the native took the front, and after two long hours had gone by without an alarm he came over to me and said:

"The beast knows the white hunters are here, and he dare not show his face. He may even have even left the neighborhood."

I lay back on my elbow on the dirt floor to converse with him, and a quarter of an hour had slipped away when we heard a heavy breathing at the door of the hut. This door, or opening, had been made secure with poles placed up and down and across. The squares were about six inches in diameter, and as we turned our heads to see to find the tiger's nose thrust through one of these openings. The brute had got into the village without anyone seeing him, and our first intimation of his presence was a snuffling growl. There he stood, looking in the moonlight as big as a yearling steer, and as we turned on him he uttered a growl which paralyzed me for thirty seconds.

"Shoot, Sahib—for God's sake, shoot him!" cried the native, as he grovelled on the floor in terror.

I had to struggle up and get my rifle, which was leaning against the wall, and by the time I had it in hand and had turned about the beast was gone. We knew where he had gone to, though. He had sprung upon the roof, and as he trotted about his weight shook the cabin to its foundations. The cunning old beast knew what I was in there for, and he didn't propose to become a target. After walking about for three or four minutes he coolly lay down and rolled about, as if in play. The dry grasses may have tickled his hide, for he set up a loud purring, and seemed to be greatly enjoying himself.

I set the native, who had a shotgun, at one of the port-holes, and I took another myself, but the tiger seemed to divine our positions. When he finally leaped down it was at such a point that we could not reach him. We could follow him with our eyes, however. He went trotting down the street, stopping here and there to investigate a hut, and but for the native I should have left our shelter and tried to get a shot at him.

"Don't go, Sahib, for the love of heaven, don't go!" pleaded the badly frightened man. "Everybody is secure and the tiger knows it. He has seen us. He knows you are a white hunter. He runs away thinking you will be foolish enough to follow. Take my word for it, it is a trick of his."

So it seemed to be. We had scarcely lost sight of him down the street when we heard him leap upon the roof again. He had doubled back upon us. After reaching the roof he remained quiet for five minutes, but then, hearing us move about, he jumped down and trotted off again. We just got a glimpse of him as he disappeared in the direction of the nullah. Three or four minutes later we heard a wild shout, and the native with me cried out:

"The tiger has seized some of the villagers and is off to the thicket!"

Every native in that village knew the danger of quitting his hut that night, but one of them, waking out of his sleep and feeling thirsty, decided to open the door and secure a drink from a calabash kept in a hole in the earth at the back end of the hut. He did not even stop to look out to see if the tiger was abroad. The incident shows the strange recklessness of the natives in general, and explains how it comes about that the loss of life in that country from wild beasts is so appallingly great. The man was no sooner outdoors than the tiger seized him and rolled him over and over. He was then gripped by the left shoulder, given a twist which threw his body over the tiger's back, and the beast came walking up the street with his burden as cool as you please. I could not fire at him from that side until he should reach the door, though we could watch him through the crevices of the wall.

The beast did not come quite to the door, but lay down just where I could not reach him and began to play with the dead body. He rolled it over and over, struck it with his paws, and in other ways reminded us of a cat playing with a mouse. Fortunately for the poor native, he was killed when first attacked. I was closely watching every movement of the beast, and by and by as he rolled about, he came within range. I got one shot and that inflicted only a flesh wound. The instant the bullet struck him he uttered a terrible roar and rushed at the wicket, and threw himself against it with such force that the whole hut trembled. Standing on his hind legs he used teeth and claws to try and pull the poles away, and he did not cease

his efforts until I gave him another bullet. Then he sprang upon the roof and for the next ten minutes lay there growling in a way to make our hair stand up.

Meanwhile, all the dogs in the village were barking, and every family had been roused. The noise ought to have frightened the tiger away, but instead of retiring to the thicket he leaped down to the street, seized the dead man about the middle, and with no effort at all regained the roof. What I feared was that he would tear a hole through the thatch and leap down on us, but this idea did not seem to occur to him. He was severely but not mortally wounded, and his actions showed that he had been rendered doubly savage. While he was growling and mauling the body about I got his exact location, and although there wasn't one chance in fifty of the bullet hitting him, I stood beneath him and fired through the thatch. Oddly enough, the bullet struck and killed him, though in his dying agonies he uncovered almost half the roof, and would have been down upon us in a minute more. He was, according to the official record-kept at Nagpur, the largest and heaviest tiger whose death was ever recorded there, and it was put down against him that he had destroyed forty-three people in that district.—[New York World.]

Fruitful Hardship.

The census of several leading nations has been taken lately, and with greater exactitude in the chief foreign countries than we have as yet found possible here. Among the 40,000,000 persons in the Austrian empire, scarcely a dozen were discovered whose years exceed ninety-nine, and in Europe generally it is observed that while the average of age attained is distinctly increased the number reaching great longevity is as much diminished. One point of significant and instructive evidence is afforded by these cases of long life, as indeed by others generally in all times and countries. Universally the centenarians were trained in youth to what we are apt to call hardships—that is, to steady industry, plain diet, active outdoor labor, and exposure to weather, and they preserved these habits. An Englishman, William Hampson, hale at 110, has lived in an unhealthy neighborhood and in poverty, yet the early hardening of his constitution enabled him to resist the arrows which death had dealt freely around him in his later years. A Tyrolean woman, Maria Geisler, has always lived in the pure air of her native district, ever in practice of regular labor and use of plain food; at 102 she recovered well from a severe illness and regained her health and fair looks, as if age had ceased to add further wrinkles to her honest and good humored face. With us, former slaves are most frequent among the very long-lived, and this corroborates the fact stated.—[New York Tribune.]

Two Pairs of Shoes in One.

A novelty in the shoe manufacturing line is of English invention, and consists of a removable sole and top lift which can be changed when worn without consulting the cobbler. The feature of the invention is said to be a metal plate riveted to the bottom of the shoe when lasted. The sole, in the shape of a tap sole, is provided with a stitched welt. Under the welt is a thin band or strip of metal which slides under the edges of the plate riveted on the bottom of the shoe.

The shank is of steel, japanned black, and the joint end of the half sole is counterbored to fit under the shank where it is fastened and held in place by two screws. The top piece of the heel is fastened in by three screws. It is proposed to make shoes by this method, and furnish an extra pair of soles and top lifts with each pair of shoes, as well as make the soles for sale separately. Any one can take out the screws when the first soles are worn and slip on a new pair of soles, which it is said are finished better and look better than the work of the ordinary cobbler.—[Rheoboth Sunday Journal.]

Winged Lunch-Bends.

A German resident of Guayaquil, Ecuador, describes from personal observations the habits of a pair of condors which to the best of his belief must have their nest somewhere in the upper Andes of Ecuador. Twice a day—once at 9 a. m. and again about 4 p. m.—the giant vultures appear on the Bay of Changa to help themselves to the shellfish stranded by the waves of the tide or the refuse left behind by a crew of tortoise hunters. The process of personal refreshment occupies them about half an hour, after which they select a few portable scraps and soar off in a northeasterly direction, toward the highlands of Rio Tambo.

With the aid of a good telescope, they can be seen crossing the line of the coast-range and continuing their way in the direction of the grand central chain, in a bee-line about 200 English miles from tide-water. One of the birds can be recognized by a gap in the edge feathers of his left wing, and in spite of that impediment, must travel an average of 500 miles a week for alimentary purposes.—[New York Voice.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

TAKES CARE OF VALUABLE PLANTS.

An enterprising woman in London has made considerable money this season by a novel occupation. Shortly before the close of the "season" she advertised in the papers that she wished to take care of valuable plants and palms while their owners were out of town. As the woman was able to assure the people of her trustworthiness, she secured many patrons. Although she asked only a small fee for her work, her enterprise promises to make her independent.—[Boston Transcript.]

TWO BONNETS FOR SEVEN GIRLS.

"How to live on an inadequate income," is the question that is agitating many a family. A pathetic story reached the press not long ago about a family of seven daughters who were compelled to go to church by rotation, two by two, wearing the two best bonnets. This gave the girls an airing only once in three or four weeks, and was most discouraging, in view of the fact that money could not be spared for more "best" bonnets.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A ROYAL MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

The queen of Italy is a remarkable pedestrian and mountain climber. She recently passed the night in a tent on Hochelicht and dawn set out in her gray walking costume for the Lys glacier. The cold was intense and a blinding snow-storm compelled some of her attendants to turn back, but she persevered and at 5 in the afternoon took dinner in a hut on the mountain at an elevation of 11,000 feet. The queen passed a second night on the mountain before she returned to Gressoney not a bit the worse for her adventure.—[New York World.]

THE FAIR SEX AND THE FLUTE.

Appropos of woman's health, which the dress reformers have taken under their special wing with a zeal which betokens nothing less than ultimate Amazonian proportions for the sex, a rather novel suggestion is thrown out by a Boston journal which urges flute playing for its hygienic benefits. The writer argues that the act of "filling" a flute with air necessitates lung expansion; that practice begets deeper inspirations; that stooping shoulders are of necessity thrown back, and that the chest contracted by the habit of tight lacing becomes expanded.—[Philadelphia Record.]

PRETTY WAY OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.

A pretty way of arranging the hair is that of combing the front locks back (after waving them), over a very small roll. Then at each side of the head, above the temples, are soft rings of hair that veil the forehead. The rest of the hair is combed up to the top of the head, divided into four portions which are loosely plaited, then coiled or intertwined, forming the "basket-braid cap," as it is called, which covers the crown of the head, coming close to the soft roll of hair above the forehead. When the head is well shaped and the features fairly regular, this fashion of dressing the hair is much admired. It has a neat appearance, quite distinct from the ultra fuzzy style so long popular. This smoother yet very graceful coiffure, when it happens to suit the face, is decidedly pretty. Fine long hair-plaits are required to fasten the plaits securely.—[New York Post.]

THE DISCREET WOMAN.

Discretion or a sense of propriety—by either term is the virtue known—is like a perfume. It cannot be touched, seen, weighed or described, but it exists, and makes its presence and its absence known, and is as essential to womanly woman, no matter what her age, intellectual accomplishments, beauty or social position, as is its perfume to perfection of the rose. The woman who has this precious gift is by it alone protected from harm by an invisible armor of proof. She may not be safe from the tongue of slander, for the finest armor may be splashed with mud, but she will be safe from any real injury. Mud can be washed away. Only wounds leave scars.

The youngest and most friendless girl who uses her wits and heeds the warnings which she will surely receive from her inward sense of propriety whenever she is tempted to violate its laws, can never go very far wrong. It is a safe rule to leave undone everything whose perfect propriety is not certain, unless some larger consideration is involved. There are cases where a noble and unselfish aim will atone for breaking the laws of propriety, but they seldom occur, and even the few that do bring many evils upon the law-breakers.—[Harper's Bazar.]

BUTTERMILK FOR THE COMPLEXION.

I made a call on a very pretty young friend the other day and was moved to comment upon the exquisite whiteness of her complexion. I begged her to tell me what particular face bleach, or cosmetic or wash she had been using. For a minute she hesitated, and then, with a bewitching little pout, said: "I presume you will put my secret in the paper for the benefit of all the other girls, and they will then dis-

cover what they have begged me to tell them for weeks. However, I'll tell you, and it is a most inexpensive cosmetic, I assure you."

She bent to me and whispered gleefully: "It is just buttermilk!" "Mamma told me about it," she went on to explain, "and her old colored nurse told her years ago down in Kentucky when papa used to come and see her. And so the other day, when I was worrying over the freckles and sunburn on my face, she thought herself of that old remedy, and advised me to try it. I did so, and behold the result!"

"Is there any particular way to apply it?" I asked.

"Just wash your face well with water, and then take a silk sponge and 'pat' it on all over your face and neck. Then when you get up in the morning wash in clear water, and then in some more buttermilk, and dry your face thoroughly with a crash towel. You can get your milkman to bring you in a pint or so every morning, and you will find it cheap as well as a perfect cosmetic."

And when I said good-bye to my friend that day I went straight to a dairy and asked for buttermilk, haunted all the while with the memory of my friend's lovely complexion. I could not wait for morning and the milkman.—[Washington Post.]

FASHION NOTES.

Necklaces are coming into fashion again.

Black chiffon frills are worn with white dresses.

Sealskin plush will be considerably worn later on.

Accordion plaiting seems likely to be fashionable again.

Diagonal or serpentine stripes are a Parisian fad just now.

Silk wrap Venetian crape or crape cloth is used for the closest mourning.

A prospective bride should use the initial of her maiden name on household linen.

Beads and metal fringe from 4 1/2 to 18 inches in depth, are used as trimmings.

White satin or repped silk is suitable for the wedding dress of a bride of 20 years.

A little veil envelops a bride so becomingly that it is often preferred to the shorter veil of lace.

Fringes of all sorts have come in again—deep and narrow, made of all silk or silk combined with beads.

Rough fancy cloths promise to be very fashionable throughout the autumn for long cloaks and mantles.

Enclose your card in a small envelope scarcely larger than your card—such as is intended especially for cards.

It was Worth who set the fashion of the gathered frills around the surah and India silk bodices which have been so fashionable this summer.

Jackets, which have been worn rather plain of late, are for the next few months to be heavily laden with gimp arabesques, richly braided or embroidered.

Most of the mantles which have appeared are of the simple, loose style, merely drawn at the back of the waist, and with the shoulder well marked by gathers or puffs.

Some pretty blazers are now almost entirely covered with "beaded" buttons, and on the collar, cuffs and wherever there is the shadow of an excuse, love knots are embroidered, just one tone deeper than the color of the cloth.

The Ship's Doctor.

There is one person on board a United States steamship who never or, at all events, rarely, feels the absolute authority of the captain or commander, said a naval officer. That person is the ship's doctor. He is exempt from the harassing duties that the other members of his mess must perform, and he never knows what it is to bear the brunt of a surly commander's displeasure in a petty affair. Everything seems to be established on shipboard to fence the captain with that dignity which doth hedge a king. He eats alone in solemn state in his cabin, and he has his apartments entirely separate from those of the other officers. After a while, unless he is naturally a good fellow, he must receive some impressions of the power that he may wield, and of the isolated dignity of his position. He can't be affable or cordial, and he grows to not want to be. Such a man was Commander McCalla, who got into that scrape recently and was convicted of the offenses by the court-martial. McCalla was naturally a good fellow. I knew him when he was lieutenant, and he was a very different man from the commander that behaved so brutally to his men. The commander may blackguard the executive officer, may snub his subordinates and treat everybody harshly, but he must leave the ship's doctor alone. He is exempt from annoyance and abuse, and his life is about the pleasantest on board.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Smiley Scores a Point.

The haughty Miss McBride—Alas! I fear I shall develop into a confirmed invalid—why, Mr. Basker, where are you going?"

Smiley Basker (grabbing his hat)—I'm going to study medicine.—[Epoch.]

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AT LAST.

Daily and hourly we approach the verge.

The silent verge, which mortals call the end.

Then the lapsing of the far-off wave

That bathes the shore whither we all do tend.

And listen long for one clear voice,

A gentle call, which says, "Come, cross with me;

The tide is deep and strong; then shalt not fail.

Nay, do not fear, for I will walk with thee."

—Frances H. Dering, in *Hesper's Weekly*.

JANE'S INHERITANCE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Jane! Jane! we've come into a fortune!"

"Look, Jane—a lawyer's letter with a red seal."

"It's Grandfather Holcomb's, Jane. Your grandfather—not ours. It's Jane who is the heiress, Rody."

The shrill confusion of childish voices met Jane Talford's ear as she came into the dimly furnished breakfast room, all ready for school with the solitary exception of her gloves.

The little bonnet, which she herself had trimmed with cheap roses, was tied under her round chin; and the serge cloak took off something of the chilly atmosphere of the room, where coal was carefully economized and the window fronted to the north—for Jane was a teacher in a monster grammar school, where punctuality was one of the chief virtues.

Four younger Talfords sat around the table in different stages of bid and tucker, eating oatmeal and drinking sky-blue milk; and Mrs. Talford—a pale, sweet faced widow, dressed in rusty black—was vainly endeavoring to keep up some semblance of discipline in their midst.

"Mother," cried Jane, "what on earth are they talking about?"

The stepmother glanced apologetically up.

"The letter was addressed to me, Jane," said she. "I opened it; and the children are right. Your grandfather up in Sullivan County is dead, and has left you a farm of ninety acres."

"With a house on it?" cried Marmaduke, the oatmeal and the work striving spasmodically in his small throat.

"And two cows!" piped Laura.

"And lots of real woods, with nut trees and blackberries in 'em!" bawled Roderick.

"And a puppy dog!" supplemented little Roger, all in a hot smile.

Two red spots came into Jane's cheeks. She leaned her elbows on the table and looked vaguely from one to the other.

"Is it really true?" said she.

"There's the letter," said her stepmother. "Roger, keep your fingers out of the sugar-bowl! Read it yourself, dear. Laura, if you don't finish your bread and butter quickly, you'll be late for school!"

"But I never saw my Grandfather Holcomb!"

"I know it, dear. He was very peculiar and he never liked your father."

"Then," cried loyal Jane, "I don't like him!"

"Nevertheless he has died in his bed, at the age of ninety, and all that he has descended legally to you," cried Mrs. Talford.

"A story farm and a tumble-down old house!"

"But it's something, Jane. And a country home! I've always so coveted it for the children. Marmaduke is growing so fast, and Laura isn't strong, you know."

"Then, mother, you shall have it!" cried Jane, jumping up and running around to kiss the pale, pleading face.

"We'll go there and divide and turn the children loose in the pastures. You shall be housekeeper, and I'll spend my summer vacations there."

"But Jane, I can't stay there without you!" urged Mrs. Talford. "It would be too selfish."

"Selfish mother! It's the very thing you need; as for me, I've got to go around and around in the old treadmill to accumulate money enough to make a doctor of Duke and a lawyer of Roderick and a parson of little Roger. I promised papa, you know. The three learned professions!"

"You are the best and noblest girl in the world, Jane!" said Mrs. Talford, her faded eyes brimming over with tears.

How strange and beautiful the old farmhouse looked, crisscrossed with Michigan roses, with the blackbirds whistling in the apple orchard below and a persistent bluejay tapping at the bark of the old pine tree that shadowed the porch!

Jane had obtained a week's leave of absence to see her stepmother and the children safely settled in their new home, and she also felt under the spell of this sylvan wilderness.

She patted the old horse in the baun, made friends with the June-eyed cows, and threw sticks into the river for Ponto to swim after, greatly to little Roger's delight.

"Oh, how I should like to stay here always!" said she. "The city streets will seem dustier and dirtier than ever, after these fields of buttercups and crowds of daisies! And, oh, it is so lovely to be waked up by the singing of birds in the morning, instead of the milkmen's carts! But—the six hundred dollars a year!"

"We could live very economically here, Jane," coaxed Mrs. Talford. "What with the fruit and the vegetables, and the neighbors say there are plenty of fish in the river."

"Oh, it isn't the living!" said Jane. "It's the money for the children's education. Mother, dear, we've got to face that."

"He's buried in the old graveyard," said Noah Turnbull, who lived on the next farm—"the never would he've gotten to say to the new cemetery—close by your mother, Jane. And it was his last wish that the rickety old tomb-

stone should be took up, and a nice new one put in its place, with his name cut under here. Didn't he try to make no will; but them was 'most the last words he spoke. He never forgave Mr. Talford for lettin' Emily Jane lie there without no new tombstone over her."

"Poor father!" cried Jane, firing up in defense of her beloved dead. "As if he hadn't enough to do to keep us all! I'm sure he would have done it if he could."

"I never knew about that, Jane," said Mrs. Talford, with a troubled countenance, "or I'd have done without lots of things to have the stone replaced."

"He wasn't best pleased," added old Turnbull, "when Adam Talford married ag'in. He thought 'er' wasn't nobody good enough to take Emily Jane's place."

"Don't look so uncomfortable, mother, dear," whispered Jane, hugging her little stepmother. "He couldn't know what a darling you were! Nor how good you were to poor little Jane."

"But the new stone must be erected at once, Jane, if your grandfather felt so about it."

"Mother, it will cost seventy-five dollars at the least," argued Jane. "I was up at the graveyard this morning, and the old one is quite good yet, though it's cracked across and sunk very low into the ground."

"But I should feel so much easier, dear. Your mother, you know—and Adam's first wife!—I—l should feel quite guilty living here in the house where he married her, with those last wishes unfulfilled. To please me, Jane!"

"Mother," cried Jane, with a second caress, "I'd do anything in the world to please you!"

Noah Turnbull went away and industriously promulgated the tidings that "Adam Talford's second widdler beat Emily Jane Holcomb all to pieces for good sense and good temper. Emily Jane was always a snappish creature, and that Jane is a smart gal. Earns six hundred dollars a year in New York City, I'm told. Six—hundred—dollars! No wonder city folks gits rich!"

The village stonecutter took the order. He was a handsome, dark-eyed young fellow, with vague ideas about some day attaining to a studio in Rome and a standard of "true art."

He was intelligent above the average, and Jane and her stepmother became much interested in the marble statue of "Pachontas," which he was trying to evolve out of an uncompromising block of marble in the back shop.

"It encourages a fellow to have people understand him like that," said Harmon Fale, as he straightened the line of Pachontas's third finger.

And then he set to work to invent some pretty bas-relief of ivy leaves and crossed palm branches to be carved over the names of "Hezekiah Holcomb" and "Emily Jane, wife of Adam Talford."

For Mrs. Talford and Jane had decided that Grandfather Holcomb must have a new tombstone also. This ivy leaves for the young wife; and crossed palms for the ninety-year-old patriarch!

"The living can economize in ever so many ways," said Mrs. Talford, gently, "but the dead should be cared for. It won't cost so very much more."

Jane came down as soon as the summer vacation commenced in July, to see about the setting of the stones.

The children were riotous and rosy. Mrs. Talford even had become sunburned and plump, but poor Jane was pale and worn.

"You are working too hard," said Harmon Fale, scarcely heeding her cordial praises of the ivy clusters and majestic palms. "Miss Talford, you ought to take better care of yourself."

"Every one has got to work," said Jane, with a laugh.

"No, they haven't," said Fale, hurriedly, "at least not when there's some one else able and willing to work for them. I'm only a poor stonecutter, Jane, but my business is beginning to look up, and I can support a wife. Will you let me work for you, Jane?"

Miss Talford was rusty enough now.

"But, Harmon, it isn't myself alone. There are the children to be educated, as my father desired—" she began.

"I'll help you with the children, Jane, pleaded Harmon, "if only you'll let me. I'll do anything in the world to win you for my wife. I love you so dearly, Jane."

And after this what could Jane answer but "Yes."

It was a sunny August day when they all gathered around the two graves in the old graveyard to see the new marble headstones erected. Noah Turnbull was there, with his mangy straw hat on the back of his head, and his hands, as usual, in his pockets.

"Wal," said he, "old Gaffer Holcomb would be pleased if he knewed what was bein' done to-day. He used to come and set here lots o' spells, and smoke his pipe and dig round the roots of the sweetbrier bushes and hundred-leaved roses with his old spade. Dretful peccoliar man he was. Set lots o' store by the place Emily Jane was buried in. Eh, what's that? Struck the pick again a rock? Nonsense, Hiram Pinkerton! Ther' ain't no rock hereabouts. Iron! Ye don't callate you've struck an iron mine, do ye? A square box, stood close up again the foundations o' Emily Jane's old head-stone! Git out! These ain't the days o' Cappen Kidd an' his treasures."

"Wal, I dunno what ye'd call this, then," said Hiram Pinkerton, as he pried up the obstacle with such energy that it rose nearly a foot from the ground before it fell again.

"Wal, I do vow!" shouted Noah. "Jest one o' Gaffer Holcomb's peccoliarities. Eh? Money in it? Gold and government securities? Folks was s'prised when he died an' didn't leave nothin' but the farm. But they sort o' reckoned he'd made some poor investments, an' didn't like to own up 'bout 'em. And written, 'so! Bless and save us! what did he write?"

It was Hiram Fale who read aloud the words which were faintly traced on the back of an old envelope:

"Being Dead, I Yet Speak. To Emily

Jane's Daughter: If you Fulfill my last Desire and Erect a Suitable Stone over your Mother, you will Inherit what I leave. Otherwise it will Never Be Known until the Graves Give up Their Dead. In either case you will Receive your Desert from

HEZEKIAH HOLCOMB.

"He—alays—was—as queer as Dick's hatband!" croaked Noah Turnbull. "But this 'ere beats all!"

The new tombstones were set up that day—the ivy leaves above "Emily Jane," and the drooping palms over the remains of the strange old man who had plotted this strange conspiracy within himself.

The children went to bed early that night and whispered ghost stories to each other, under the bedclothes.

The neighbors spread the news of the strange occurrence far and wide.

Mrs. Talford's happy tears dropped on the stocking she was darning by lamplight for little Roger.

"Want I right about the stones, Jane?" she asked.

"You're always right, mother, dear!" said Jane. "It isn't a great fortune, to be sure, but, oh, it makes such a difference to Harmon and me!"

And she sent in her resignation to Grammar School 1901, and went dutifully to work on her wedding gown.—*Saturday Night*.

A Curious Indian Tradition!

The American Indians, especially those of the lake regions of Southern Canada, relate a curious tradition to account for the fact that all lower animals are dumb.

In very, very early times, they say, the father of all tribes lived in a beautiful country over against the rising sun. His form was perfect and his face handsome in the extreme, his descendants being all superb specimens of humanity. Knowing of their accomplishments, and being much given to darning each other's hair, became very haughty and arrogant? As a punishment for their bigotry the Great Father warned the father of the tribes in a dream that a deluge would be sent to drown them from off the face of the earth. In the dream which forewarned the father of tribes of the great calamity impending, there was presented to his visionary view the form and outlines of a raft, which was to be used in saving a remnant of this bigoted people. In these days all animals talked as men do; and when the father of the tribes informed the beasts of the field of his dream, and of his intentions concerning the building of the great raft, they protested, declaring their unwillingness to accompany him on any such expedition. But the man's superior intelligence prevailed. He built the raft, and he had hardly finished when the great flood came. The man's family and pairs of every beast took passage and floated for many months on the surface of the deluge. The clouds cleared away on the second day after the embarkation, and for seventeen successive moons the man steered the sun as a guide, continually turning toward its place of setting. But the animals, every one of them, (who it will be remembered had the power of speech), protested against sailing to the west, declaring in one voice that they preferred steering towards the sun's rising-place. These murmurs had been going on for some days when, to the infinite joy of the man, who had been holding the fort against this hostile of creatures who had the voices of men and the reason of beasts, great spots of dry land began to appear. Finally this rudely constructed ark grounded, and the man and his family and the beasts were again permitted to press the face of the earth with their feet. But a great and lasting calamity had overtaken the animals. For their murmurs against the man while on the water they were deprived of their power of speech, and have remained dumb from that day.—*St. Louis Republic*.

A "Laughing Jackass" Bird.

The Central Park menagerie has received a present of a "laughing jackass."

The present is not a donkey whose keen and vivid sense of humor causes it to laugh, but a bird from Australia. Mrs. Henry Abbey is the donor, and she brought the bird with her on a recent voyage from the Antipodes to New York.

The "laughing jackass" was copping about a cage in the aviary yesterday in company with some magpies and jackdaws. He is a sort of feathered clown, for at sunrise he laughed, and at 9 o'clock he laughed again; at noon he had another fit of laughter; at 3 o'clock p. m., the humor of life was too much for him, and he laughed again, and at sunset he laughed once more. This is his regular laughing programme every day in the year, and in Australia he is known as the "settlers' clock."

He is a large bird, with a big beak, is olive brown in color, and has a dark

The Crown of the Year.
In April, when the first buds
Sparkle the sea by the morning kiss,
And the mists from the forest valleys
Glean the peaks in the tender sky,
Soft shapes of cloud that melt and drift,
With tints of opal that glow and shift,
For the strong wind blows from the warm
Southwest
And ruffles the snow on the white gull's
breast—
Fill all the sails till the boats career;
Down over the crested waves they lean,
Driven to leeward, dashed with spray,
Or heeling up through the beautiful bay.
Ah, happy morning of autumn sweet,
Not ripe and rich with the summer's heat!
By the ruined wall on the rocky height,
In shadow, I gaze at the changing light,
Splendor of color that clothes the round,
Huge orb of the earth to its utmost bound.
Near me each humble flower and weed—
The hawkbit's gold, the bayberry's spice,
One late wild rose beyond all price,
Each is a friend and all are dear,
Faintest signs of the waning year.
The painted row-hans, how they glow!
Like crimson wine the woodbine show,
The wholesome yarrow's clusters fine
Like frost-kissed silver dimly shine;
And with the quail's charm shall tell,
That little scarlet pimpernel?
The jeweled sea and the deeps of the air,
All heaven and earth are good and fair,
Forn at my feet and the million's spike,
And the soaring gull I love alike,
With the schooner's grace as she leans to the
tide.
The soul within me is satisfied,
In the mellow, golden autumn days
When the world is zoned in their purple
haze,
A spirit of beauty walks abroad
That fills the heart with the peace of God;
The spring and summer may bless and cheer,
But autumn brings us the crown of the year,
—Celia Thaxter, in the Independent.

Great-Grandmother's Story.

Many years ago a girl and her great-grandmother sat together—the girl in tears. Said Great-grandmother Hudson, sitting very straight, not smiling, at her 88 years, as did her great-grandchild of 18:
"Young folks think old folks are fools, and old folks know that young folks are."
"That is because you're old, grand-ma," sobbed Linda.
"No; it is because I was once young," said the old lady.
"But he is the only one I shall ever love," said Linda. "Papa is cruel to me. Why does he think ill of Lewis? He knows nothing about him. I shall die if we are separated."
"I was going to die, too," said great-grandmother, "but I didn't."
"Oh, tell me, please," cried Linda, "how you loved? Did they separate you? I never knew you had a love story—that is, that kind of one."
"Yes," said the old lady. "I had a lover. You can have many lovers, but never more than one father and mother. Fools think of that when it's too late. When father said that Cecil was Lord knows who, and he should not come to see me, I remember I almost hated him for it. When mother said she didn't like him either I almost hated her. Cruel creatures that stood between me and my young lover—that was what my parents seemed to me then; and I was worse than you, my dear, ever so much worse, for it seemed wicked to me that any one should take it for granted a man was a stranger, and I made preparations to run away with Cecil and marry him at Gettysburg Green.
"Everything was ready; I had my jewelry in my bosom and my little bundle on my arm, and was creeping out of a side door that led into the garden when a hand came down on my shoulder and a voice cried out:
"My girl, is this the way you use us? and there was my father.
"My father's face was white as a ghost and his hand shook as he held mine.
"Oh, father, father! I cried, if you would only let me have my will in this one thing. You can't make a girl love or hate by saying so."
"He stood holding me firm and fast."
"It is because you have betrayed me," I said, and though they would never admit it I knew the maid had proved false.
"Well, they locked me up in my room. How often I cried out I shall die if I am separated from Cecil."
"I am very old, but when I think of it my old pain comes back again. His eyes were like black diamonds, and he had an olive cheek and full red lips, and young men with padded shoulders and hollow chests wouldn't look like men standing beside him.
"It was a dreary time and my health broke down under it. I had a fever, and when I was well again the doctor said I must have a change; so mother decided to take me to the seaside; but first we were to go by stage-coach to London and visit an aunt I had there.
"It was the day of stage-coaches and the day of highwaymen.
"Going over a certain common on our way coaches had more than once been stopped. The men were armed always and the women trembled when they saw horsemen riding towards them.
"Your money or your life," was their word, and they kept it.
"If we should meet the highwaymen!" said my mother; but I was not afraid. I didn't care whom we met or what happened to me.
"We rode away from our home in the bright daylight and stopped for

dinner and to change horses at an inn; then we rode on again. It would be night long before we reached London. I sat in the coach with my head on my mother's shoulder, thinking of just one thing—Cecil. Should I never see him again—never, never, never? Would he not follow me and carry me off by force? Could I not somehow let him know and escape from my aunt's house in London and be married, so that no one could part us? Oh, I was so miserable—miserable. Nothing like making plans that can come to nothing and burst like bubbles when we have thought them out, for wretchedness.
"The afternoon faded out and the sun set. The moon rose.
"See what a lovely moon!" said my mother. But I had not cared to look at the moon since I saw her over the garden wall that night I had tried to run away. Rumble went the coach, crack went the whip.
"Suddenly there was a tumult.
"Gentlemen," cried the guard—gentlemen, I'm afraid we are to have some trouble here. See to your weapons, gentlemen!
"Then the coach came to a stand.
"The shrieking women clung together. Four masked men rode to the door. The coachman and guards lay in a ditch. One of the gentlemen was bound; the other was old and lame. They were rifling his pockets while he was screaming. They took out a gold watch, a purse and his snuff-box with diamonds on it. They had already the other's money.
"Then one—the largest, the handsomest figure—bent over us.
"Don't fear, ladies," he said in a soft voice. "All we want is whatever valuables you may have about you."
"Mamma began to scream.
"The lady who sat next to her fainted.
"We could not see the man's face, for he was masked, and we were in the shadow of the coach.
"Something shines on your finger," he said; let me see it.
"He caught at the chain on which I wore a locket with a curl of Cecil's hair.
"Don't take that!" I cried. "Don't take that!"
I clutched it. Our heads were close together. I saw his chin and mouth under his mask. At the same moment my face was thrust into the moonlight.
"Any?" I heard him whisper to himself, and I knew Cecil.
"Meanwhile something had happened. Two gentlemen had ridden up—the one who had been bound was free. For once the tables had been turned upon the robbers.
"Then one had ridden away; two were bound and one lay bleeding. This last one was Cecil.
"I knew now that my father had not been wrong. Cecil was even worse than he thought him. He was a highwayman, a bad man and the companion of bad men—a creature who cut purses on the public road.
"They were not all ignorant men, these highwaymen, by any means.
"Many had good birth, education and manners. Yes, a bad man! But how could I hate him all at once? I understood that my father had been right in parting us; but those lips had kissed me—those hands held mine.
"The ladies need fear no longer, said one of the gentlemen. "Those fellows are not in a condition to molest them."
"Then he said (men didn't say such high-down things then): "How merciful is the gentler sex! It is compassionate to the erring as well as the virtuous."
"For I had torn my hand from my mother's and knelt beside Cecil.
"They thought I pitied a wounded robber—that was all; but this is what we whispered in the darkness:
"Any, you know what I am now; but I love you."
"And I answered: "Cecil, I hate your deeds without hating you."
"Those were the last words we ever spoke to each other—the very last."
"Did you ever see him again?" asked the girl. "Oh, Grandmother! never again!"
The old woman looked into her eyes.
"He was a very bad man, my dear," she said, "very bad; and I never saw him again. I believe he did a shameful death one day at the hands of the executioner. But, you see, it was because I have been young, not because I am old, that I said you young folks are fools."
"It was a good while—yes, a good while—after that night in the stage-coach before I came to my senses sufficiently to thank dear papa for his watchfulness over me, and be really glad that I had never been Cecil's wife; but I did at last, my dear—I did at last; and I married my good husband, your great-grandfather—whom you never saw; and we were always happy. The heart of a woman is a mystery and has been since Eve, my little girl."

City Sportsmen Not Admitted.
City Sportsmen (sady)—I see you have "No Trespass" signs all over your property? Why are you so afraid of having a few old rabbits shot?
Experienced Farmer—Oh, it ain't the rabbits I'm skeert about. It's the crows.—[Good News.

A CODFISH BRIG.

Daily Life on Board a French Fishing Vessel.

Almost Every Bit of the Codfish Is Utilized.

On board the Annie May every thing is ready for the preparation of the codfish which the doris brings in. The "parks" are built up, one forward and the other astern. The "park" is a sort of movable corral on the deck, six feet wide and 12 feet long, surrounded by a balustrade, some 24 or 30 inches high. In each "park" there is a table where the decollers and the trancheurs do their work in the midst of heaps of fish piled up within the balustrade.
The decolleur, or decapitator, places the head of the codfish on the edge of the table and chops it off; then he draws the entrails and flings them overboard, and that is the only part of the fish which is lost. The tongues are pulled out and salted in barrels; the stomachs are reputed to be the most delicate parts, and are sold fifty per cent. dearer than the rest; with the heads an excellent soup is made; the roes are used as bait for sardine-fishing; and finally the livers give that oil which is so much employed in therapeutics.
The decolleur, when he has finished his operation, passes the codfish to the trancheur, or cutter, who splits the fish, and takes out the bone along two-thirds of the length, that is to say, along the part corresponding with the abdominal cavity.
When the fishing yields abundantly, the preparation occupies the decapitator and the cutter almost all day, and sometimes when the "take" is exceptionally great the captain and the second captain lend a hand, and give the men an example of good workmanship. On those days, if the weather is fine, the crew strike up joyous Norman or Breton songs, and when night comes on they drink gayly theiration of brandy which the captain has doled out. The "bankers" forget their fatigues. Their ordinary, composed of soup, biscuit, and a piece of pork, seems to them princely. Their beds, made of a few planks in the bows of the ship, where the air is odoriferous with putrefying roes and livers, feels to them like a downy couch.
In tempest or in fog, the "bankers" are no less winning and patient. If the doris bring no fish on board, and if there is no more to be prepared, they will find other work to do—clean up the ship, repair the damage done by the last gale, or make new lines to replace those which the waves and submarine currents have worn out, as they say in their picturesque language. If the storm grows fiercer, and if their life is in danger, they will still remain calm. The ship, weighted with the cable in the bows, rises with difficulty to the enormous waves that sweep the deck. The men are tranquil, each one at his post, waiting for the captain to give the order to close reef or to cut the cable.
The codfish, decapitated and cut up, is washed on the deck. The roes are put in barrels pierced with holes, so that they may be kept drained. The livers are thrown into barrels at the stern of the ship on deck.
The salting of the cod is done in the hold. Each "banker" brings from France its cargo of salt, an ingredient which, it is needless to say, plays a capital role in the fishing campaign. The salting is one of the most important and delicate operations. If there is not enough salt on the fish, it will not keep; if there is too much, the fish is black and moist. A good salter is just as valuable to the owner of a "banker" as a good captain.
Four men are generally employed to salt the fish in the hold. One, with a sort of curved trident, shovels down the salt to the level of the piles of fish already made; the other receives the fish that are thrown down from the deck, and passes them to the piler, who places them with minute care in close layers; finally the salter comes with his shovel in his hand, spreads salt over the layers of fish, and looks after the methodical and regular execution of all these processes. This work has to be done quickly and well. As soon as the fish has been washed it ought not to remain on deck, but stowed away as quickly as possible. Furthermore, if the codfish is not packed regularly, without the edges touching, and if the layer of salt is too thick or too thin, the salting is compromised, and the drying of the fish, which is done especially at Bordeaux and Cette, will give a cod of poor quality.—[Harper's Weekly.

An Indian Girl's Doll.
Little Indian girls are just as fond of doll babies as little white girls, and I daresay they think their dolls as lovely as any to be found in the Paris toy shops. To us they look very funny indeed. They are dressed in genuine Indian outfit, sparkling with bright-colored beads on dress, in necklace and earrings.
The body itself, underneath, is made of muslin stuffed with cotton.
The broad, staring brown leather face of the doll is perfectly flat, with

pop eyes and lips of pale blue beads, cheeks that glow with dabs of war paint, and a nose that is conspicuous by its absence.
The back of the head is a single piece of buffalo's hide, the long, brown hair of which is parted and plaited into two pigtails, like unto the flaxen pigtails of Marietta Kewwigs.
From each ear hangs an enormous load of beads, white and olive, that, in four long, double strings, extend below the waist.
About her neck is a double necklace of dark blue beads.
The dress is made of soft dressed hide in two pieces exactly alike—a front and back. The seams along each side and under the arms are ornamented with a narrow fringe.
The seam on the outside of the sleeves is covered with a strip of beadwork of pale olive, varied with bands of red, yellow and dark blue, short strips of hide secured in the middle and stained a deep orange ornamenting the skirt. A deep fringe of leather, completely covering the hands, is stitched to the sleeve, and a similar fringe is sewed around the bottom of the dress.
Just concealed by this long fringe a pair of tiny moccasins may be seen, embroidered on the toes with blue and yellow beads.
Tall leggings of buckskin, like the tops of a pair of boots, extend above the knee, and are likewise marked with a pattern of white and crimson beads.
What do the little mothers of Parisian doll babies think of the little Sioux Indian girl's doll?—[New York Recorder.

A Floating Palace.
The Emperor of Russia's new yacht, Polar Star, which conveyed the Imperial family from St. Petersburg to Copenhagen, is certainly the most magnificently decorated and furnished vessel afloat. The cabins are wainscoted with choice woods in beautiful mosaics designed by Nabokoff, the celebrated Russian artist. The cabin of the Emperor is decorated in yellow birch furniture covered with cream colored morocco, and the boudoir of the Empress is a marvel of comfort and luxury. The beds are arranged after a new system which prevents much movement even in rough weather.
The cabins of the younger members of the Imperial family are on the other side of the spacious corridor, which opens into the dining-room, containing three tables, accommodating 80 persons. This room is lighted with 64 electric lamps. Adjoining is a saloon, a smaller apartment filled with flowers. It contains a piano, three rows of well-stocked book shelves and a writing table.
A staircase leads to the deck saloon, and above there is a Greek chapel with an altar. There are two Imperial cabins on the deck, one for the Minister of Marine and one for Admiral Bassargue, who always accompanies the Czar on his cruises, as well as 16 cabins for the members of the suite. The yacht carries two priests, a physician and surgeon, in addition to the suite.—[St. Louis Star Sayings.

An Electric Fog Consumer.
"At midnight I noticed flashes of lightning illuminating my bedroom. A camera was loaded and an excursion into the country taken, hoping to obtain a few new photographs of Jove's landwork.
"The night was very foggy, and the flashes of light (very frequent and vivid) gave only blurred images of trees in the foreground.
"At 1.30 a.m., as I was about despairing of obtaining photographs, a sudden streak of lightning shot right through the fog, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in less than 30 seconds the fog had entirely disappeared, being precipitated by the electricity in the atmosphere.
"In these rain-producing days perhaps some inventive genius will take a hint from this occurrence for the dissipation of a fog on a large scale by introducing large power driven Holtz machines on shipboard and sending a stream of electricity into the fog-laden air from various points along the rigging, thus producing a clear area in the neighborhood of the vessel. And who knows, perhaps, by an extension of the system, some day we may see a fogless London."—[Engineering.

Hazing.
Says the New York Observer: "From both public and private sources, we hear derogatory statements about hazing in some of our largest and most renowned institutions of learning. Unusually large numbers of students have entered nearly all our colleges. This would naturally increase the number of the reckless and brutal. It ought to increase the responsibility and vigilance of those who have the care of large bodies of young men. Public opinion is nowhere stronger than among undergraduates. It is astonishing at this date, that it is not strong enough to overwhelm any student who presumes to bring shame on his college by a kind of foolery that is no longer tolerated among decent people.
Recent experiment show that California redwood is the most nearly fire-proof of all building woods known.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
Faith never wears a long face.
Head love looks at everything through money.
It takes great trials to keep some people faithful.
It is as wicked not to do right as it is to do wrong.
A man with a red nose is about the last to find it out.
False worship will kill the soul as quick as no worship.
Self-deception is one of the most deadly of all dangers.
When difficulties are overcoming they become blessings.
The flax has to be broken before its strength can be known.
If you undertake to drag the cross you will find it pretty heavy.
The surest way of becoming good looking is to behave that way.
No man can be much of a man who hasn't have much of a motive.
The right to be saved is the richest possession that man can inherit.
The man who thinks he knows it all, puts out his eyes to begin with.
If you want to keep on thinking well of a man don't go his security.
The people who find it impossible to be good are those who have nothing to do.
When you find a man who has the courage to live within his income you find a hero.
Unless we walk where we should somebody else will be sure to walk where they shouldn't.
Nobody ever thinks about the stick that carried it up when they see the beauty of the sky-rocket.
We are as responsible for what we permit others to do in our name as we are for what we do ourselves.—[Lithanopolis (Ind.) Kan's Horn.

A Chinese Betrothal.
Miss Suen Toy, the pretty little niece of Mrs. Sinn Quong On, wife of a Chinese merchant doing a large importing business in Mott street, New York city, has been secretly betrothed to Mr. Loo, chief clerk and cashier of the same firm. Miss Suen Toy is of medium size, and only sixteen years old. The prospective husband is nearly thirty-two.
It is said that the match was made partly in the American fashion. The girl has for the last three years lived with her aunt on the floor above the store, so the lovelyness was conducted without much trouble. On Tuesday a whole lot of sparkling gems came into the store. They were all of a brand used only for Chinese betrothals, and created a sensation among the almond-eyed gentlemen who sell sharks' fins over the counter of Sinn Quong On. The clerks watched the movements of the gems and owner, who was nervously trying to write up the day ledger in Chinese. Loo slipped the jewelry into his capacious sleeves and strolled out to the house of Mr. Loo, his match-maker.
Chinese etiquette forbids the prospective husband to speak to any of the girl's relatives in regard to his own love matters. Although there may have been some mutual understanding between the woman and the man, they are under no circumstances allowed to exchange words in public. The engagement and its subsequent arrangements must all be made by a third person, older than either.
The matchmaker took the jewels, placed them upon a tray covered with red silk and ordered a servant to carry them to the aunt of Miss Suen Toy. The speech of presentation was delivered by the matchmaker. Mrs. Sinn Quong On arose to receive the gifts in behalf of her niece.
The presents from Loo to Miss Suen Toy were Chinese gold earrings, gold hairpins, finger rings and bracelets. The exact date of this betrothal could not be learned, as every one who knows anything about it were cautioned to keep it secret for fear of newspaper notoriety.—[Chicago Post.

Cost of Educating a Nation.
Underlying all other public questions, pressing, persistent, commanding, is the subject of education, explains the Louisville Courier Journal. Important in every civilized nation, it is in America of paramount interest. In America we have 12,000,000 children enrolled in the public schools alone. How to increase this attendance, how to lower absenteeism, how to waste no money, no energy, no time, but to make every effort tell; what methods are best; what studies are essential; what influences are to be stimulated; how to reach the hearts, the minds, the consciences of these children; what ideals to put before them—these are matters of most profound concern. Our public schools require 347,292 teachers, and cost annually \$122,455,252. These figures simply show the magnitude of the system, and are staggering even to the imagination. The future of the republic is committed to these 12,000,000 children, and to the hundreds of thousands in private and sectarian schools, to these and not to one or other of the political parties, to these and not to any church, not to any organization whatever.

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MAHONY,

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FREE, BOSTON.

ND STOVES

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CRANE'S,

CHESTNUT STS.

H. RIPLEY

to Purchasers of

of All Kinds.

Promptly attended to.

Mass.

Prompt attention.

Quincy Monitor.

VOL. V. NO. 9.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1891.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

STANDARD PREPARATIONS

PREPARED ONLY BY

JOSEPH S. WHALL. - - APOTHECARY.

No. 141 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY, MASS.

CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTERS

For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Coughs, Lung and

General Debility, Weak Back, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Price 25c.

OLD COLONY GLYCERINE EMOLLIENT

For the Prevention and Cure of Chapped Hands and Face and all irritations of the skin

caused by changes of climate, heat and cold, dryness and moisture, or from

any cause. Price per Bottle 25 Cents.

GOLDEN HAIR OIL

For nourishing and preserving the Hair, imparting a dark, rich gloss, and a fragrant and

lasting perfume. Price 25 Cents.

OLD COLONY TOOTHACHE DROPS. Cure Without Injury to the Teeth.

CHLORATE POTASSA LOZENGERS For Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, and all

inflammations of the Throat and all Irritations of the Larynx. Price 25 Cents a Box.

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IS THE BEST.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

OF ALL KINDS.

LEMONS, ORANGES, NUTS, FIGS, DATES, ETC.

PRATT & CURTIS.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.

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USEFUL GIFTS

FOR

Christmas and New Year's

Great Display of Holiday Suspenders.

MEN'S GLOVES. A very acceptable gift for a gentleman. Kids, Fur

and various styles, all grades and prices.

NECK WEAR. Goods: Silk Scarfs, in Knots, Puffs and Bows, in all the

latest styles and patterns. An immense assortment, from 25c. to \$2.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS for the People. A full line of Plain and

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UMBRELLAS for Ladies and Gentlemen, in Gold, Silver and Natural

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TRAVELLING BAGS AND TRUNKS.

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WHITE SHIRTS, Laundered and Unlaundered.

MEN'S MACKINTOSHES, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

LADIES' AND MISSES' GOSSAMERS.

BOYS' RUBBER COATS.

We make a Specialty of CHILDREN'S CLOTHING—Suits and Overcoats,

Revers and Ulsters.

HATS AND CAPS.

A Cordial Invitation is extended to the People of Quincy to visit the

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.,

Adams Building.

GEO. N. NASH. - - Manager.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

FINEST SELECTIONS OF

WOOLENS

Ever exhibited in Quincy, to be

made to order into

GENTS' GARMENTS.

Fit and Workmanship guaranteed, or

money refunded.

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

a specialty.

WM. J. WELSH, - 72 Hancock Street, Quincy.

D. BAMFORD,

FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

Very Best of Goods and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Also, he has made it his business to press Pants, one pair every week, for

\$2.00 a year, or \$5.00 a half year. So don't have bad looking Pants. Every-

thing done on the premises, and of the Best.

Durging & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

McGOVERN BROS., 32 Hancock Street.

Just Received, the Largest and Best Stock of

CHRISTMAS GOODS

In this City, Including

TOYS, GAMES, PICTURE BOOKS, POCKET BOOKS, MANICURE SETS,

WORK BOXES, BOX STATIONERY, BRUSH and COMB CASES,

TOILET SETS AND AN ELEGANT LINE OF

CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKLETS, SACHETS, HAND-

KERCHIEF AND GLOVE CASES.

We have a few more of that Popular Game called Ouija, or the

Talking Board. Be sure and get one.

McGOVERN BROS.,

32 Hancock St., - Quincy, Mass.

RECEIVED,

And are prepared to show to our patrons and the public, the largest and best selected stock of

FALL AND WINTER BOOTS AND SHOES

To be found in Quincy.

BOSTON PRICES. ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,

ROBERTSON BLOCK, QUINCY.

A. P. WENTWORTH, - - Manager.

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT

Durging's Drug Store.

HOLIDAY GIFTS! HOLIDAY GIFTS!

Now is the time to have your Picture

made for the Holidays.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

Best Work at Lowest Prices.

BUSSELL, Photo Artist,

Adams Building, - - Quincy.

For the Largest Assortment

The Lowest Prices

Useful Christmas Goods!

GO TO THE

QUINCY

One Price Clothing Store.

SANTA - CLAUS

WILL MAKE HIS

HEADQUARTERS

WITH

WINKFIELD BROS.

THIS YEAR.

He has left a Large Pack with them, containing

Specialties in

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

This is what was in the Pack:

Ladies' and Men's SLIPPERS in large variety.

MEN'S BRACES, Satin, Silk, Hand Painted, Embroidered.

All prices, neatly boxed.

HANDKERCHIEFS, Linen, Silk. Large assortment.

Mufflers in proper designs.

NECKWEAR in choice patterns.

SPECIAL.—Ladies desiring to make a gift of men's nice

Underwear would do well to look at our line of Black

Saxony Wool Garments, put up two garments in box.

A very acceptable gift.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

For Reasonable Prices at

WINKFIELD BROS.,

104 Hancock Street,

QUINCY.

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

It fell on a day I was happy.

And the winds the convex sky.

The flowers and the birds in the meadow

Seemed happy as I was.

And I stretched my hands to the meadow,

To the bird, the beast, the tree;

Lured, and they answered me.

What sayest thou, oh meadow,

That stretchest so wide, so far,

That none can say how many

Thy winds unnumbered sweep

And what sayest thou, oh tree,

That over the sun-drenched wall

From your high boughs doest thou

Like dance or tossle-drops fall?

"We are born, we are reared, and we

linger

A various space, and die.

We dream, and are bereft and happy,

But we cannot answer why."

And then of myself I questioned,

That like a ghost I'd while

Stood from men and calmly answered:

"With slow and curious smile:

"Thou art born as the flowers and wilt like

Thine own short space and die.

Thou dreamest, but art strangely happy,

But thou canst not answer why."

—Arch. Langman, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Story of a Mortgage.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

In the first place, the mortgage never

should have been made.

Ben Morgan was one of your "active

men," one of the class termed "chast-

lers" in these years of new world

coining. He was in some regard a bril-

liant man. People said he could make

money at anything. He had no regular

business aside from the farm, but he was

thorough, alert and fortunate. Sometimes

he had thousands of dollars on hand;

sometimes he had to borrow. It was on

one of these latter occasions that he put

the mortgage on the farm. It was the

first time he had ever done such a thing.

Perhaps if Sam Morgan, his only son,

who was away at school in the State

University—had not fallen into trouble,

the loan would never have been made,

and it would have been better and kinder

wisder to have asked Sam to pay the

bill, since he had insisted on dan-

cing.

However, there was the mortgage, and

there it had been for the last November

her 26, 1886. Mrs. Morgan didn't really

understand what it meant when she had

signed the paper. She was suffering

keenly, as only a mother can, and

silently, over the knowledge that Sam

had been expelled. She knew very little

of her husband's business. He never

talked of it much, to her or any one.

She never knew what he did with the

money, but she knew by his sleeplessness,

by his evident mood of apprehension,

by the puzzled expression, by the sobered

face, and finally by the hopeless return

one night, that affairs had not prosper-

ed.

She sat by his bedside that early win-

ter, she gave the medicine all through

that season of illness, she followed him

over the frozen ground when they buried

him in January.

And then she came home and tried to

take up his burden in addition to her

own.

Fanny was eighteen, and almost out

of high school. Midge was three years

younger and would not be consoled.

Allan was twelve, and resolute to help

his mother.

First she sold the pony to pay the

doctor's bill, and Fanny walked to town

each morning and home each night.

Then she sold some of the cattle, for the

feed was running short as the spring ap-

proached. Then she rented most of the

fields, for Allan was too small to farm.

But the men, who gave her "one-

third in the field," seemed to take a

very large two-thirds for themselves.

And it was not easy to meet the constant

claims which came up against the estate

during that first year. She wondered

that her husband had left nothing, and

fully believed the time would come

when some one would find a fortune

stowed away and waiting for her.

Fanny began teaching school in the

spring of '87, but the pay was small, and

the girl was away from home so much,

and the widow's heart hungered for

her children; for a little of the comfort

that had gone out of her life when that

strong man had died and died.

Midge grew restless in the loose re-

straint, and troubled the mother not a

little. Allan worked like a Trojan in

the garden and the orchard. If it had

not been for the interest, she would have

gotten along very well.

But there, before her, less than four

years away now, was that impending

mortgage, and nothing on earth, unless

it were the hidden treasure, could ever

vanquish it.

...BING CAKE a Special
...Meeting.
...REET - 25

THAT stiff joint
its shoulder is fast resuming
its natural elasticity. I can
now do any work as usual.

I am still using the SASSAPARILLA,
and expect to continue its use
until the rheumatic troubles
which I think DANA'S
SASSAPARILLA is death to rheuma-
tism.

Yours truly,
W. H. BRACKETT.

BROOKS, ME.

The genuine is made by
DANA'S SASSAPARILLA CO., BELFAST, ME.

upplied; and the one at the bottom end is Mrs. Hallaton's. No one else sleeps in this part of the house. The servants' rooms are all in the north wing.

I am generally able to sleep at whatever hour I retire; but it was early, and the fire looked tempting; so, instead of immediately undressing, I changed my coat for a smoking jacket, and lighting a pipe, made myself comfortable in an easy chair. Soon I heard Mrs. Hallaton's

After partaking of his meal, I went to the cashier's desk with the air of a millionaire, and, placing a ten-dollar Confederate note before the eyes of astonished clerk, said, "Cash please." "Why, that's no good," the cashier. "Well, neither was dinner," answered the well-dressed, unrepentant individual, who with a skip and jump, went into the outer room and was lost to sight for evermore!

time and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on
CAREFUL LIVING—free.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 122 South 5th Avenue,
New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
oil—well illustrated. **4c.**

Bearing-down Feeling,
causing pain, weight, and backache, in-
flammation, have been quickly cured by

**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable
Compound**

the only truth for all the ailments
remedied for all forms of female complaints.
Its success is world-famed.

At Druggists and Dealers. At 25 Cents
per Bottle, with Free Trial of 10 Days.
Complete directions for use in each bottle.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

THAT stiff joint
its shoulder is fast resuming
its natural elasticity. I can
now do any work as usual.

I am still using the SASSAPARILLA,
and expect to continue its use
until the rheumatic troubles
which I have been troubled
with since I took DANA'S
SASSAPARILLA is death to rheuma-
tism.

Yours truly,
W. H. BRACKETT.

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After partaking of his food, I went to the cashier's desk with the air of a millionaire, and, placing a ten-dollar Confederate note before the eyes of astonished clerk, said, "Change, please." "Why, that's no good," the cashier. "Well, neither was dinner," answered the well-dressed, unrepentant individual, who with a skip and jump, went into the outer room and was lost to sight for evermore!

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causing pain, weight, and backache, in-
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the only truth for all the ailments
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Its success is world-famed.

At Druggists, or by Mail, at
Lowest Price, 50 Cents a Bottle.
Carriage, 90 Cents. 100 Cents, 2 Bots.
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